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GENEALOGICAL NOTES

OF THE

CARPENTER FAMILY

INCLUDING THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

DR. SEYMOUR D. CARPENTER;

LIEUTENANT COLONEL, IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

WITH GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX.

ILLUSTRATED.

EDITED BY

EDWIN SAWYER WALKER, A. M.

~~1880-1921~~

~~GENEALOGICAL HISTORY~~
~~OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST~~
~~OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS~~

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
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Number.....

“To become useful in society, and gain the good will of your fellow men, is an independent fortune, not only to a man himself, but to his posterity, provided his posterity walk in the path of virtue, honesty and veracity.”

—*Hon. Samuel Carpenter, Mayor of Lancaster, Penn. 1821, A. D.*

“They do not die, who leave their thought
Imprinted on the deathless page;
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth, from age to age.”

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

“In old age the consolation of hope is reserved for the tenderness of parents, who commence a new life in their children.”

—*Edward Gibbon.*

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Foreword by the Editor.

THE author of this volume has in his Preface, from a sense of modesty, omitted all reference, to whatever is personal to himself, in his Autobiography, which forms so considerable a part of the work.

As a representative of a family, the members of which, as shown in the Genealogical Notes, have in every period since the settlement of Pennsylvania, been among the foremost, as men of brawn and brains, in the onward march of civilization, he has been among those who have acted well their part, and reflected honor upon the name of "Carpenter."

In the French and Indian War of 1755-1763, in the war of the American Revolution, 1776-1783, as also in the war for the Union, 1861-1865, the name "Carpenter," was written upon the pages of our country's history, among the foremost men of their times.

Emanuel Carpenter in the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania, was a colleague of Benjamin Franklin, and presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; Daniel Carpenter, his brother, a Colonel in the militia, assisted Col. Boquet in recruiting troops for the famous battle with the Indians, at "Bushy Run" in 1765.

Jacob Carpenter, of the next generation, was a Lieutenant Colonel, who fought under Washington, in the battles of Long Island, and at Harlem Heights, was in the famous retreat through "the Jerseys," and took part in the battles of Germantown, and the Brandywine.

Daniel Carpenter, son of Colonel Daniel, was a Captain in the war for Independence, and numerous members of the family and relatives served in various positions in that struggle.

The part taken by the author, in the war for the Union, 1861-1865, as related in these pages, and his experience therein, with his wide acquaintance, among the principal actors in that great war, cannot but render this work, a valuable one, not only to

the descendants of Heinrich Zimmerman, but to every intelligent student of American history.

The actors in that great drama, who still survive, rendered noble service, upon many an ensanguined field. In now placing upon the record of that service, their attestation of what was done, in camp, and in hospital, as well as upon the field of battle they show at what cost were purchased, the blessings which we of to-day so richly enjoy.

Dr. Seymour D. Carpenter, now at the age of four score years, has told the story of his experience as a Surgeon, in camp and field, from the second battle of "Bull-Run," in 1862, to the battle of "Pilot Knob," in 1864; those conflicts, in which he saw so many garments rolled in blood, and ministered to the wounded, and the dying, as they passed over to that shore, from which there is no returning wave.

Two Commissions, signed by the hand of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and another by Andrew Johnson, now in his possession, are the seals of his service for his country. In civil life, since the close of the war, in the development of the new West, he took an early, and active part.

In recent years, he has been living in that quiet retirement, to which a long and active life, has so fully entitled him, in the enjoyment of physical and mental forces unimpaired; honored and beloved by all who love liberty.

The late George William Curtis, in speaking of the early history of this country, said "it was curious to note how little care was taken by the actors in the war of the Revolution, to preserve its records or its relics. There was little thought of making history among them. They sprang from a resolute and silent stock, and very few of them comprehended the historic character of the struggle in which they were engaged."

With the advancement made in education, between the years 1776 and 1861, and with increased facilities for preserving the records of the war for the Union, as compared with what has come down to us from Revolutionary times, the survivors of Gettysburg, and Shiloh, of Bull-Run and of the Wilderness, have now in various forms, taken greater care to preserve the records of the later struggle.

EDWIN SAWYER WALKER.

August 11, 1907.

PREFACE.

FROM my earliest youth, I was interested in our family history. I was brought up in the house of my paternal Grandfather, who was born in 1768. In our neighborhood were several men older than himself, notably my maternal Great-grandfather, Jacob Van Metre, born in 1735. Our home was a kind of resort for those old pioneers, and I listened with the keenest interest to their reminiscences of the Revolution, and of the Indian wars. As I grew older, I became more curious about our own family, as to where they came from, why they came, and what had been their trials, and fortunes. In 1847, I made my first visit to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and met the members of the family, who still remained on the land, of the first settlements. Among them was Mr. William Carpenter, a prominent lawyer of Lancaster, who also was interested in family history, and from him I obtained a copy of the family tree, extending to the fourth generation from Henry Carpenter, the immigrant, and through him, and others, I heard of all the family traditions. For several years thereafter, I was so engaged in the struggles incident to an active life, that I thought little about our family history.

Upon retiring from business in 1893, and having ample leisure, I returned to the subject which had so interested me in earlier life. I made annual visits to Lancaster, Ohio, and to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and took occasion to examine the public records in both places, as also the records in Westmoreland, Huntingdon, and Dauphin Counties, Pennsylvania; as well as those in Philadelphia. These examinations were not very exhaustive, and doubtless a more thorough search would afford much additional information.

About the year 1898 I visited Europe, and during my four years residence there, made two trips to Switzerland, and remained in that interesting country altogether, about eight months. I was several times at the village of Wattenville, in the commune of the same name, which is about sixteen miles southeast of the City of Berne. That was the birth place of our common ancestor, HEINRICH ZIMMERMAN, alias HENRY CAR-

PENTER; and the neighboring village of Bloomenstein, two miles distant, was the birthplace of SALOME RUFENER, his wife. The communal records show that the Zimmermans had been Burghers of the Commune, for several centuries; in fact, as far back as the records extend. The family is still numerous, and prominent, Frederick Zimmerman in 1899, being President of the Commune.

Several years ago, at the request of my cousin, Mrs. Stella V. Kellerman, the wife of Professor Wm. Kellerman, of the University of Ohio, I embodied all my memoranda, and information concerning the family, in a series of letters, which are embraced in the following publication.

In order that the reader may understand certain allusions to persons and places, I may, in explanation say, that Mrs. Kellerman is the grand-daughter of Salome Carpenter Koontz, the youngest daughter of Judge Emanuel Carpenter, who with his Cousin, Captain John Carpenter, were the heads of the two families, that emigrated from Pennsylvania, to Fairfield County, Ohio, in 1798. Her mother, Angeline Koontz, was born in the first brick house built by John Carpenter, in Fairfield County, in 1806, a cut of which is given in the text.

I am fully conscious that I have fallen far short of giving a complete history of the family. The various branches, scattered throughout several states, indeed extending to those bordering on the Pacific, were beyond my search, and the prominence given to these who settled in Ohio, is simply because they were those, of whom I knew the most. I can only hope that my labors will serve as a foundation, for some future member of the family, who with better opportunities, and more literary ability will be able to fill the gaps, and amplify the whole subject.

I will add in conclusion, that neither the family memoirs nor the personal reminiscences, would probably have ever been put into print, had it not been for the great interest manifested in our common ancestry, by my friend and relative, Dr. George Noble Kreider, of Springfield, Illinois. He like myself, is greatly interested in our family history, and several intermarriages more than a century ago, covering three generations, made the Kreiders, and Carpenters very closely related.

SEYMOUR DAVID CARPENTER.

Chicago, June 23d, 1907.

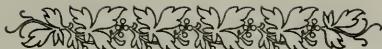


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Colonel Zane the founder of Zanesville in 1798. Michael Kreider, a relative by marriage, had in 1797, located on the Scioto, near Chillicothe.

Carpenter proceeding westward, locates upon the Hocking river, near the present city of Lancaster.

In 1802, the other members of this branch of the Carpenter family abandoned their old home in Pennsylvania, and removed to Ohio. These and the following years, were those in which the tide of emigration rolled westward, in a continuous stream, and marked an era in American history.

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Early politics. Iowa in 1849 a Democratic state.

Steam-boating; railroad projects, surveying and financing the same.

In July, 1850, Dr. Carpenter united in marriage with Miss Sarah Weare, daughter of John Weare, Esq., of Cedar Rapids.

In 1852, his father, Gabriel Carpenter of Lancaster, Ohio, removes to Cedar Rapids.

Large immigration this year. Founding of Masonic lodge, and of the first newspaper in 1852. A case of surgery under difficulties.

Republican party of Iowa formed. First Banking House in Cedar Rapids, organized in 1852 by Dr. Carpenter, Edmund C. Kreider, and Henry Lehman. Having practically abandoned the practice of medicine, Dr. Carpenter, now devotes himself to Real-Estate, and loan business for the next seven years.

With the coming on of the War of the Rebellion 1860-1861, when all parties were up in arms, Dr. Carpenter foremost in the organization of one of the first regiments, in the State of Iowa. His service from that time on, that of unswerving devotion to the suppression of the great rebellion, until the day of final victory, and the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

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In November following, he was transferred to St. Louis, and assigned to duty at "Benton Barracks."

Early in December, 1862, the bloody battle of "Prairie Grove," Arkansas was fought; full description thereof. Subsequent transfer to Fayetteville, Ark., in care of wounded, from both the federal and rebel forces, of Prairie Grove. Rebels in possession of Fayetteville, after retreat of the Federals, upon finding the place untenable. "Guerillas" and "Partisan Rangers"; experience therewith.

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The country devastated by war, in a most pitiable condition, after the retreat of the Union forces, under the command of Colonel Harrison. Gallant affair, of repulse of a force of rebel cavalry by a battallion of Union troops under command of Major Ezra Fitch, who led his forces, "with oaths that would have done credit to the army in Flanders," ordering his men to stand steady, and reserve their fire until the enemy should reach the brow of the hill, and then to "give them hell." Result; nine rebels killed, and sixty wounded; not a man of the federals received a scratch. Such is war.

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After battles, of Prairie Grove, and Fayetteville, and retreat of Union forces, Colonel Carpenter left in charge of wounded of both armies, then under control of a band of Partisan Rangers. Passed winter there. June, 1863, released under flag of truce, and transferred to the federal lines, at Springfield, Missouri. Ordered thence to St. Louis, and from there to Memphis.

Surrender of Vicksburg, July 4th; celebration at Memphis. In charge of Hospitals at Memphis; transferred again to St. Louis; later to Kansas City, August 1st. Medical Director of the "District of the Border." Joe Shelby's raid from Arkansas,

repulse of ; "Quantrill's Raid," and the burning, and massacre of Lawrence, Kansas. Famous Order No. 11. Retributive Justice.

Early in September, 1864, rebels under Sterling Price, and Shelby attack "Pilot Knob," make attack upon ; battle of under the command of General Thomas Ewing; description of in letter to Mrs. Ewing. Subsequent retreat of federal forces, sixty-six miles in thirty-three hours. One of the most brilliant episodes of the war. Result of the battle, Price, and Shelby, checked in their raid towards St. Louis, and the practical checking of all further progress of the rebellion, in the south west.

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CHAPTER X.

Close of the war, and Dr. Carpenter's retirement to civil life, having been mustered out of service July 31st, 1865, with the rank of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, holding three commissions, two signed by the hand of Abraham Lincoln, and a third by Andrew Johnson.

Returning after the war, to his home in Cedar Rapids, he at once engages in contracting, upon a large scale, in the building of railroads, and other public works.

After years of success, meets with reverses, and begins life anew. Removes to Ottumwa, Iowa, and associated with others, engages in construction of gas-works, and water-works, in cities in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan.

Builds railroads in Louisiana, and engages in extensive manufacture of lumber in the south; opens new avenues of trade in many states, is President of a "Lumber and Shingle Association" with forty mills in the gulf states.

In 1884 rents a commodious Mansion, where he makes his home, and prospers, until by the death of his wife and only son, his business partner, and the destruction of extensive mills by fire, at sixty-five years of age, retires from active business pursuits, and after some years of foreign travel, locates in Chicago where, with a second wife, he now enjoys a tranquil old age, an optimist.



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Autographs.

Emanuel Carpenter

Oldest, son of Immigrant. Member of Committee of Safety.
Judge Emanuel I, born in Switzerland, 1702.

John Carpenter

Born, 1766—Died, 1815. Father of Samuel, and David.

Samuel Carpenter

Born, 1768—Died, 1847.

Samuel Carpenter

Mayor of Lancaster, Penn., 1821-1824.

Samuel Carpenter

Judge of Court of Common Pleas, Lancaster, Ohio.

Samuel Carpenter

Rev. Samuel, of Lancaster, Ohio.

Israel Carpenter

of Hummelstown, Penn.

P. Carpenter

Dr. Paul, of Lancaster, Ohio.

CHAPTER I.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, January 25, 1897.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—

I am in receipt of your very interesting letter, for which please accept my sincere thanks. If I were able to write with such facility as did your father, in his day, many of whose productions, written before you were born, I have read, I should the more readily comply with your request to prepare, as best I might be able, from such sources as have been accessible to me, a sketch of the origin, in Switzerland, of the Carpenter family, and note, in brief, the lives of the numerous members, who to this day reflect honor upon the name "Carpenter" in America. Had you consulted your mother regarding my peculiar characteristics, she would have told you that one of them is the habit of procrastination; deferring until to-morrow what should be done to-day. I have read a great deal, but in a desultory way, having no special object in view beyond self-entertainment.

I will, however, give you the results of my investigations, extending through many years, in regard to our family history, from the days of Louis XIV. in Switzerland down to our own time in America.

In these days, when the influence of heredity upon the character of our people is so much discussed, we do well to trace our ancestral lines, looking back to the sources from which we have sprung, and place upon record the estimate of our indebtedness to our honored progenitors, such as is due to their lives of toil and self-sacrifice.

Long ago, in one of the little quiet villages of the Bernese Oberland, lived a man named HEINRICH ZIMMERMAN and his wife, ANNA MOGERT. They were simple, hard-working, well-to-do burghers, their ancestors having lived in the valley for many successive generations.

Wattenwyl was a flourishing village, for some time under the

leadership of the famous Bernese family, Count Von Graffenried. Christopher von Graffenried was the founder of New Bern, in North Carolina, in 1710. The castle of the Count looked down from its lordly heights upon the picturesque chalets and farms clustering below.

Wattenwyl (Watinwiler, 1261; Wattenwile, 1294; Wattville, 1300) is a small parish in the district of Seftigen, Canton Bern, pleasantly situated at the foot of Buergistein and Gurmielberg, in a small plain watered by the Guerbe. The country is meadow land and orchards. Its location is twenty-six kilometers from Bern.

We hear of the village first in 1261, belonging to the estates of the two Counts, Hartmann and Eberhard Von Kyburg. About 1320 it came into the possession of the von Buergistein family. In 1516 it belonged to the celebrated soldier family, May. In 1639 it was bought by Albrecht Graffenried, who sold the feudal rights later on, to the village itself. It was then passed over to the government at Bern.

Wattenwyl became an independent parish in 1659. In 1683 the church and steeple were rebuilt; there is no stained glass in the windows. One of the bells bears the date of 1404, another of 1509. The foundation walls of the Vicarage are from five to thirteen feet thick, probably the remains of some old Castle, and there was a drawbridge until quite recently.

Daniel Rohr, from Bern, was vicar in Wattenwyl from 1662 to 1686. John Jacob Rubin, from Thun, a learned man, was Vicar from 1686 to 1730.*

The commune contained in 1880, 321 inhabited houses, 465 families, with 2,185 souls. Families native to the place are Bachler, Berger, Engeloch, Jaussi, Kappeler, Kisling, Krebs, Kuenzi, Mogert, Messerli, von Niederhausen, Nussbaum, Partner, Pulver, Schober, Stubi, Trachsel, Wasern, Wenger, Weren and Zimmerman.

In 1757 there was a great landslide; a part of the fir forest sank to such an extent that no trace was left of the largest trees. The "Bear Inn" was long splendidly conducted by Frau Baehler. The noble family of von Wattenwyl now living in Bern, probably originated from the village.

* Note—Ritterburgen der Schweiz III., pp. 99-112.

The forest in the district of Seftigen is called Zimmerwald, formerly Cimerwalt, 1297, or Cimberwalt, Cymberwalt, Zymerwalt, whence I conclude that Zimmerman is a man of the "Cimbr."

Heinrich Zimmerman had four sons and five daughters. Elsbeth, who probably died young, born 1672; Heinrich, born September 7, 1673; Hans, born 1675; Benedict, born 1677; Anna, born 1679; Elsbeth, born 1680; Barbara, born 1683; Catherine, born 1686, and David, born 1690.

The children were sent to the village school, for public instruction had been instituted in Switzerland some short time before 1676. The eldest son was the unruly one of the family; black haired and black eyed, with beetling eyebrows, which earned him the soubriquet of "der Schwarze Heinrich," the black Henry. He was in constant trouble at school for his misconduct and his love of adventure. Nothing pleased the boy more than climbing the hills and mountains near his home to see what was on the other side; exploring all the recesses of the dark fir forests, which clothed the hillsides, walking up the torrent beds, full of boulders, and climbing the rocks, in vain hopes of finding vultures' or lammergeiers' nests.

He grew up tall and strong, and arrived at an age where he could wield a pike, and use a sword. He gave his father no peace, until he consented to his enrolling as a mercenary soldier, under the flag of France.

Louis XIV. wanted troops badly; Switzerland was willing to furnish them, as he protected them against the Empire and against Savoy. This alliance was formed in 1658; from 6,000 to 15,000 men were enrolled in the French army. The Protestant cantons were rather unwilling to try to please a king who did not always pay his debts; who persecuted the Huguenots, and who would not guarantee the neutrality of Burgundy. After the Diet of Soleure in 1663 a delegation was sent to swear to the alliance with the king, Louis XIV. The two Bernese delegates took their sons with them, Count Von Graffenried and Bucher, and, accompanied by some members of the Grand Council of Bern, arrived in Paris and were lodged in the Faubourg S. Germain. They were presented to the King and Queen at the Louvre, where great festivities were held in their honor and the alliance was solemnly ratified in the Cathedral of

“Notre Dame.” The envoys returned to Bern loaded with presents.

In 1679 the Swiss troops in the service of Louis XIV. were as follows:

One Company, 100 Swiss, body-guard of the King.

One Regiment of Swiss guards.

One Regiment of Bawn d’Erlach.

In 1690 there were as many as 30,000 Swiss in service under the French flag. All the young Patricians—members of the old aristocratic families are still called Patricians in Bern—sought fortune in the foreign wars. The national character was depreciated, and the Swiss became known as fierce and brave mercenaries, and to such an extent did it grow that the very name of “Swiss” was an epithet.

On one occasion when a battle was pending the leader of the Swiss contingent in the French army refused to fight unless they were paid in advance. “No money, no Swiss.” Another time a Frenchman was taunting a Swiss about his mercenary ideas. “Well,” said the Swiss, “what do you fight for?” “For honor,” said the Frenchman. “Well,” replied the other, “and I fight for money; each one fights for what he has not got.”

Young Heinrich Zimmerman returned to his native land, probably after the peace of Ryswick in 1696, Louis XIV. being in some cases in a great hurry to disband the regiments raised for him by Bern and Zurich. It was probably at this time that he was apprenticed to a doctor. He had grown up to be a man of fine physical proportions, fully six feet tall, with black hair and black eyes, and a very dark complexion. I have often heard my grandfather describe him, he having received the information directly from his father, who had known old “Heinrich.” He must have taken an active interest in politics, for tradition says he was engaged in some rising against the ruling classes. It must have been about this time that he fell in love with the pretty girl from the neighboring village of Blumenstein, Salome Rufener. The record of her baptism reads as follows: “1675—Dec. 28th, was christened Salome Rufener. Witnesses: Peter Kuenzi, Magdalene Schwendinnen and Barbli Zherr.” Blumenstein is a village smaller than Watenwyl, situated a little farther up the valley, just under the noble peak of “The Stockholm.”

Heinrich now begins to make serious plans for the future.

There was much talk in Berne at this time about the New World and the Colonies, where freedom of conscience was guaranteed under the mild reign of Queen Anne. Many were now turning their eyes in that direction. Some wanted to escape war; some wanted to be freed from religious persecutions; some wanted to go where no other religion but theirs would be tolerated; some went to make money, and others went because they had to.

William Penn in several respects was a very great man. He had talent enough to found a great state, piety enough to found a great religion, tact enough to become a great courtier, and business qualifications that enabled him to become a great land speculator. Years before this time he had thrifitly combined religion and business by making journeys to the continent, where, upon the upper Rhine, he preached his doctrine and exploited his province in the New World, where eternal salvation, political and religious freedom, and worldly prosperity were free to all. Young Heinrich heard of all this, and saw his opportunity. With the consent of his family, who, possibly, were glad to get rid of him, he determined to make a trip of exploration to this new land of promise. He was not able to marry, and I leave to your imagination the tearful scene of his parting with his fiance, Salome, to undertake a journey, to which a trip around the world to-day would not be a circumstance. This was in 1698. He went down the Rhine to Rotterdam, and thence to London. Penn had an office in London, similar to a Kansas land agency, where information, printed and oral, was furnished to land seekers, and it is to be hoped that it was more truthful than that given out by modern land sharks.

The vessels plying between London and Philadelphia were small, from two to three hundred tons burden, and were generally crowded with people. The passage occupied from six weeks to three months, and was attended with what we would consider intolerable hardships; but no complaint has come down from Heinrich. When once landed, he found many Swiss people located in Germantown, which was then some distance from Philadelphia. There he made his headquarters and explored the country all about, going down to the head of the Chesapeake Bay and up the Susquehanna, near to where Harrisburg now

stands; all this took time, and he did not return home till the latter part of 1700. During his absence his family had made peace with the government, and he rejoined them in Wattenwyl. I do not know how soon he visited Salome, but do know that he married her in 1701 and brought her to his home. He was enthusiastic about the New World, and was anxious to get up a colony and emigrate thither. While the family and neighbors listened to his marvelous stories, like prudent Germans, they discounted them largely, but he persevered, and finally an Emigration Society was formed; but before acting, they resolved to send two of their number over to Pennsylvania to verify Heinrich's statements. Franz Louis Michel* was selected, and he set out in 1703. He also went by the way of London, and while there met other land speculators, who told him that Virginia or South Carolina was a much better climate and country than Pennsylvania. They reached America, looked all about, consuming a couple of years' time, and finally, to the great disgust of Heinrich, selected North Carolina as the place to locate, where the Society finally emigrated in 1710, and settled what is now New-Berne. During this time Heinrich was probably staying with his father's family and practiced his profession. I can imagine that Heinrich became very impatient. He had not abandoned his design of emigration to Pennsylvania, and the determination of his associates to go to North Carolina must have been a great disappointment. It seems his father's family gave up the design entirely. This restless state of mind might have been the reason that caused him to join in another struggle against the government in 1706. This, as usual, miscarried, and he had again to seek safety in flight; this time encumbered by Salome and two children, Emanuel, aged four, and Gabriel, aged two years. They stole off in the night, Salome and the two children on a horse, led by Heinrich. They were again making for the border. By the next daylight they were near the Lake of Thun, where Heinrich had secured a boat. Then he discovered they were pursued by two mounted Hussars. When within a few hun-

*For the account of Franz Louis Michel's journeys to America consult the Berner Taschenbuch, 1898, published by K. Y. Wyss, Bern.

For an account of the Swiss colony in North Carolina, consult Neujahrsblatt, 1897, published by Historical Society, of Canton of Bern.

For an account of the life and journeys of Heinrich Zimmerman, consult Neujahrsblatt, 1903, published by Historical Society, of Canton of Bern.

dred yards of the shore, at a narrow place in the path, he stopped and sent his wife and children forward, with directions to launch the boat and be ready to push off when he joined them. The Hussars were armed with sabres and spears; Heinrich also had a staff. As they drew near, he commanded them to halt, which they did not heed; he then vigorously attacked them with stones. Their horses became restive, and they dismounted; this took some time, and Heinrich, seeing his wife and children in the boat, beat a hasty retreat. He was fleet of foot, but one of his pursuers was more so, and just as he reached the boat, caught him by the skirt of his coat. Salome rose to the occasion, and by a well directed blow with an oar, laid him sprawling. Heinrich sprang aboard. She pushed off, and they were safe. Rupp, in his history of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, speaks of Heinrich Zimmerman as the "Swiss Patriot," but he gives no details, and this feat of arms, wherein Salome got in the decisive work, is the only one that tradition has handed down. Some of the versions give as high as four Hussars, but I stick to the more modest story of two. Heinrich was safe, but he resolved to quit his native land forever, and with little delay he set out on his long journey. As in the former voyage, he first went to London, where he again met the land agents, or it may be Penn himself, who was then in England. He arrived in Germantown in 1706, having been absent from the Colony six years. There he doubtless met many old friends, and found a flourishing little town. He must have had considerable money, for he purchased a house in the town and some land in the vicinity, as is shown by the records.

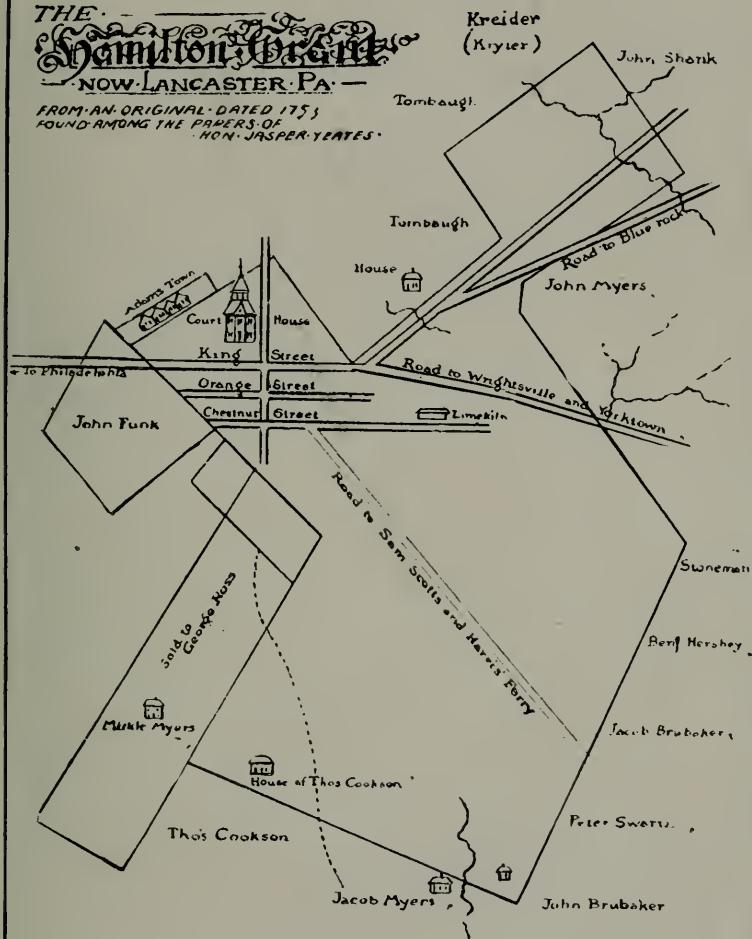
He at once commenced practicing his profession, and by the aid of two "Redemptioners," whose time he bought, he began to improve his land. Here he remained and prospered for several years, his capital and his family increasing. Besides his two eldest sons, Emanuel and Gabriel, born in Switzerland, we have next Salome, then Christian, then Daniel, then Mary, and lastly Jacob. The Swiss and Germans were coming over in great numbers and pushing settlements out towards the Susquehanna. About the year 1710 he acquired his first land in what is now Lancaster County. The tract contained 200 acres. Two years later he bought of Christopher Franciscus, a Swiss settler, a tract of 572 acres, which was partly improved. This land included a fine spring,

near what is now called Lampeter Square. For this land he gave \$3,000, and I conclude that he must have inherited money from his father or through his wife, for he could hardly have made so much by his profession in so new a country. He bought four more "Redemptioners" and put them to work, enlarging the improvements upon the Franciscus tract. "Redemptioners" were poor people who could not pay their passage money and were sold for a term of years. He made frequent journeys from his home to his plantation, a distance of about sixty miles, which required two days' hard traveling. The woods were full of game; bear and wolves were abundant. One night, while staying with Franciscus, a loud scratching was heard at the door, and as Franciscus opened it a large wolf sprang at his throat; he grappled it, and his daughter, who was cutting meat, rushed to his assistance and killed the wolf with the butcher knife. Heinrich sat by the fire smoking his pipe, and was in no wise disturbed. While living in Germantown he became intimate with Pastorius, the Wistars and others, who were the founders of the town, and took his part in the development of the place. Meantime he was enlarging his estate on the Pequea, and by 1717 had something over 3,000 acres. He then thought it best to remove his family there. Before doing so he built a house of hewed walnut logs. It was twenty-four feet square and two stories high, with an adjoining kitchen, eighteen by twenty feet, one story. That was the prevailing style of the best houses of that day and continued to be for more than a century though later many were built of stone, instead of logs. Before he moved, Pequea had become a large settlement, all the colonists being Swiss or German.

Lancaster County, as is well known, is one of the most fertile spots of the whole country. The surface is gently rolling, with no high hills, though the beds of the streams are rather deep. The whole face of the country was covered with a heavy forest of oak, walnut, chestnut, poplar and elm, with an occasional pine; there was not a dense undergrowth. Limestone is abundant, and the water in the streams is very clear; strong springs are very numerous. It is today a most delightful country, and the best improved in the United States, and doubtless there the early Switzers realized that they had at last found the promised land. They were virtuous and industrious, and might be called

THE
Hamilton Wreck
NOW LANCASTER, PA.

FROM AN ORIGINAL DATED 1753,
FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF
NON-JASPER YEATES.



rich, for they had in abundance all that their simple wants required. Out of wool and flax they manufactured their clothes; they planted orchards and vineyards, and had fruit, cider and wine. They brought with them all the habits and customs of the fatherland, its religion and its amusements, and, taken altogether, might be considered a prosperous and happy people. The Pequea settlement was early considered the most thrifty in the colony, and Governor Pownell, who traveled there in 1754, said it reminded him of the best cultivated portions of Europe. They even practiced irrigation, a custom which they had brought with them from Switzerland, but which has long since been abandoned. A good wagon road was soon constructed to Philadelphia, and they were thus brought in connection with the principal town of the colony; in fact, the only one of any importance. The town of Lancaster was not founded until 1728. The continual good reports that were sent back to the old country brought swarms of new emigrants, four or five thousand families coming out yearly. Heinrich practiced among his neighbors, and continued to improve his land. At the date of his removal to Pequea Emanuel was fifteen years of age, Gabriel thirteen, Salome ten, and so they ranged down. Two children, Maria and Jacob, were born after the family settled at Pequea, making eight in all. Our ancestors were prolific people. The advantages of education were limited, and Heinrich sent his children back among his friends at Germantown to attend the schools there. Pastorius, the founder of the town, had established a sort of a college there at a very early day. Heinrich must have been a good patron, for as they grew up he sent them all there. He had them taught both English and German, which was quite unusual, for nothing but German was spoken at Pequea; but Heinrich was a wise fellow, and doubtless realized that as English was the legal language of the country, it would be advantageous for his children to know it. His course seems to have subjected him to considerable censure among his neighbors, who thought that the Dutch was good enough for reasonable people. The sequel proved that Heinrich was right. He was the largest land holder in the settlement, and, in addition, a doctor. The two made him quite a local celebrity. The next man in importance was Hans Graff, also a "Switzer." He had lived in Germantown, and he and Heinrich had settled on

the Pequea about the same time. There was considerable rivalry between them, for even in these early days more than one man aspired to be "big Injun." As time rolled on, and Heinrich's boys were getting to be men, he thought he must have more land. The country towards Philadelphia was mostly taken up, and that further west and north had not then been surveyed. This was about 1726-28. Squatters were pushing out and blazing out claims, and Heinrich determined to have his share. He accordingly went about eight or ten miles up the Conestoga, where a small stream flows into that creek, and where there was a beautiful valley and numerous springs, and commenced blazing the trees and driving his stakes. While engaged in this laudable enterprise whom should he encounter but Hans Graff, engaged in the same business. This was a serious dilemma, but, being sensible "Switzers," they drew out their pipes, seated themselves on a log, and proceeded to smoke and reflect. The little brook forked about a mile above its mouth into about two equal parts. They agreed that Heinrich should have all the land on the right hand fork, looking up stream, and Hans that on the left. There remained the land from the forks to the mouth. Hans offered a horse for the refusal of this tract. Heinrich immediately offered two. This staggered Hans, and he proposed that they draw sticks; Heinrich agreed and won the land. So the matter was amicably settled, and to this day one branch is called "Carpenter's Run" and the other "Graff's Run." The forks are about a mile from the present village of Earlvile, and could these fellows come back they would behold one of the most delightful rural scenes in America, and find the land worth two or three hundred dollars an acre instead of ten cents, the price they paid for it. Emanuel ,his eldest son, by this time had married a Swabian girl, named Caroline Line, and Gabriel had married a Swiss girl named Appolina Herman. The families of both were among the early settlers on the Pequea. Emanuel built a house near where the Run puts into the Conestoga, and Gabriel built another near the Forks, close to a big spring. Their houses were log cabins. In a few years they were replaced by the regulation houses, twenty-four feet square; and the house that Gabriel built in 1730 of hewed walnut has remained, and after the lapse of 156 years bids fair to last as much longer. I was in it last summer, and stood in



CARPENTER'S MILL.

This mill stands on the site of the original mill, built about 1740, by the Carpenters. The first mill was a log mill; the second mill, built about 1787 by John Carpenter and Susan Hartman, his wife. This was destroyed by fire about 1840. The present mill was built on the foundations of the former ones. Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

the room where four generations had been born and died. Mary Carpenter, spinster, a great grand-daughter of Gabriel, now owns it.

Salome, the eldest daughter of old Heinrich, was married in 1731 to John Wistar, of Germantown, and went there to live.

Henry was now seventeen or eighteen years of age. He had been attending school for some years at Germantown. His father concluded to make a doctor of him, and accordingly sent him back to Europe, probably to Basle, to obtain a medical education. I can imagine what a good time that young fellow had when he got back to Berne among his uncles, aunts and cousins. I feel assured that he cut a wide swath, and when he talked of the New World and his father's broad acres, that the subject received all the necessary amplifications. If it did not, he was not a genuine Carpenter. After three years he returned, and with him came a family from Switzerland named Forney. One of the members was named Susan, whom he married very soon after his return. He built a house on the new purchase, and began practice. In 1734 the land upon which they had squatted came into market, and the father, Heinrich, acquired by patent about 2,700 acres.

For some reason he liked the new place better than the old, and in 1735-6 built a stone house near to his sons, in the same style as his original log house. It is still standing a few hundred yards from the "Carpenter Church" and grave-yard. I was in it last summer. Nearly one whole side of the kitchen is taken up by an immense chimney, with stone seats on either side. I sat on one and smoked and tried to conjure up the spirit of old Heinrich, but without success, though I am sure he must have smoked many a pipe in the same spot. The crane from which the pots and kettles were suspended is still there, and the bake oven, whose mouth opens from the chimney, is still in use. The women with short skirts, the men with the leather breeches, and the pewter plates and spoons have disappeared, never to return. Soon after his removal he and his sons built a grist and sawmill on the Conestoga. These were among the first built upon that stream. They were built of logs. In 1768 a grandson of Heinrich rebuilt them of stone. They were burned down in 1888 and rebuilt by a man named Graybill in the same year. These mills are near the village of Earlville.

Next to Christian came Mary. In 1739 she was married to Daniel Fiere, the son of one of the old settlers, and of a very prominent family. She was married in the old stone house before mentioned, by her brother Emanuel, who in 1735 had been appointed Justice of the Peace of His Majesty George I. His father and mother and all his brothers were present at the wedding, besides many others. Rupp, in his History, gives the following account of the wedding.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

Form of the marriage of Daniel Fiere, Jr., who was a son of the first settler, but born in this country, with Mary Carpenter, a Zimmerman, daughter of Henry Carpenter, first immigrant, but born in this country.

“WHEREAS, Daniel Fiere, of the County of Lancaster, and province of Pennsylvania, yeoman, and Mary Carpenter, daughter of Henry Carpenter, of the county and province aforesaid, spinster, having made due publication of their intention of marriage as the law directs—These are, therefore, to certify, all whom it may concern, that on the 1st day of May, Anno Domini, 1739, before me, Emanuel Carpenter, one of his Majesty’s Justices of the Peace for the said county, they, the said Daniel Fiere and Mary Carpenter, appeared in a public and solemn assembly for that purpose appointed, and meet together at the dwelling house of the aforesaid Henry Carpenter, where he, the said Daniel Fiere, did openly declare that he took the said Mary Carpenter to be his wife, promising to be unto her a loving and faithful husband till death should separate them, and she, the said Mary Carpenter, then and there in the assembly, did in like manner openly declare that she took the said Daniel Fiere to be her husband, promising to be unto him a loving, faithful and obedient wife till death should separate them, and for a further confirmation thereof both the said parties to these presents have here unto interchangeably put their hands, she after the custom of marriage assuming the surname of her husband; and we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, being witnesses present at the solemnization thereof, the year and day first above written.

"WITNESSES—

"Emanuel Carpenter, Daniel Fiere, Mary Fiere, Henry Fiere, Henry Hanes, Elizabeth Kemp, Paulus Peter Apfel, Henry Carpenter, Salome Carpenter, Lawrence Hayn, Daniel Lefevre, Heinrich Zimmerman*, William Buffington, Daniel Zimmerman, Hans Hause, Gabriel Zimmerman, Jacob Carpenter, Theophilus Hartman, Christian Zimmerman, Hans Hartman, Isaac Fiere, Peter Fiere, Johanna Conrad Kaempf, Isaac LeFevre, Daniel Harman, Johannes Volkecummer, George Philip Dollinger, Christian Harman, Maria Herman, Abraham Fiere, Philip LeFevre, Hester LeFevre, Samuel LeFevre, Susan Zimmerman, Jacob Fiere, Salome Harman, Leah Fiere, Rachel Fiere, Isaac Fiere, Mary Ham, Jonas le Rou."

Next comes Daniel, who married Magdalena Forney, a sister of his brother Henry's wife. Daniel was a noted member of the family, and was distinguished by his great size. He was six feet six inches in height. In 1750 he built a big stone house on the spot where stood the cabin of Franciscus, in which the wolf was slain. I visited it last year, and from appearances it will last another century. Next to Daniel comes Jacob, the youngest of the family, born in 1724. He lived near Daniel, on the old purchase, and cut a considerable figure among the early settlers. He first married Elizabeth Herr, who only lived a few years, secondly, he married a Susan Miller, who died in four or five years; then he married Magdalena Kendrick, who survived him. He had a large family by his several wives; seems to have been a very active business man, and acquired quite a fortune. The first death in the family was that of the eldest daughter, Salome Wistar, at Germantown in 1736. She was in her 25th year, and left only one child, a daughter named Salome. Having spoken of all the children, we will now return to old Heinrich. All his children were married and well settled. All were living but Salome. He had land enough for a couple of generations, and was generally prosperous. The last official act of his wife was affixing her signature to a deed in 1743. She must have died during that year, for in 1744 there are deeds bearing the name of Heinrich alone. His last signature bears the date of 1747. He may have lived several years afterwards, for he left no will to fix the date of his death. He divided all his property before

*NOTE. Some members of the family sign "Zimmerman" and some "Carpenter. Emanuel, the Justice of the Peace was a brother of Mary.

his death among his children. He was buried in the graveyard on the "old purchase," near Lampeter square. If any headstone was erected to mark his grave it has disappeared. The Graveyard near the "Carpenter Church" on the new purchase had not then been established. We have thus followed Heinrich from birth to death; we have seen that he was born in a republic, where there was but little liberty, and where he was an unruly citizen. He did not emigrate because of religious persecution, and so far as I can learn he had no strong religious convictions. I suspect that he was among the early skeptics, who sprang up after the Reformation. It was before the day of the Encyclopedists, Voltaire, Rousseau, and that class of men; but even at that date there were many who, looking with philosophical eyes upon the religious strife raging on all sides, concluded the whole thing was a fraud, and believed nothing. To such Pennsylvania offered an asylum. There men might believe as they pleased without being molested. Franklin had found it much more congenial than New England. It was for political reasons and to better his fortune that Heinrich emigrated. He was for twenty-three years the subject of a monarchy, without exercising political privileges, for he was not naturalized till 1729, when by an act of the General Assembly he and his sons, Emanuel and Gabriel, who were born in Switzerland, were admitted, with other aliens, to full citizenship. When the first patents for land were issued, Penn arbitrarily changed the name of Zimmerman, to its English equivalent, Carpenter, and the naturalization papers did the same. It took at least fifty years to complete the change, because in every-day speech the family was known as "Zimmerman," while legally their name was "Carpenter." The estate which Heinrich divided among his children was worth more than \$100,000, which for that day was a very considerable fortune. I think, on the whole, we may feel rather proud of our common ancestor. He had good stuff in him, and besides founding a family in a New World, he did his part toward building up a commonwealth and a nation. He died long before the war of the American Revolution, indeed before the dispute had arisen which led up to that event; but his descendants were there, and if you are still interested I will tell you in another letter all I know of the part they took in that memorable struggle.

CHAPTER II.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 18, 1897.

MY DEAR COUSIN—

Nearly a month has passed since I received your interesting and philosophic letter. It does me good to realize that there are many women who are abreast of the age, and who dare to think and act in accordance with their convictions. I am proud to say that I do now, and have always believed in women, and that if the world is ever regenerated it will be by and through them. So you must not do me the injustice of placing me among those who would in any way restrict her progress or usefulness. If I were wavering in opinion I would only have to recall the past, for the Carpenters as a family were fortunate in marriages, and the daughters have all the time been the moving spirits, and I have no kind of doubt but that the three Revolutionary Colonels, who were fortunate enough to marry Carpenter girls, would never have amounted to much had it not been for their wives. You think it rather surprising that I can remember so much about the family, and it would be so if I carried the story in my head, which I do not.

For more than twenty years I have been jotting down notes and clipping scraps from papers whenever and wherever I found anything relating to the family, and for the past two years, since I have had access to them, I have been wading through the Colonial Records and Pennsylvania Archives of forty-seven volumes, covering the time from the first settlement to the end of the Revolutionary period. I have all along intended to put the materials into a connected story, but could never get started till you proposed that I should write on historical subjects; then I bethought me that the time had come to write down the facts and traditions which I had collected. So you are responsible for having set me to a work that but for you would have been put off indefinitely, or, what is more probable, would never have been begun.

My indolence still stands in the way; now and then I spur

myself up, but I grow tired when I find that the task is much greater than I had anticipated. I try to condense, but that is only possible to those who are more accustomed to such work. I will take up the story where I left off—that is about the year 1750, the date of Heinrich Zimmerman's death. The Province of Pennsylvania then had a population of nearly 300,000. Lancaster County was organized in 1729, and Lancaster City, which had been laid out the preceding year, had only 200 people. Lancaster was the most flourishing of the counties, outside of Philadelphia, and was comparatively well settled. Two-thirds of the population were Swiss or German; the other third was composed of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, and English Quakers. These two latter classes were bitterly opposed to each other, both in religion and politics; elections were fiercely contested and were attended with riots and outrages not surpassed by the ward politicians of the present day. Upon one occasion Galbraith, a Scotch-Irishman, was running against Wright, an English Quaker. Mrs. Galbraith, arrayed in a red cloak and red cap, rode through the settlements electioneering for her husband, and upon election day more than 2,000 Scotch-Irish votes were polled in a precinct where there were less than a thousand people. So you see that ballot box stuffing is by no means a new thing. Up to 1729 but few of the Swiss or Germans had been naturalized and still fewer could speak English; thus while they constituted the bulk of the population they had no political power. The Quakers were very solicitous that they should be made citizens because most of them were Mennonites, and in doctrine as regarded war, agreed with the Quakers.

The Scotch-Irish for that reason opposed it all the more, but the Quakers, being in the majority in the Province, carried the measure, and in 1729 great numbers of the Swiss and Germans became citizens, among whom were Heinrich Zimmerman and his sons, Emanuel, aged 27, and Gabriel, aged 25, both of whom had been born in Switzerland. As I have previously written, Heinrich had his children educated in English as well as in German, which was not usual, but rather opposed to the ideas of his fellow countrymen. They made a great mistake in trying to retain and perpetuate their language, a mistake that continued for a century, and did more than anything else to keep the German element in the background, politically and in other

respects. Heinrich was wiser than his contemporaries, and realized that this was to be an English, not a German, country, and that it was best to adjust himself to the conditions. By so doing he gave his family a great advantage over those who still clung exclusively to the German tongue and education. In the struggle of life they were much better equipped than their neighbors. Of the six sons Henry, as you know, was educated as a physician. The other five sons were all taught surveying and also to be "scriveners," that is to be able to draw deeds, wills and other official papers. We thus see that when the old man quit the stage he left his family in an exceptionally favorable condition. They jointly owned several thousand acres of land, fairly well improved; they had grist and sawmills and hemp and flax factories, distilleries, and, besides, each of the sons had a profession. At that day surveying and writing deeds was a leading business. Thousands of immigrants were coming in yearly, all of whom had to have lands surveyed and deeds drawn, and the Penns, as proprietors, were having the lands west of the Susquehanna run off to meet the demand. These Swiss young men, who could survey and speak English, found plenty of employment. I have spoken of the antagonism between the Scotch-Irish and the Quakers. As soon as the Germans and Swiss became naturalized they took sides with the Quakers, and then the fight became general, and was kept up for half a century; but the Germans and Quakers were too much for the other element, and generally named the majority of the officers. Eventually, with the lapse of time, intermarriage and other causes, the racial prejudices died out.

From 1729 to the end of the century the county records and archives make very frequent mention of the Carpenter family. They filled various public offices; they drew deeds and wills, and administered on estates, and in every respect seem to have been quite prominent. It is from the public records of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, that I have derived most of the knowledge of the family.

Very soon after the death of Heinrich the French and English war broke out, which involved the Colonies, and Pennsylvania was kept in a state of turmoil from 1755 to 1763. During that period the family had to bear its share of the trouble; so

far as I can learn they did their duty, and on special occasions were of great service.

Twenty years later, when the Revolutionary crisis came on, the family at once embraced the Patriot cause, and with persons and property threw themselves into the contest, and it can be safely assumed that no other family in the country did more. Fourteen of their number were mustered into active service, and many others were enrolled among the "Associates," a kind of home guards, to be called out in cases of extreme peril.

Having given this general outline, I will now relate what I have learned about particular members of the family. Emanuel Carpenter, the eldest son of Heinrich, taking all in all, is the best specimen the family produced. He was born in Switzerland. The traditions handed down came to me mostly through my grandfather, David Carpenter, though other members contributed, and particularly Daniel Kreider, the father of Dr. M. Z. Kreider, of Lancaster, Ohio, who was the grandson of Daniel Carpenter, the brother of Emanuel. When I was a boy, eight or ten years old, he taught the school near my father's home, where your mother and I were pupils. He lived at our house, and almost nightly he and grandfather talked over old times. He had a strong taste for the marvelous, and I fear that his tales were more interesting than authentic. Old Emanuel, or "Manny the Law Giver," as they called him, was a familiar character in their reminiscences. My grandfather was twelve years of age when "Manny" died, and he remembered him very well. According to his description he was a man a little over six feet tall, with wide shoulders, and heavy, though not corpulent. He was fond of children, as was also his wife, Catharine Line, and their house was a favorite resort for the younger ones of the various families, all of whom lived comparatively near by. Catharine was very corpulent, and it is from her that many of the descendants have inherited the tendency to stoutness. He was naturalized with his father in 1729, when he was twenty-seven years of age.

The ink was hardly dry upon his naturalization papers when he was appointed constable and assessor for Cocalico township, a much more important office then than now, and from that time till his death in 1780 he was continually in office. For a period of fifty-one years he held the confidence and was the

constant adviser of the whole Swiss and German element of the county. In 1735 he was commissioned by the crown as one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace. In 1756 he was first elected to the Provincial Assembly, and was constantly re-elected for a period of seventeen years, when he declined further service in that capacity. In 1759 he was appointed by the Crown, Presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held till his death. He not only attended to his official duties, both in court and in the Assembly, but did a great deal of other business in the way of drawing deeds, settling estates, etc. In looking over the records of the county for that period no name occurs more frequently than his. His business called him to Philadelphia very often, and there he became intimately acquainted with Dr. Franklin, and their friendship continued during life. Franklin was a great politician, and I can readily see how Emanuel could be very useful to him, through his influence with the Germans, and also how Franklin could reciprocate by helping legislation favorably to that class. Franklin was first Clerk of the Provincial Assembly, and later became a member of that body, and for several years he and Emanuel were colleagues. In 1755 occurred Braddock's ill-fated expedition. The English army landed in Virginia, where transportation in the way of wagons and pack horses were to have been provided, but these things were scarce in Virginia, so that the force came to a stand-still at Cumberland. Then Franklin came to the rescue. He had the confidence of the Lancaster County farmers; he went there, and by the aid of Emanuel and his brothers, in a few weeks secured all the wagons and pack horses needed; Franklin and Emanuel becoming responsible for the pay, and thereby got themselves into great difficulty. When Braddock was defeated a great many of the wagons and horses were captured, as was also his money chest. Then the farmers pounced upon Franklin and Emanuel for remuneration, and they were kept in trouble for many years, till finally the British government settled the claims. During the troublesome times from 1755 to 1765, while the war lasted, and while the Indians were depredating and murdering, Lancaster City was the depot for military supplies, and many troops were organized there. Colonel Boquet, a Swiss officer, was stationed there several times, and was on terms of the greatest intimacy with

the Carpenter family. He spent a great deal of time at the residence of Colonel Daniel Carpenter, a younger brother of Emanuel, who lived about six miles from town in Lampeter township. It is probable that he may have known their relatives, who remained in Switzerland. The public records of the time show that Emanuel was very active in assisting the Government both in raising troops and collecting supplies. After the French war was over trouble between the settlers and the sons of William Penn came up about taxes and various other questions, and I find that Emanuel was always a staunch supporter of Franklin, who was the leader of those who opposed the Penns, but before these questions were settled they were overshadowed by the Revolutionary agitation. When the "Boston Port Bill" was passed and the "Tea Episode" occurred, the whole province was in turmoil. This was in 1774, and then the first "Committees of Safety" were formed. Franklin was at the head in Philadelphia County, and all the others acted in unison. In those days, when there were no papers to speak of, the "Taverns" were the centers of information and news, and tavern-keeping was a highly respectable and influential calling. The principal hotel in Lancaster was the "Black Bear," kept by Adam Reigert, a son-in-law of Emanuel, and the place where he always stopped when in the city. There the first meeting of the people was called to organize the "Committee of Safety" for the county. Emanuel was then 72 years of age, and for nearly forty years had been an officer of the crown; but he did not hesitate a moment in joining heartily in the movement, and threw all his influence into the cause of the Colonists. He was made a member of the Committee, as was also his son-in-law, Reigert, and I have no doubt that from his age and the confidence in which he was held, that he had more weight than any other man in it. In that tavern the committee held most of its sessions during the war, and Adam Reigert became a leading spirit. He entered into the contest with vim, was made a Colonel, and served with distinction. After the war he was sheriff of the county, member of the Assembly, and during his whole life was a notable character. During the war Washington was in Lancaster several times, and in 1777, after the battle of Brandywine and Germantown, while on a visit the citizens gave him a dinner at the "Black Bear." Lieutenant

John Carpenter, who died in the house where your mother was born, and who was my great grandfather, happened to be at home on leave of absence. He attended the dinner, taking with him his son, David, my grandfather, then a boy nine years old. The dining room, which was quite large, had at the rear end a stairway, upon which perched the children of the family. My grandfather remembered well how they looked. Washington in a brilliant uniform, with yellow buckskin breeches; Lafayette in stunning apparel and reddish hair, done up in a cue; Wayne, very imposing, with tall plumes, and old Emanuel in drab clothes, with white hair, tied with a leather string. When the Declaration of Independence was passed, a new Constitution for the State was made, and all the crown officers went out, Emanuel with the rest; but he was immediately reappointed presiding justice by the Supreme Executive Council of the State. His house, which is not now standing, was about seven miles from town, near the Conestoga Creek, in Earl township. The old gentleman made his frequent trips to and from town on horseback. He rode an old horse with a bald face, and was always accompanied by a favorite dog. When the people along the road saw him pass they said, "Court is now in session, for there goes 'Manny' on old 'Baldface,' with his dog 'Penny.'" In their opinion all the elements of justice were summed up in these three; whatever "Manny" said went, and no one ever dreamed of appealing from his decision. I will close this sketch by some extracts from public documents and from the histories of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

"L. L. Pennsylvania to-wit:

"George the Second, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc. To all whom these presents shall come; *Greeting*: Know ye, that we have constituted our chosen and faithful Emanuel Carpenter, gentleman, Presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas

Note.—There are several other commissions on record, one in 1777 by the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania re-appointing him Presiding Justice. Rupp's History, Lancaster Co. Note, page 126.

"Emanuel Carpenter, or Zimmerman, son of Henry Carpenter, was born in Switzerland in 1702, died in 1780. He had the unbounded confidence of his fellow citizens, as will appear in the sequel."—Rupp's History, page 349.

for the County of Lancaster, to hold the same for so long a time as he shall well behave himself therein.

"In testimony whereof we have caused the great seal of our said Province to be hereunto affixed.

"Witness, William Denny, Esq., by virtue of a commission from Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, Esq., true and absolute proprietors of said Province, with our Royal approbation, Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief of said Province, and the Counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex, on Delaware, at Philadelphia, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine, and in the thirty-second year of our reign.

"WILLIAM DENNY,

"Lieutenant Governor.

"Recorded on 2nd March, A. D. 1760, by me, Edward Shippen, Recorder."

Book D., page 536, Lancaster, Pa.

"Emanuel Carpenter was appointed Presiding Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of Lancaster County in 1759. He filled the office until 1780 the time of his death. He lived beloved, and died lamented by all. He was in every sense an honest and upright man, always just, liberal and tolerant. He was an arbiter in all matters of dispute among his neighbors, and such was their confidence in his integrity that from his decision they never appealed. His remains rest in 'Carpenter's Graveyard,' near Earlville, where at his side rest those of his consort, Catharine Line. Their lineal descendants are many, and are to be found in the names of Carpenter, Graff, Liere, Reigert, Slaymaker, McCleary, Rutter, Ellmaker and others."

Harris' Biographical History, Lancaster Co., page 129:

"Emanuel Carpenter was a member of the Provincial Assembly from 1756 to 1771. In 1729 he was appointed Constable; in 1733, Justice of the Peace, and in 1759, Presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Lancaster County, which position he held till his death in 1780. The following shows how his services were appreciated by his fellow citizens:

"To Emanuel Carpenter, Esq., late one of the Representatives in the Assembly for the County of Lancaster.

"Sir: The burgesses and assistants of the borough of Lan-



CARPENTER'S CHURCH AND GRAVE-YARD;
Built about 1820, by Christian Carpenter, son of Gabriel, and
great-grand-son of Heinrich, for the use of all denominations.
The land for the Grave-Yard was given by two Carpenters, in
1750. Lancaster County, Penna.

caster met this day at the request of a number of the reputable inhabitants of the borough, and, being sensible of your services as one of the Representatives for the County of Lancaster in the General Assembly of the Province these seventeen years past, have directed that the thanks of the Corporation be offered to you, with the assurance of their approbation of your steady and uniform conduct in that station. And as you have declined serving your country longer in that capacity, I am charged to mention that it is the earnest wish of the inhabitants of Lancaster that you may be continued in the commission of the peace, where you have so long presided and deservedly acquired and supported the character of an upright and impartial magistrate, etc.

“By order of the Burgesses and Assistants.

“CASPER SHAFFNER, Town Clerk.”

“Lancaster, October 3, 1772.”

His tombstone in the “Carpenter’s Graveyard,” near Earlville, erected by his grandson, Emanuel Carpenter Reigert, bears the following inscription :

“Here entombed lie the remains of Emanuel Carpenter, Esq., late Presiding Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of Lancaster County. If true piety, benevolence and Christian charity and unsullied reputation, and an entire devotion to the rights of man, at the most gloomy period of our national struggle, are commendable, the example of the deceased is worthy of imitation. He closed his useful and well spent life on April 1, 1780. And also of his wife, Catharine Carpenter, who died in February, 1785, in the 84th year of her life.”

“Filial affection and respect for ancestral worth induced the erection by their grandson, A. D. 1827.”

His funeral was the largest that had ever been seen in the county. The crowd filled the house, the yard and the whole road to the graveyard, half a mile away. Immense quantities

of provisions, wine and whiskey were consumed in the way of refreshments, for it was the custom of that day, a custom which prevailed till fifty years ago. He left the following children:

Barbara Carpenter, married to Jacob Fiere.

Elizabeth Carpenter, married to John Graff, grandson of old "Hans."

Catherine Carpenter, married first to Frederick Yiser; second, Colonel Adam Reigert.

Jacob Carpenter, married, first, Maria Forney; second, Anna Maria Youndt, widow of Jacob Carpenter.

Emanuel Carpenter, married Mary Smith, or Schmidt.

Jacob was the eldest son and his sisters were older. He was born in 1741; when twenty-three years of age he married Maria Forney, and with her had five children. She died in 1790, and in 1791 he married Anna Maria Youndt, who was the widow of his cousin, Jacob Carpenter, son of his uncle, Gabriel Carpenter, and brother of his father, Emanuel. She had six children by her first husband. He inherited a large plantation from his father, lying on the north side of the Conestoga river. During the Revolution he was enrolled in one of the "Associates' Battalions," and did duty in guarding the British prisoners, who were confined in a stockade at Lancaster. I do not find that he served out of the county. In 1781 he was elected to the Assembly, and served till 1783. He is the man who attempted to catch the ghost, which, according to my grandfather, occurred as follows: Jacob lived on the north, and his brother Emanuel, our great grandfather, on the south side of the Conestoga. Their houses were a third of a mile apart; the land slopes on either side towards the stream; a path connected the two places, the creek was crossed on a log; the land was not cultivated, and was covered by an open forest. Jacob was making a visit to his brother about dusk. He had crossed the creek, when he saw coming down the path one of his brother's "Redemptioners" named Adam. Adam was almost a giant in stature, and had the reputation of being boastful and cowardly. Jacob thought he would test his courage. He slipped behind a tree, and as Adam came up he sprang upon him; but lo, the former vanished as in a whirlwind. Jacob was astounded, but he tarried not, but rushed on to his brother's

house, and fell fainting upon the porch. When he was brought to, his excitement was not allayed by seeing Adam in person, and who had not been away. No explanation could be given, and he had to be escorted home by several members of the family, with a lantern. Adam sturdily refusing to be of the party; in fact, he seemed to be almost as much frightened as Jacob, at the idea that he should have a "double" traveling about. Jacob thereafter remained at home after sundown, and regarded Adam as some sort of a wizard.

Considering that Jacob had been a soldier and a member of the Assembly, we may conclude that 100 years ago the belief in ghosts was generally accepted. Jacob died in 1797, leaving two sons, named respectively Jacob and Emanuel, and two daughters, Catharine, married to Michael Van Kenner, and Susannah, married to Peter Ellmaker. Their descendants still live in Lancaster County. The Ellmaker family has been very prominent. In 1850 Amos Ellmaker was a member of Congress and still earlier was a candidate for Vice-President on the Anti-Masonic ticket. Jacob lived in a stone house, which is still in a good state of preservation, but the people who lived there last summer (1896) knew nothing about the ghost; probably Jacob and Adam know all about it now. Emanuel, the second son of Emanuel, was our great grandfather. He was born in 1744. About 1768 he married Mary Smith, or Schmidt. He lived near the banks of the Conestoga, in a house which has now disappeared, but the stone Spring House is still there, and a part of the foundation of the dwelling house. It is a beautiful spot, commanding a view of the surrounding country, and near the house the banks of the creek are quite precipitous, with rocky cliffs, not unlike those views of your mother's old home. The stone steps leading down to the spring are much worn; large oak trees shade the spot, and the water is cool and delicious. On that spot Emanuel lived for more than thirty years, and there his four boys and five girls were born, and most of them were married. The traditions concerning the beauty of those five girls still lingers in the neighborhood, and it is still told what a popular resort Emanuel's house was among the young people. I listened and believed every word, for among the five girls were our grandmother and our grand-aunts, and I can remember what handsome old ladies some of them became.

I drank from the spring, and sat under the oak trees, and smoked and tried to carry myself back 100 years. I tried to conjure back those light-footed, rosy-cheeked girls, with their milk pails, or, better still, when by moonlight they sat under those same trees, not alone, but with good-looking young men, who wore knee breeches, and tied their hair in a cue. Where are they now? That is what your mother is trying to find out, but as yet no answer has come from the far off and unseen shore. They are probably with Adam's ghost. Emanuel was a capable, active and prosperous man, much like his father, whom he resembled, but shorter and stouter. He inherited a considerable estate from his father, but his family was so large he could not add much to it, besides he was a very hospitable man, and how could a man with five good-looking marriageable daughters save money? When the Revolution broke out he was about thirty-five years of age. He enrolled himself in Captain John Rowland's company, and served in the "Flying Camp," a body of irregular troops, called out after the battle of Long Island. Captain Rowland was quite a distinguished officer, and was a life-long friend of Emanuel and his cousin John, both of whom served with him. He emigrated with them to Ohio, and was killed by lightning at his sickle mill, which stood where the old Reece, or Carpenter's mill was built, near the home of your mother. Emanuel was elected to the Assembly in 1779, and served till 1786. Upon the death of his father in 1780 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held till his removal to the west in 1798, so that father and son had served in the Commission of the Peace for a period of sixty-three years. His reputation stood second only to that of his father, and his name figures prominently all through the official records of the county.

I will now leave Emanuel to take him up again, when I come to the exodus of the family from Pennsylvania.

Gabriel Carpenter, my great great grandfather, was the second son of Heinrich. He was born in Switzerland in 1704 and died in Earl township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1767. His house is still standing at the forks of the Graff, and Carpenter's Runs, and in a good state of preservation, although built of hewed logs; and the stone Spring house, and the big spring are still there. Gabriel was by no means as prominent



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

The old homestead of Gabriel Carpenter, built by him, in 1730,
Lancaster County, Penna.

The lighter portions of the roof show an addition, made in this
century.

a man as his brother Emanuel. Still his name occurs quite frequently in the public records. He practiced surveying, had a saw and grist mill, and owned a large tract of fine land. About 1730 he married Appolina Hermann, whose parents were prominent Swiss people of the settlement. I find from the records that he furnished a team and flour for the Braddock expedition, and that he had great trouble in getting pay for the same. He was a spare man, over six feet tall, with black hair and eyes. He died several years before the Revolution, but his wife, Appolina, lived till 1793. They had nine children, as follows:

Christian, who married Susan Herr; Salome, married George Line; Daniel, married Susan Herr; Mary, married John Smith, brother to our great grandfather Emanuel's wife; John, my great grandfather, who married Elizabeth Scherer; Sarah, married John Graybill, who is the ancestor of the Lancaster, Ohio, Graybills; Catharine, married Peter Eckart, Elizabeth, married George Eckart, and Jacob, married Anna Maria Youndt.

By this long list you will perceive that there was not much danger of the family running out. It would take too long to follow all these children in detail, so I will confine myself to those only in whom we are interested, or who were in any way distinguished. You will observe that Christian was the eldest son of Gabriel Carpenter. He, in his turn, had several children, three of whom distinguished themselves. Among those were Captain, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, Jacob Carpenter. As soon as the Revolution broke out he raised a company in Colonel John Fiere's Battalion, and was in the battle of Long Island and the retreat through the Jerseys. Afterwards he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, commanded the Fifth battalion of the Lancaster County militia, and served to the end of the war. He was present at the battles about Philadelphia, Brandywine and Germantown. The family of William Carpenter, deceased, of Lancaster, Pa., have the army-chest carried by him through the war, which I saw last summer. It is very strongly made, bound with iron, and divided into compartments, and noticeably there were in it twenty-four places similar to postoffice boxes, each of which contained a two-quart bottle. Several of these bottles are still kept in place, and from the faint odor which they emit I incline to the belief that it took a great deal of whiskey to overcome the British. The

family also have an autograph letter from Joseph Reed, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who was also at the date of the letter, 1781, President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, thanking Colonel Carpenter for prompt services rendered.* He was only 22 years of age when he entered the service, and quite handsome, as you will see by the enclosed photograph, which was copied from a miniature, painted on ivory, now in possession of Susan Carpenter Frazer, of Lancaster, Pa., a distant relative. Joel Carpenter, another son, was a noted politician, and was several times elected to the Assembly. Christian, the youngest son of Christian, was for many years a very prominent man in the county. He did a large surveying and conveyancing business, had a large mercantile establishment in Earlvile, and about the year 1800 was for several years sheriff of the county. It was he who built at his own expense, the Stone Church which now stands at the Carpenter Graveyard and donated it to the public. He was not himself a member of any church. He was the father of Gabriel and Dr. Paul, of Lancaster, Ohio, and his wife Mary was the daughter of Emanuel 2nd and the sister of our grandmother. John Carpenter, the 3rd son of Gabriel, my great grandfather, was born in 1735 and died in 1807 in the house in which your mother was born. He went into the war of the Revolution as first lieutenant in Colonel Fiere's Battalion, the same in which Captain Rowland served. He was at the disastrous Battle of Long-Island, and barely escaped capture; when most of the command were taken prisoners. He was also in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. After the fall of Philadelphia, the Continental Congress adjourned, first to Lancaster, but, fearing they would not be safe there, they moved thence on to York. The whole country was in a panic, and Lieutenant John obtained a leave of absence to return home to look after his family. Many people, thinking that the British would soon be upon them, fled across the Susquehanna. John concluded to stay, but, as a matter of precaution, the family buried all their valuables and proovisions. My grandfather, then nine years of age, helped carry the meat from the smoke-house to the hole in which they buried it, and was strong enough to carry a ham. He well remembered the terror that prevailed, when they all thought that the "Hessians" would eat them up, but the enemy

* For text of letter see page 221.



Dr. HENRY CARPENTER,
Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Physician of President James Buchanan,
and Thaddeus Stevens.

Born 1819—Died 1889

did not come, so they "saved their bacon." Dr. Henry Carpenter was the third son of "Old Heinrich," who, as before mentioned, was sent to Europe to study for his profession. Upon his return he married Susan Forney, and in due time inherited the home place, where his father died. Susan Forney was the aunt of Jacob Forney, who married Susan Carpenter, the daughter of old Christian, and this Susan was the mother of the celebrated John W. Forney, who, as is well known, was a distinguished editor and politician in Pennsylvania. Dr. Henry died in 1773, leaving three sons and four daughters: Henry, John, Abraham, Barbara, Susannah, Mary and Salome. Of these sons Henry and John were physicians. John, the second son, served in the Revolutionary War, as a private, in the company of which Lieutenant John, my great grandfather, had command. He escaped capture from Long Island, but his health failed him, and he was not able to re-enter the service. Upon the recovery of his health he married his cousin, Mary Fiere, the daughter of Mary Carpenter, wife of David Fiere, as is stated in Rupp's History. She was the sole survivor of that family and inherited all the property of her father and mother. She was quite an heiress, and John, in consequence, became the richest of all the Carpenters. He owned farms, mills and city property, and cut a very wide swath. On the old Fiere homestead, eight miles from Lancaster, out by Paradise, he built a stately mansion which he named "Carpenter Hall," which is standing to this day in all its glory. John also founded a Botanical Garden, which was celebrated during his day and long afterwards. His son Abram, also quite a rich man, was for many years a member of the Assembly, and about the year 1800 he was a State Senator. Dr. Henry's daughter, sister to John, the man of wealth, first married Christopher Reigert, brother of Colonel Adam Reigert, son-in-law of old Emanuel. Christian, like his brother, Adam Reigert, kept a tavern named the "Fountain Inn," which was almost as noted as the "Black Bear." Christian died, and left a good-looking widow and a big tavern. You may be sure that in due time many suitors appeared. Susannah looked them over, and for her second husband chose Thomas Edwards. She was fortunate, for Thomas was a brisk Scotchman, about thirty-five years of age, and at the time of his marriage was Superintendent and

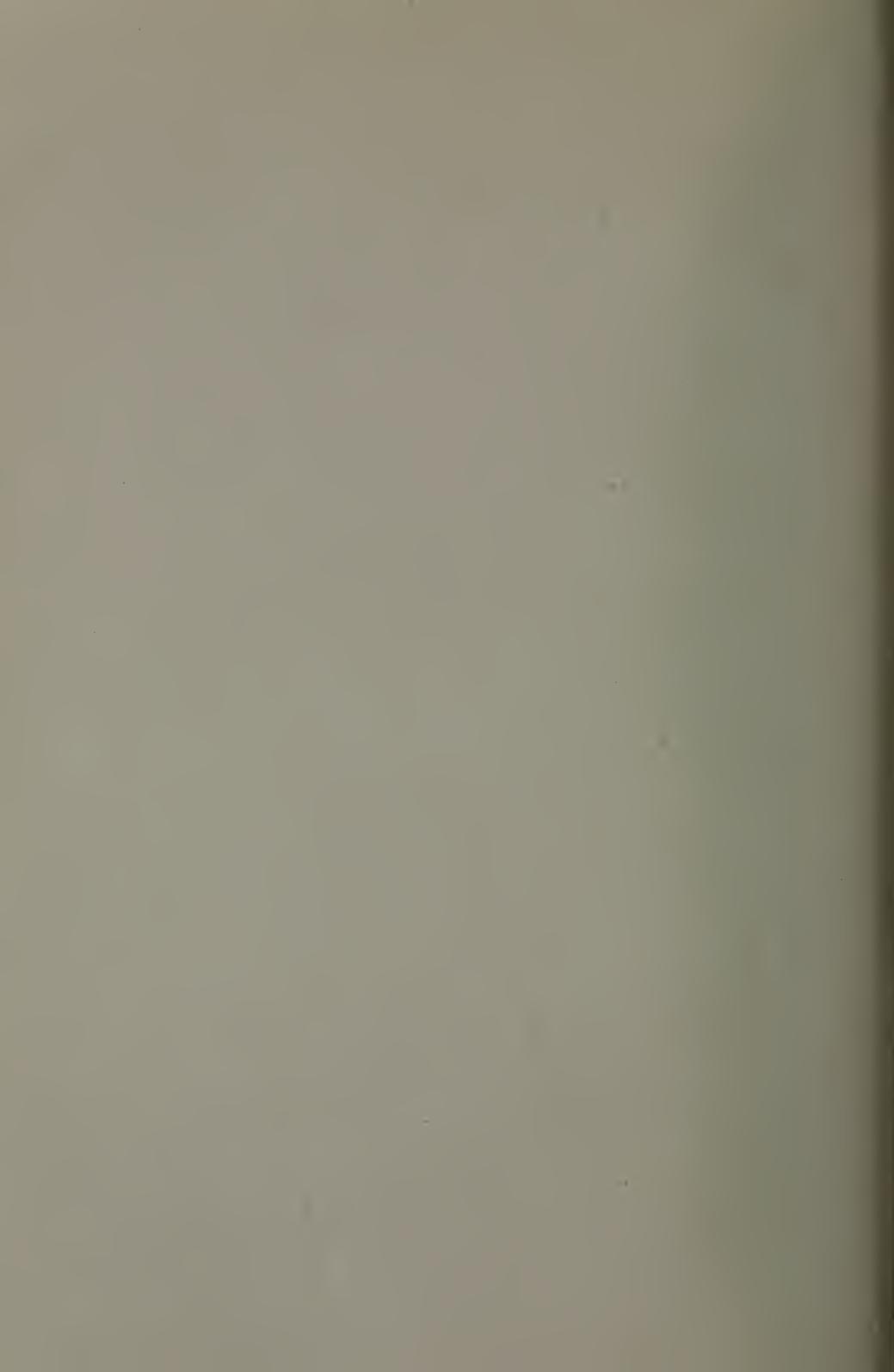
manager of the "Grubb Iron Works" in Lebanon township, Lancaster; at those works a great many cannon were cast for the American patriots. He was first elected a Major in one of the battalions of Lancaster County, but could not leave the shops until a certain number of cannon were cast. When the contract was finished he entered at once into the service, was soon promoted to be a Colonel, and served with distinction till the end of the war. After the war he was prominent in the county, was Sheriff, and acquired an ample fortune. He left no children. He does not seem to have managed the tavern, for up till the time of his wife's death in 1803 it was known as the "Fountain Inn," by Susannah Edwards.

Christian Carpenter, the fourth son of Heinrich, is the one about whom I know the least, for he did not die in Lancaster County, so that there is no will to refer to. Daniel Carpenter, the fifth son of Heinrich, was born about 1718-22, and was the giant of the family. He was six feet six inches in height, and proportionately large. He was noted for his great strength, and I am indebted to old Daniel Kreider, the father of Dr. M. Z. Kreider, for the traditions in relation to him. Daniel Kreider was the son of Michael Kreider, who successively married two daughters of Daniel Carpenter, one of whom was the mother of Daniel Kreider. She, Susannah Carpenter, was a very large woman, and old Mr. Kreider said she could stand on the rim of a half bushel measure and shoulder a three-bushel sack of wheat. In proof of heredity, it may be added that nearly all the descendants of Daniel Carpenter are large people, some even as tall as their ancestors. Among other lands he inherited the tract bought from Franciscus, and on the very spot where the girl slew the wolf erected a fine stone house in 1750, which is standing today, almost as good as new. When first built it was the pride of the settlement, and was the scene of unbounded hospitality, for Daniel was a Colonel of the Militia and a man of convivial habits. When dressed in his regimentals, mounted on his steed, and at the head of his Battalion, he made a profound impression upon his German neighbors. He, however, confined his military movements to his own county, for I do not find that he went to the French and Indian wars, and he died in 1766, before the war of the Revolution. But if he did not go to war, he did the



STORE AND DWELLING HOUSE.

Dwelling and Store, erected about 1800, by Christian Carpenter, son of Christian, and grand-son of Gabriel 2d.—son of the immigrant. Earlville, near the Conestoga, Lancaster Co., Penna.



next best thing; he helped the commander of the British forces to reach the front. From 1756 to 1763 a great many troops were stationed about Lancaster, which was a supply station for all the expeditions west of the Allegheny Mountains. Colonel Henry Boquet, a Swiss officer in the British service, was in command there. Several times in 1763 he marched with the column that met, and after a desperate fight defeated the Indians at "Bushy Run." While in Lancaster County he spent a great deal of time with Daniel Carpenter; they were about the same age, that is between thirty and forty years, and of similar habits, such as "looking upon the wine when it was red." It is also probable that Boquet may have been acquainted with the relations of the Carpenters, still living in Switzerland. Daniel had a fine team of horses and a "little red wagon" in which he and the Colonel were driven about the country in search of transportation and supplies for the army. They were driven by a "Redemptioner" named Paulus, belonging to Daniel, whose duty it was to have the team and wagon ready every morning, and particularly to see that a three-gallon keg of whiskey was duly filled and on board. Whiskey was a potent persuader among the German farmers of that day, and Grand-father Kreider said that when they reached home at night not only the two Colonels, but also Paulus, had to be lifted from the wagon, so wearied were they with the day's labor. At length Colonel Boquet had to move against the enemy, but he had become so attached to the "little red wagon" and to Paulus that he persuaded Daniel to let them go with him, with the promise of a liberal compensation, and that they would return in a month or six weeks.

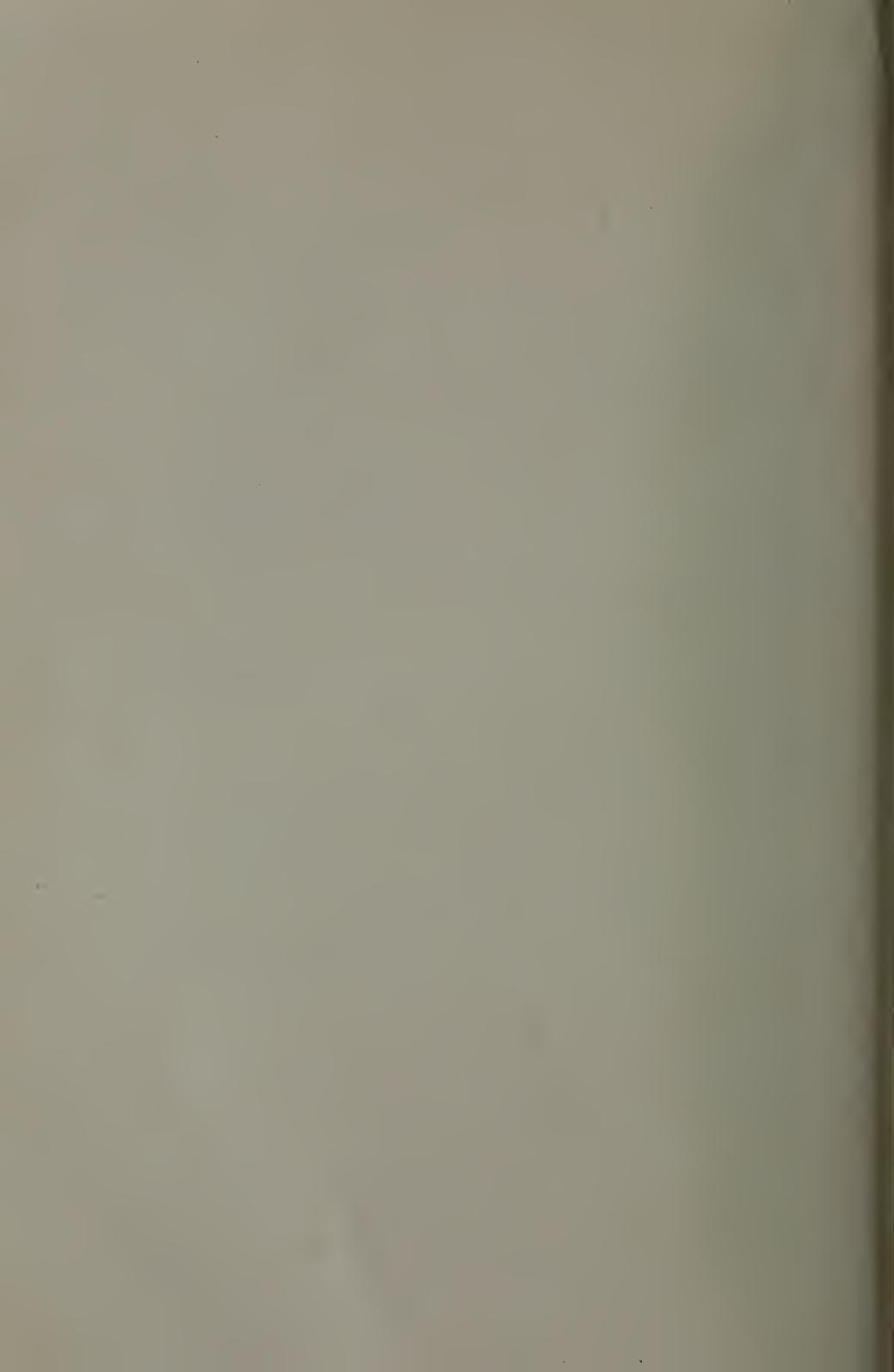
Accordingly they set out, and all went well till they arrived within a day or two's march of "Fort Pitt," when they were suddenly attacked by a large body of Indians, who literally surrounded them. Colonel Boquet concentrated his forces on a wooded hill and stood them off all day; but he was without water, and their condition became desperate. Paulus was in a dreadful state of mind, fearing for his scalp and for the "little red wagon;" he sought a comparatively safe place near the top of the hill, kept the horses and wagon near, while he crouched behind some fallen trees and bewailed his unlucky fate.

BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

In the morning Colonel Boquet executed a fine piece of strategy. He had one-half of his force feign a retreat, while the other half lay concealed in the bushes. The Indians fell into the trap; with loud shouts they broke from cover and pursued the retreating column. At a concerted signal the Colonel's men turned and poured in a deadly fire on the front of the advancing and exposed Indians, while their comrades rose from the bushes and attacked their flank. The Indians fled in consternation, leaving more than 100 of their dead on the field, and, fleeing, troubled him no more. Paulus, from his individual fortress, heard the shouts of victory. Seeing how the game had gone he emerged, and at a safe distance joined in the pursuit, and from an already dead Indian, or in some way he secured a scalp. When he returned home, where he arrived safely, he bore the scalp at his belt, and during the remainder of his life recited how he and Colonel Boquet had whipped the Indians. According to his story, he had led in the fore-front of the battle, and when the Colonel was in despair, it was he who conceived the strategy which the Colonel, under his advice, successfully carried out. The one scalp in his possession by no means represented his boasted achievements; he had slain many more, but could not take time to scalp them. When the Colonel subsequently visited Colonel Daniel Carpenter after the campaign, and did not exactly corroborate Paulus' story, the latter told his companions that "of course the Colonel would talk that way because of jealousy, etc." In truth of all this, old Mr. Kreider said that his father, Michael, who was son-in-law of Colonel Daniel, and one of the heirs and administrators of the estate, fell heir to the "scalp," which he took with him to Huntingdon County, Pa., where the relator had often seen it hanging on the hook from which his father's rifle was suspended. So this is no "William Tell story." Daniel at his death left four sons and four daughters. Three of his sons went into the Revolutionary war and served with credit. Two of the daughters were successively the wives of Michael Kreider, the ancestor of the Lancaster, Ohio, Kreiders; one married a man named Richards, and Elizabeth married Colonel Curtis Grubb. He, with his brother, Colonel Peter Grubb, owned the "Grubb Iron Works," at which many of the cannon for the patriot army



Mrs. SUSAN CARPENTER FRAZER,
Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
Born 1783—Died 1836.



were cast. Colonel Curtis Grubb was a member of the "Committee of Safety." He went into the service early and served till the end of the war with great distinction. After the war he still continued his Iron Works, and accumulated a large fortune, and during his whole life was an active citizen. At the beginning of the century he was a member of the Assembly and also of the State Senate. His descendants are still among the most wealthy people of Lancaster County, Pa. Jacob, the 6th and last son of Heinrich, was born about the year 1724 and died in 1772. He lived and died in Lampeter township, near to his brother Daniel. Like his brothers, he was a surveyor and farmer, and was an active and prominent man in all the affairs of the County and Province. He was elected a member of the Provincial Assembly in 1765, and was re-elected every year until the time of his death. Thus for a period of seven years, he and his brother, Emanuel, were colleagues in the same body, which would seem to imply that the Carpenter family were greedy for office, or that their fellow citizens had great confidence in their ability and fitness for public service. Jacob, although not fifty years of age when he died, had been married three times, and by his several wives left ten children, one unborn at the time of his death. I make a few extracts from his will, which is quite a lengthy document:

THE WILL OF JACOB CARPENTER.

"To each of his daughters he left 250 pounds, to the unborn child, if a girl, 250 pounds, but if a boy, 350 pounds," which I don't think was a fair deal. "To his wife, 300 pounds, a horse, saddle and bridle, two cows and all the furniture." His executors to sell a farm of 150 acres in Bart township, also all his moveable property." "He gives his three sons his three plantations, subject to the legacies due the daughters." "His children being minors, he directed that his wife should have possession of the land for ten years, for the purpose of schooling the children, and "in case my wife is not satisfied with this will, the executors shall not pay the legacies to the two youngest daughters, nor to the unborn child. At the expiration of the ten years the land shall fall into the hands of my three sons, who shall jointly build a good and sufficient house for my said wife,

Magdalena, on a convenient place where there is water; also a little stable and a garden, poled in for her use, and they shall give her sufficient of first and second crop hay, as shall maintain during the winter, one horse and two cows, and pasture for the same during her natural life." After providing for his wife, he founds a College and appoints a faculty as follows: "*Item.* It is my will that the school house at the end of the lane, shall remain as such for ten years, for the schooling of my children and the children of my neighbors. And it is my will that John Eastwood be the School Master during said term and to have the use of the said house and garden during the time, provided he does not disoblige my executors and his conduct is regular."

Then he exercises benevolence as follows: *Item.* It is my will that Conrad House and his wife, Barbara, that are now servants to me for the term of four years, shall serve but three years, on account of their good behavior, and I hereby constitute and appoint my beloved wife, Magdalena, and my trusty friend, John Carpenter, and my brother-in-law, John Herr, executors of this my last will."

And this Jacob, whom I take to have been a pretty good man, with rather too many wives, passed off the stage. One of his sons, Jacob, became quite distinguished. He was a lawyer, the first in the family, and was elected three times Treasurer of Pennsylvania, and in the year 1800 was appointed by Governor Thomas McKean to office. He died in 1803, in his thirty-sixth year.

We have now arrived at nearly the close of the first century of our family in America. We have disposed of three generations, and an impartial retrospect enables us to congratulate ourselves with the thought that our ancestors were very respectable people. Old Heinrich was no ordinary man, and all his children averaged up well. I do not think it arrogant to say that old Emanuel was the most influential man of his day in Lancaster County, and until the day of his death he retained the confidence of all who knew him. If any one man "ran the Revolution" in that County he was the man, as will be shown in the following list, including himself and his connections, who figured in the contest:



Lieut.-Col. JACOB CARPENTER,
of the
War of the Revolution.
Commander of the 5th Battalion of the
Lancaster County Contingent.
Born 1754; Died 1823.

Emanuel Carpenter, 73 years of age, on Committee of Public Safety.

Jacob Carpenter, his son, Captain in the Associators' Co.

Emanuel Carpenter, his son, private in John Rowland's Co.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jacob Carpenter, commander Fifth Battalion, son of Christian, son of Gabriel.

Adam Carpenter, private.

Thomas Carpenter, private.

John Carpenter, son of Gabriel, first lieutenant.

Daniel Carpenter, captain, son of Daniel.

John Carpenter, private, son of Daniel.

Benjamin Carpenter, private, son of Daniel.

Colonel Adam Reigert, son-in-law of old Emanuel.

Colonel Thomas Edwards, son-in-law of Henry Carpenter.

Colonel Curtis Grubb, son-in-law of Daniel Carpenter.

George Line, private, son-in-law of Gabriel Carpenter.

Captain Joseph Scherer, brother-in-law of Lieutenant John Carpenter.

Michael Kreider, Commissary and Frontiersman, son-in-law of Daniel Carpenter.

Israel Kreider, son of Michael, grandson of Daniel, Frontiersman.

This is a list of which we may be justified in feeling proud. There are three or more, other Carpenters on the Revolutionary rolls, but I do not think they belonged to our family. In my next letter I will follow our branch of the family into the "Northwestern Territory" and down to the time of those now living.

CHAPTER III.

MIGRATION TO OHIO.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 20, 1897.

In my last letter I brought the family history down to near the end of the eighteenth century. The Carpenters were a fruitful race, and the descendants of Heinrich now run up to the hundreds. The large body of land owned by him, when divided among the numerous progeny, dwindled into small tracts. It was time for the hive to send out swarms, and even previous to this, several members of the family had drifted into adjoining counties, while some had gone with the Kreiders as far west as Huntingdon County, on the upper waters of the Juniata. In 1798 Emanuel Carpenter, the younger son of Emanuel, was 54 years of age. So far as standing and influence counted, he was the head of the family, as he had been for many years a member of the State Assembly, and upon the death of his father had succeeded him as Presiding Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He lived at the place I have described on the Conestoga, eight miles from Lancaster. Among his neighbors he was considered wealthy, for he had a large farm, and with his cousin John, owned a saw and grist mill, but had nine children, five girls and four boys. He realized that if his property were divided among so many the portion of each would be small. He was a man of great intelligence and kept abreast of the times. Under the Ordinance, of 1787, Virginia had ceded to the newly constituted United States, all that rich region known as the "Northwestern Territory," comprising the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Wayne in his vigorous campaign had subdued the Indians, and settlements were being made along the northern bank of the Ohio river, while the minds of many enterprising men were turned towards the new land of promise. Emanuel had made the acquaintance of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, who was a very noted character in his day, and had passed all his life on the frontier, engaging in land speculations and in trading and fighting with the Indians. He lived at Wheeling, which he

had founded in 1770. He told Emanuel all about the advantages of the new country, and particularly that he was about to open a road from his town of Wheeling, through the interior to Limestone, now Maysville, on the Ohio river. This was in 1796. The next year, 1797, he cut a bridle-path between the two points, which crossed the Muskingum river at what is now Zanesville, the Hocking at Lancaster, and the Scioto at Chillicothe. Emanuel probably had the emigration idea in his head for several years, but it had not fully crystalized until his talks with Zane, and now that the lands were to be brought into market he thought that the time for action had arrived. Michael Kreider had already located near Chillicothe, on the banks of the Scioto, and doubtless sent back favorable reports of that fertile region. Of his nine children Samuel, the eldest, was married and settled. Four of his five daughters were also married. Mary, the eldest, to Christian Carpenter, a son of his cousin Christian, the son of Gabriel; Elizabeth to John Carpenter, Susannah to David Carpenter, and Nancy to William Carpenter. These last three Carpenters were the sons of John, the son of Gabriel. John Carpenter, the cousin of Emanuel, the son of Gabriel and the father of Emanuel's sons-in-law, was then 63 years of age. He had four sons and one daughter. The oldest son was Samuel, unmarried; the other three I have named above, and the daughter named Mary had just been married to one Jacob Merkel. John did not take kindly to the emigration idea; he thought that he was too old, and that at his age it would not pay to abandon all the associations of his life, but all his sons were of a different opinion and were in favor of the move. Samuel, the oldest and most energetic, was, like so many others of the family, a surveyor, and in the new country saw a wide field for business in that line. He so far prevailed with his father as to gain a conditional consent. It was agreed that a portion of the family should make an experimental trip, and if their report was favorable then he would seriously take the matter into consideration.

Accordingly, in the early spring of 1798, the expedition set out. It consisted of Emanuel, Samuel, and William and his wife, just married. The outfit embraced a four-horse wagon, four extra horses, and a small herd of cattle, with two

hired men. There were then two or three separate roads leading to the Ohio river. They took the "Forbes" road, which, after crossing the Susquehanna, followed up the Juniata river to Bedford, thence to Redstone, now Brownsville, on the Monongahela, and thence by a newer road to Wheeling. They only made ten or twelve miles a day, and were three weeks in reaching Wheeling. When that point was reached they found it would be impossible to take the wagon any farther. The road cut by Zane the preceding year was simply a blazed path through the forest. They were probably aware of this, and had prepared themselves with pack saddles, and by that means transported all their outfit of supplies upon their horses. They had a tent, and their wagon cover made another shelter. In the provision line they carried flour, coffee, sugar and salt; they had a full outfit of carpenter's tools and some axes, saws, augurs, plow irons and hoes, and Samuel had his surveying instruments.

About the first of June they set out upon the path. I can imagine them creeping along its devious windings, Samuel in front, forming the advance guard, then old Emanuel on horseback, who naturally kept next to Samuel, in order to give advice when difficult places were reached.

Then Nancy perched on top of blankets, with frying pans and tin cups garnishing the sides of her horse; then William, leading the foremost horse of the pack train, and lastly the cattle with the drivers bringing up the rear. When night came they pitched their tent, spread their wagon cover, hobbled their horses, belled their cattle, and Nancy opened up her restaurant, where she served game-meals, both night and morning. There were no bridges, so all the streams had to be forded. They met with no disaster other than the miring of a pack animal now and then. At the crossing of the Muskingum, where Zanesville now is, they found the first cabin, and a ferry over the river. John McIntire, a son-in-law of Ebenezer Zane, lived in the cabin and kept the ferry. Here they met Zane, who had been traveling over his trace to see if it came up to what his contract had stipulated. As payment for opening the road, he was to receive three sections of land, one at the crossing of the Muskingum, one at the crossing of the Hocking, and one at the crossing of the Scioto. Our

party were in doubt whether to settle on the Muskingum, or go farther west. They wanted a mill-seat, and McIntire had already secured the one on the Muskingum. Zane told them about the Hocking river and assured them excellent land, valuable timber, and good springs.

After a few days' rest they again set out, and on the third day reached the Hocking. The only semblance of civilization there was a rude cabin, a few hundred yards west of the creek, occupied by Captain Joseph Hunter, a Kentuckian. The exact site of the cabin was near where the "Mithoff Mansion" now stands. They pitched their tent near the cabin and prepared to explore the country. The land had then been sectionized and was for sale, but nothing less than a section could be bought, and the price was \$2 per acre. Samuel got out his compass and chain, and tradition says that as a preliminary he climbed the highest tree on the highest hill, and took a look at the country. They were first on the ground, and therefore had the choice. Zane had selected the section at the crossing; so they selected four sections south of the Zane section, embracing a territory two miles square. This secured the Hocking river for two miles, and also the mouths of "Baldwin's Run," which came in from the West. Your mother will remember that all our old homesteads were upon this tract of land. As soon as they had surveyed and blazed the lines, Emanuel made a trip to Chillicothe, where the land office was located, and filed the necessary papers to secure the claim. They chose locations for their improvements. Emanuel selected a spot on the branch which they named "Carpenter's Run," about one mile southwest of the crossing of the Hocking. Here within a few weeks they built a double cabin of round logs, with clapboard roof and puncheon floors, into which they moved and made themselves comfortable. No iron was used about the structure. The material was all cut from the surrounding forest, making a small clearing in which they planted vegetables; it was too late in the season to plant corn. Their cattle and horses found abundant grass in the neighboring creek bottoms. Then they made preparations for building a more permanent house, which was completed in the next few months. Built of hewed logs, it was about twenty-four feet square and two stories high; they had brought some nails with them. This was the first house

with a shingle roof west of Wheeling. The floors, however, were made of split and hewed puncheons, and the doors of split clapboards. They used oiled paper instead of glass for the windows. This house is still standing, and your mother will remember it as being on the Clear Creek road, about 100 yards west of where the road branches off leading to the Reform School. It is now concealed by a fine modern frame house standing in front of it, owned and occupied by a colored man. Emanuel chose the spot, because of a good spring, and for the further reason that it was near a mill-site, where he subsequently built a mill. William chose a location on the Hocking, about a mile and a half from the crossing of the "trace," where there was also a spring and a mill-site, and later in the season built a hewed-log two-story house, similar to the one built for Emanuel, which your mother will remember as the old "Pannybaker House," that stood in front of the brick house built by Pannybaker thirty years later. By the fall of the year, they had cleared several acres of ground, which in due season they sowed with fall-wheat, brought on pack horses over the trace from Kentucky, costing \$3.00 per bushel. Flour and salt were brought in the same way. Salt was worth \$5.00 per bushel, flour was \$8.00 per 100 pounds, coffee \$1.50 per pound, and sugar 25 cents per pound. After the first year all the sugar was made from maple sap. As already stated, the Carpenters were the first to come on the ground, and they took up the land immediately adjoining the Zane section. They were soon followed by the Shellenbergers, who took up two sections, adjoining the Carpenters, on the south. Then came the Ream family, who took up four or five sections south of the Shellenbergers. Part of the Ream family came over Zane's trace, while the balance put their heavy goods on small flat boats at Wheeling, floated down the Ohio to the mouth of the Hocking, and then poled up that stream to the mouth of Rush Creek, where Sugar Grove now stands. It required ten days to travel from the mouth of the Hocking to Rush Creek. Besides these families who settled on the Hocking, fifteen or twenty other families came in and settled west on Clear Creek. Almost all these settlers were from Lancaster County, Pa. As they came too late to put in crops, they devoted their time that season, to making clearings, and building cabins. These structures were of the rudest character, many without floors, and

none with glazed windows. With axes, broad axes and augurs, the building of a house was with them a short job. The woods were full of game, while the Hocking furnished fish by the horse load, so Samuel wrote his father, "some as long as your arm," which sounds a little "fishy." The carcass of a deer could be bought for a dollar, and a wild turkey for 12½ cents; so that with the flour, salt, coffee and sugar they brought with them, they fared sumptuously every day. Old Emanuel doubtless had the example of his grandfather in mind, and proposed to enact the same role which Heinrich had done on the Conestoga 100 years before. They had secured the four sections adjoining the Zane section, and he was busy the whole season exploring the country for other eligible lands. Samuel assisted him in this so far as he could, but much of his time was occupied in surveying for the new settlers, as they came in, but during the summer they selected three sections near Clear Creek, and one up the Hocking. William had put in his time building the houses and clearing the land, and Nancy had her hands full in cooking for the gangs of men about her. There were no "hired girls," and I suspect she did more work in a day than her descendants do in a week. As yet there were very few women in the country. The Shellenbergers were young unmarried men; the Reams had brought their families, but they were three or four miles away, and I conclude that Nancy and Mrs. Hunter during that summer and winter of 1798 made up an aristocratic society all to themselves.

Late in the fall Emanuel, mounting one horse and leading another, set out for Lancaster County. At Wheeling he hitched his horses to the wagon left there, and in due time reached his home. You may imagine how he exploited the new country to his gathering kinsmen and neighbors. Great excitement took possession of these slow and sturdy Germans, and nothing but the "Northwestern Territory" was talked of during the winter. Old John Carpenter, however, was still filled with doubt; the farm on the Conestoga seemed to him a very good place; there he had old friends and cronies; from his vines he had made wine, and a convenient still-house furnished a stronger beverage, unlike the adulterated whiskey of today. John considered all these things, and would not stir without further evidence. His son, John, however, was more

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amenable, and was won over by Emanuel's eloquence and example. So when spring came they loaded all their household goods in several wagons, gathered their flocks and herds, and made up a regular caravan. Not only they, but dozens of their friends and neighbors did the same. The great road leading to the Ohio, was fairly lined with teams and stock, and made cheerful by the voices of many women and children. They traveled slowly, camping by night near a stream or spring, where their camp-fires lighted the surrounding forest, and where they enjoyed all the social pleasures of a moving village. By the time they reached Wheeling, where the previous year the wagons had stopped, Zane had bestirred himself and had his "trace" made passable for wheeled vehicles, but it was a difficult road, and they consumed more time from Wheeling to the Hocking, than it had taken from Lancaster to Wheeling, though only about half the distance. At length they arrived, and I leave you to imagine the meeting between Nancy and her mother and sister, after more than a year spent in that wilderness, almost without any woman friend. Meantime Samuel and William had not been idle. They had during the winter cleared several acres of land, and now had it planted in corn. The new arrivals had brought with them many things necessary for their comfort. They had a full outfit of pewter platters, plates and spoons, and molds in which to cast new ones. They also brought spinning wheels and the looms, so that with the growing flax and their flocks of sheep they need not suffer for clothes.

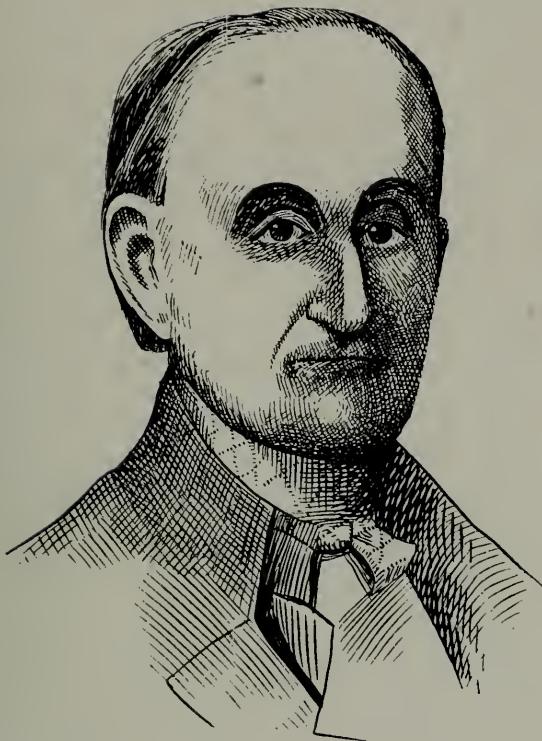
There was by this time a mill at Chillicothe, the property of Michael Kreider, their relative, only thirty-six miles away, so that the flour question was in a measure settled, but coffee and salt were still very costly. During the spring they made enough maple sugar for home consumption. Emanuel's house was all ready, and he and his wife, his daughter Sarah and his sons, Emanuel, John and Sebastian, took possession. Sarah was a blooming young lady; Emanuel was about seventeen, and the other boys younger. John with his wife and children moved in with William and Nancy, where Samuel also made his home. There was plenty of work to be done, and "woodchoppings and raisings" made society lively and exciting. They were all young, with the exception of Emanuel and his wife, who were

only just past their prime. Everything was new and interesting, and discomfort did not cut much of a figure. If they could come back and look over the country today they would scarcely recognize it. In their day the view was very circumscribed because of the dense forest which covered the whole country. Now from the front door of the house in which your mother was born the eye, sweeping for miles down the valley of the Hocking, dotted by beautiful farms, interspersed with magnificent groves of timber, and made cheerful by numerous comfortable farm houses, looks upon a rural panorama unsurpassed in beauty, by any other in all the surrounding region. Now the roads are delightful; but in their day they went from one settlement to another along blazed paths, in which to move a wagon was almost impossible. The first-bottom of the Hocking was a continuous swamp, where horses and cattle were easily mired, and the grass grew as high as a horse's back. The stream flowing with a sluggish current was obstructed by logs and drift-wood. For many years no attempt was made to cultivate the bottoms, but they furnished ample grazing range for the stock. All the clearings were made upon the second bottoms and hill-sides not subject to overflow. Now the bottoms are all cultivated and are the choice lands of the farms, while in summer the stream is but a small rivulet. John selected for a home a spot near Emanuel's house, where there was a big spring. During the year he built a cabin, cleared some land, moved his family in the fall, and Samuel took up his abode with him. Thus the winter of 1799 found three Carpenter families fairly established. Emanuel was then the oldest, and by far the most important man in the settlement. He held more land than any one else, and the Carpenter houses were the only two-story hewed-log structures in the country. There were no buildings where Lancaster now stands; there were a few wigwams near the creek, where the present "Bern Road" crosses the railroad track. There had once been a large Indian village, but at that date only a few straggling Indians remained. They had ceded their land and moved to the Sandusky river. The county was not organized and the town was not laid out, and there were not 10,000 people in all the territory which now forms the state of Ohio.

Fairfield County, as now formed, was a part of Washington

County, of which Marietta was the county seat. Arthur St. Clair, an old Revolutionary general, was and had been for several years, Governor of the Territory. A General Assembly, elected by the people, met in Cincinnati in 1799-1800, and on January 9, 1800, Fairfield County was organized. It embraced about four times as much territory as it now does. At that session Emanuel was appointed the Presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and Samuel was commissioned a Justice of the Peace. The county was sub-divided into townships. Samuel named Bern township after the Canton of Bern, in Switzerland. They were the first judicial officers in the county. Samuel Carpenter was then forty years of age; a large, fine-looking man of dark hair and complexion. He had never married, for what reason I cannot learn. Certainly it was not because he had a prejudice against women, for tradition hands him down as a man partial to good clothes, fine horses and high living. Probably he had been disappointed in love back in Pennsylvania, and when he came to the new country women were too scarce for him to solace himself in a new venture. He ranked in prominence next to Emanuel, and between the two they did pretty much all the surveying and official business of the county. Samuel had taken the first choice of the lands, and one need only to see those to find his reason for the selection. On a hill overlooking the whole country was a fine spring, nature could do no more to render the place beautiful and attractive.

During the year 1800 he made a clearing and built a cabin near the spring, where the house now stands, in which your mother was born. Great numbers of settlers came in, and Zane laid out "New Lancaster," so named at the request of Emanuel, in honor of Lancaster, Pa. The townsite was a dense forest, and where the principal buildings now stand on Main street, there was a swamp filled with water most of the year. A few streets were laid out, cabins built, a store was started, and mechanics of various kinds came and settled, finding plenty of work. More land was cleared in the settlements and sufficient corn and wheat was raised for home consumption. Our people were actively employed, while Emanuel and Samuel put in a good deal of time surveying and taking levels along the Hocking and Carpenter's Run, to determine the sites for the mills



DAVID CARPENTER.

Father of Gabriel Carpenter,
Grand-father, of Dr. Seymour D. Carpenter.
Lancaster Co., Pa. Born 1768,
Died 1848. Lancaster, Ohio.

which they intended to build. The first site selected was the one on the Hocking, where the present "Deed's Mill" now stands. The other was on Carpenter's Run, near Emanuel's house. Both these streams in those days had plenty of water all the year around. At both sites, in order to get the necessary fall, head races of about three-quarters of a mile had to be made. That involved a good deal of expense. Labor was very scarce, because pretty much every man was a land owner and was working for himself. However, they succeeded in getting the ground cleared, where the head-race along the Hocking was to be dug, and began the work. During this year they also set out several orchards and vineyards, and from letters of that date I learn that "they grew amazingly." The stock lived on the natural grass of the bottoms, summer and winter, and the hogs multiplied and grew fat on the nuts of the woods. Crab apples, plums and grapes were also abundant.

In the fall of 1800 Samuel Carpenter returned to Lancaster County, to make a final effort to induce his father to remove with him to Ohio. His brother David, my grandfather, was very anxious to join his brothers in the new country, but did not think it right to leave his father and mother alone. Samuel was persistent in his efforts, but John was greatly attached to his old associations. Among his acquaintances was one Captain John Rowland, a millwright, a blacksmith, and a sort of a jack of all trades. He and old John had served together in the War of the Revolution, had escaped together from the disastrous fight on Long Island, and had been living in the same neighborhood since the war. Captain Rowland was a bachelor and frequently, when out of jobs, made his home with John. Samuel laid siege to the captain, told him all about the contemplated mills and the great chances that a man of his capacity would find in the new country, and finally converted him. Then John began to weaken, and when the captain explained that as soon as the mills were completed they could grind grain, and build a still-house, and Samuel assured him that the wild grapes made excellent wine; that the vineyards would be bearing in a year or two. The old man yielded, and agreed to sell his farm and go with them. He was then sixty-five years of age, and I do not wonder at his hesitation. In the spring of 1801 Samuel, Captain Rowland, and a great number of people from the neigh-

borhood, set out for the new Territory. John and his son David began their preparations to move the next year, for the farm had to be sold and all business closed, requiring the whole year to get ready. Samuel found the new country booming. The road from Wheeling west was crowded with teams, and had been greatly improved. The population in the territory nearly doubled in the year 1801.

Settlers located themselves on nearly all the water-courses of the country; roads were cut connecting the settlements; as yet there were no bridges built, but there were ferries over the Muskingum and the Scioto. Traveling was exclusively on horse-back, and the pack-horse still did a great deal of duty. A small mill was built at the "Falls of the Hocking," eight miles above Lancaster, that would grind, but did not bolt the meal. The Carpenter family put in the year clearing land and making preparations for their mills, under the direction of Captain Rowland. These were located where the present road winds around the end of the hill, just south of Lancaster. Here the creek skirted a cliff of sand stone, near enough to be carried in wheelbarrows across the creek to form the dam. John, in anticipation of the coming of his father and mother, enlarged his cabin by the addition of a large room, and Samuel and William erected a regulation two-story hewed-log house near the mill-site for David and his family. In that house David lived for several years, and it was still standing up to 1850. Late in the fall, Samuel and Captain Rowland, returned to Lancaster County, in order to assist in the removal of the last detachment of the family, and to strengthen and console John in his efforts to tear himself away from his old haunts. During the year the farm had been sold, together with all personal property that could not be moved.

The winter was passed in making preparations. With two four-horse wagons loaded with household goods, four yoke of oxen hauling a heavy wagon which carried John and his wife, and three children, the journey was begun. Then there were riding horses for Samuel, David and Captain Rowland, and herds of cattle, sheep and hogs, with their drivers. It was a veritable Caravan, which covered fully a quarter of a mile on the road. On the 15th of May, 1802, they took up their line of march. All the relatives and

neighbors gathered to bid them good-bye. Tears were shed at the last hand-shaking; John took a long, lingering look over the place where he had been born and lived all his days. I suspect that with the women-kind, he raised up his voice and wept. Many health-drinkings had made him weak in his knees, and finally, to terminate the painful scene, a couple of stalwart neighbors lifted him bodily into the stage, while the procession started on its way. The marches did not exceed ten or twelve miles a day, and all went well until the 23rd of May, when they had nearly reached Bedford, on the Juniata. They had camped for the night when Grandmother Elizabeth, wife of old John, had a paralytic stroke. That event created great consternation in the Caravan. Her son David bled her, and all the rest did what they could for her. She was better on the following morning, and they moved on to Robert Smith's tavern, where they found good accommodations and were among friends. Robert Smith was a brother of old Emanuel's wife. Captain Rowland was sent to Bedford for a physician, who could not come, but sent medicines and directions. "She was," so the directions ran, "first to be sort of parboiled in a hogshead of hot water, then five blisters were to be put on various parts of her body; every hour she was to take a wine glass full of wine, every hour and a half fifteen drops of peppermint, half a teaspoonful of ground mustard twice a day, and every now and then some horse radish." The patient old woman submitted to her tormentations in all things except the horse radish, which she rejected, and in spite of all they did she slowly recovered and lived thirteen years longer, showing that she had a vigorous constitution. The Caravan could not stop, so it was decided that Samuel should remain with his mother, and when the others reached their destination, the stage should be sent back for them. Old John wanted to remain with his wife instead of Samuel, but this the others would not allow, fearing perhaps that he might desert and return to his old home. After this mishap they had no further trouble, and within a few weeks joined their friends on the Hocking, where there was great rejoicing in the Carpenter clan, mingled with anxiety for the sick mother left behind. The stage was sent back, and in about three weeks returned, bringing Samuel and his mother, the latter fully restored to her usual health. This was in July, 1802,

when finally the whole colony were settled in their new home. Old John and his wife moved into the quarters prepared for them by John, and David and his family occupied the new house by the mill-site.

The immigration during 1802 exceeded that of the preceding year, and the settlement was daily excited by fresh arrivals, adding old acquaintances and friends. They had no time to become homesick; there was too much work to do. All summer and winter they were working on their farms and getting ready to build the mills. It was a huge undertaking to build a mill in those days; all the timbers had to be hewed, as there were no saw-mills. The mill-building was to be of good size, 40x50 feet, and three stories high. When completed, it was the largest mill in the whole territory. So solidly was it constructed that it is still standing and used as a mill to this day, though steam has long since been substituted for water power. The saw-mill which stood near the grist-mill was completed August 1, 1803, and the grist-mill on December 17th of the same year.

The saw-mill cut about 1,200 feet of lumber daily, which was worth from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per 100 feet. The mill ground about 150 bushels of wheat daily, also ground corn. Flour was worth \$3.00 per 100 pounds. Compared with today, that was rather a small business, but contrasted with a hand-mill for grinding and a whip-saw for making lumber, it was a big thing. This year, 1803, John, who had been living in cabins, built a new house, the largest in the country, in order that he might have plenty of room for his father, mother and brother Samuel, all of whom lived with him. It was 30x40 feet in size, two stories high, made of hewed logs. It had an immense chimney in the center, with two fireplaces up stairs and two down stairs, to build which required 6,000 bricks. This house your mother will remember as the "Old Giesy" house. It was torn down thirty or forty years ago. The saw-mill was then cutting lumber, so that the house was finished with sawed instead of hewed lumber, floors, doors, etc., and was regarded as a sort of a Palace. John was a convivial character, and many social gatherings were held at his house, with its ample room for such festivities. He also kept a pack of hounds, and many fox hunts started from that hospitable center, whose people were ambitious to make it more so.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAMILY IN OHIO.

I have before mentioned General Arthur St. Clair, who had been Governor of the Territory since its formation in 1788. He had served with distinction during the Revolutionary War; was an honest and fairly capable officer, but arrogant and exceedingly obstinate. He was in politics a "Federalist," while a great majority of the settlers were "Jeffersonian Republicans." Three General Assemblies had met, and with each of them the Governor had quarrelled. He thought the Governor ought to exercise pretty much all the authority, while they thought, that what they said, ought to go. They said he was a "Regular Tyrant," and he said they were no better than "French Revolutionists." In reading the accounts of their disputes one can readily see that human nature is much the same in all times and places, modified, however, by surrounding circumstances. All these worthies professed great patriotism and disinterestedness, which was the basis of all their differences. The country was filling up so rapidly that land was becoming valuable, and all could see that in laying out new counties, and locating county seats, a great deal of money could be made. St. Clair was surrounded by a sort of a "ring," who persuaded him that as Governor, it was his prerogative to designate the boundaries of counties, and to locate their county seats. This doctrine did not suit the members of the Assembly, all of whom were large land-holders, and who had schemes of their own, and wanted to make the money themselves. So they passed bills fixing the boundaries of the counties, and making provisions for the county seats. These the Governor promptly vetoed; then there was a tremendous wrangle, which resulted in the Assembly sending an agent to Congress, then in session, asking that the people be allowed to elect members for a Constitutional Convention to form a Constitution, and admit Ohio as a state. This St. Clair bitterly opposed, but the prayer of the Assembly was granted, and in 1802 the election was held, and the Convention assembled in November of that year.

You may be sure that old Emanuel and the whole

Carpenter gang were up to their necks in the fight. I do not know what their politics were previous to this time, but now they were violent "Jeffersonian Republicans," and were loud in their denunciation of Governor St. Clair and his rascally "machine." St. Clair proposed to change the County-seat of Fairfield County, and as Emanuel and his clan owned a large body of land adjoining "New Lancaster," the value of which greatly depended on the town, of course he was down on such a rascally proceeding. Fairfield County was entitled to two members. Emanuel was unanimously elected, and John Abrams, receiving the highest number of the other candidates, these two were the representatives. When the Convention assembled in Chillicothe, Governor St. Clair wished to address them as Governor of the Territory, but they refused to hear him as such; they would listen to him only as "General St. Clair," a distinguished citizen. Whereupon he made a very intemperate speech, calling them all sorts of bad names, and saying that he had lost faith in republican institutions. That night a mob tried to lynch a member, who had sided with St. Clair. When President Jefferson heard of the speech, he promptly deposed the Governor, thus ending the trouble, and also the political career of General St. Clair. Emanuel was a very prominent and active member of the Convention, which in about three weeks formed a Constitution that endured for fifty years, and under which Ohio grew to be a great state. The Convention had no trouble while making the Constitution, but when the time came to locate the state Capital there arose a great contest. Cincinnati, Marietta, Chillicothe, Lancaster and Zanesville all wanted it. Emanuel maintained that Lancaster being nearer the center geographically, was the undoubted center of population, and made great promises of what she would do if elected; but his opponents were equally strenuous, and thus the matter of locating a permanent Capital was indefinitely postponed. Columbus had no existence, and was not laid out till some years afterwards.

The Convention, in the new Constitution, on account of its troubles with Governor St. Clair, gave the Governor very little power and the Legislature a great deal, among others the appointment of the members of the Judiciary, and many other officers. At the meeting of the Legislature in 1803 Emanuel

was re-appointed Presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Fairfield County, which he held till about 1815, when, on account of age, he resigned; but, in order to keep a good thing in the family, he procured the election of Samuel to fill the vacancy, and the latter held the office during his life. From the adoption of the Constitution the county and state improved rapidly, and the Carpenter family prospered with the rest. Their mills proved to be very valuable property, and in the course of a few years Emanuel built a mill and a distillery, on Carpenter's Run near his house. I remember when the mill was still standing, with quite a large mill pond, but both have long since disappeared. Lancaster grew quite rapidly; many new stores were established, and all classes of mechanics were represented. Emanuel leased a water-right to Captain Rowland, who extended a race along Carpenter's Run to where the remains of the old "Rees Mill" now stands, where he established a sickle factory, which he operated till about 1810, when he was killed by lightning.

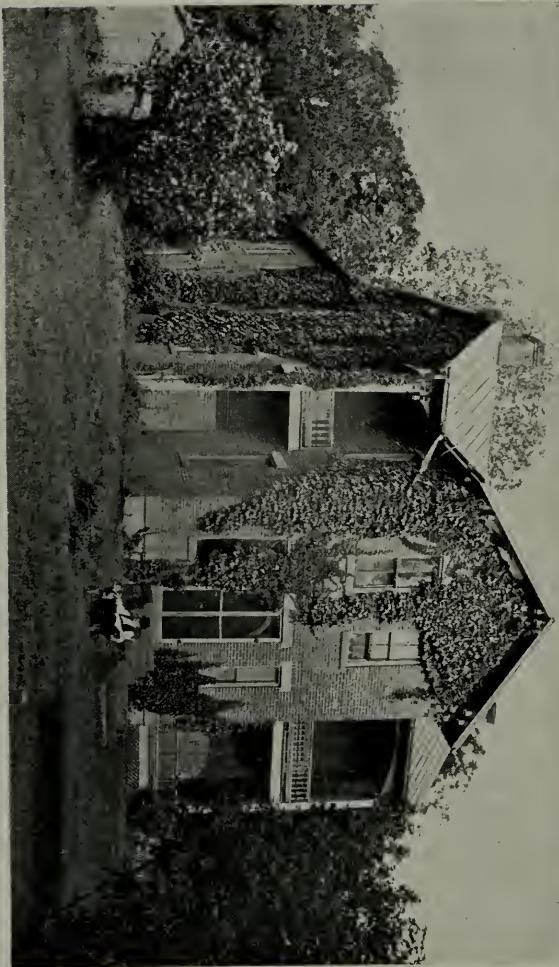
From all I heard when a boy, I conclude that the Carpenter family in those early days, were very sociable and strongly attached to each other. Having originated from the Continent, they still retained the Continental ideal of Sunday, and made it a day of feasting and pleasure. On each Sunday they assembled at one or the other of their houses, taking all the children, and where a big dinner was the chief feature. There were great friendships among all the first settlers, and they had many festive gatherings, where pleasure and utility were combined. Quiltings and wood-choppings went together, and after working, eating and dancing were in order.

I must not pass this period without recording what tradition said regarding your grandmother and your great uncle, Emanuel. They were at first the only young people of the family, for the brothers, John and Sebastian, had not as yet "come out." Sallie Carpenter, to begin with, was very pretty; in addition, she was the daughter of Judge Carpenter, the largest landholder and most prominent man in the county, and she belonged to the Carpenter family, who, in addition to their large farms, had grist mills, saw mills and a distillery. No wonder she was the reigning belle, with admirers by the score. Her brother Emanuel, then just of age, was the swell young man of all the settlements.

When he got on his buff knee-breeches, with embroidered coat, and put his hair in a cue, he indeed cut a wide swath. No gathering could be complete without these two. Sallie, among her many suitors, at length met her fate in young David Shellenberger, who had come to the country in 1799, from Lancaster County with his brothers, and taken the land adjoining the Carpenters on the south. They were the best kind of people, and have left numerous and respectable descendants. Sallie was married about 1803, and Emanuel was so disconsolate at the loss of his sister, that the following year he married Mary Shellenberger, sister of Sallie's husband. David and Sallie, built a regulation two-story hewed-log house, down on the Hocking, on what is now the Wright farm. I can remember when it was still standing, near the canal. David died in a few years, leaving Sallie a widow, without children, and she returned home to her father. Old John Carpenter, in the meantime, had become entirely reconciled to his new home. The grape vines were yearly loaded with fruit, wine was abundant, and Emanuel's distillery was in full blast. Captain Rowland, his old crony, and several Lancaster County old men were on hand, and generally he was having a good time. Some one reported to his daughter, back in Pennsylvania, that he was sorry he ever left home. When he heard it he indignantly wrote, "Who the person was that informed you that I was sorry that I ever moved to the country I cannot conjecture; I live here as well as I did 'below.' I have as good a house as I had there, and the land here is much better, and I am glad I sold my place 'below.' It is true everything is strange here, and as I cannot work myself, the time seems longer than to people who can work, but this is as fine a country as was ever discovered. Your mother is just as well contented as she was 'below,' but I dare say a thousand things will be told you by people who know nothing, and understand nothing about it, who will try to give you trouble as much as they can." His son, David, writes his sister, Mrs. Merkel, about the same date: "Father and mother would like it right well if you would come to this country to live, and I think it would be better for your family. I think we have done well to come to this country. We were offered \$650 rent for the grist and saw mill for one year. So you may know yourself that we have done well. I, myself, and Captain Rowland, and

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

The old Homestead of Judge Samuel Carpenter, built in 1806, by John Carpenter. This was the first brick house in Fairfield County, Ohio. The cut shows the place, at once substantial, and beautiful, now after the lapse of a hundred years. Judge Samuel inherited the house, and died there in 1820.



a hired man, attend the mills, and we grind 150 bushels of wheat, and saw 1,200 feet of lumber in a day. The lumber is worth from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per hundred feet, and flour \$3.00 per 100 pounds. We hear that flour sells at \$10.00 per barrel in New Orleans, and if that is so we shall have a good market, and wheat grows well here."

These extracts show that some people abused Ohio in that day, as in later times they disparaged Illinois and Iowa. In 1806 Samuel concluded that he would build a house commensurate with his standing and position. He, therefore, started a brick yard, and made his own brick, while the saw mill furnished the lumber, and during the season he built the house in which your mother was born. It was the first brick house built in the county, and from its prominent location commanded a view of the whole surrounding country. Samuel, no doubt, thought that it filled the bill, and was a tangible, and visible advertisement of its owner. He moved into it on December 11, 1806, taking his father and mother with him. The house has been changed somewhat from the original by additions; at first there was a brick kitchen attached to the east end, which was removed when the house was remodeled. He also built a large barn at the foot of the hill, which was thatched with rye straw. In that old barn your mother used to milk cows, while I was an interested looker-on. The old barn was torn down and a new one built by your grandfather. Old John was very anxious to get into the new house, but they had scarcely got settled when he was taken sick and died on January 15, 1807. He was only confined to his bed a few days, and his son, Samuel, in writing his sister says: "He could only eat a little toast and cream soup, and he also quit drinking any kind of liquor two weeks before he died." I am of the opinion that the old gentleman made a great mistake when he left off the wine, and other liquors. Old habits cannot be abandoned with impunity; instead of quitting he ought to have doubled the dose. He was quite willing to die, and gave directions in regard to his funeral. "No elaborate cooking was to be done; the people were to be given bread and cheese and something to drink;" accordingly bread and cheese were served with French brandy to push it down. It was the first death in the family since their removal to Ohio, and he was the first

person buried in the "Carpenter's Graveyard," located on the high hill opposite the one on which Samuel's house stands.

In looking over the County records I found the following: "Tuesday, January 20, 1807, James Pearce, Esq., married Sebastian Carpenter to Polly Grundy." Sebastian was our great-uncle. I did not find anything relating to John, who was the other brother, younger than your grandmother. I know, however, that he was married. This same year Emanuel, Jr., then twenty-four years of age, was elected Sheriff of the county. which office he held for several years. On February 4, 1809, I find the following: "John Wright, preacher, married Isaac Koontz to Mrs. Sarah Carpenter Shellenberger," who was your grandmother. On July 2, 1809, old Emanuel and his wife Mary deeded to David and Susannah Carpenter, his wife, a half section of land, and on July 22, to Isaac Koontz and Sarah, his wife, a half section of land. These two tracts of land embraced the farms upon which lived Andrew Pearce and wife, William Cook and wife, Isaac Koontz and his wife, and your father and mother. When these deeds were made the land was an unbroken forest. I am not certain that your grand-parents ever lived on the land. I have an impression that your grandfather was engaged about the mills. A few years later old Emanuel and his wife deeded to John and Sebastian, their sons, a section of land, about where "Clearport" now is. They moved to the land, and, besides clearing farms, built a powder mill, which they operated for many years and during the war of 1812-14. In 1810 David built the brick house on the "Logan Road," about a half a mile from the mill. It was not quite as pretentious as Samuel's, but was the second brick house in Berne township. When furnished, his father-in-law, old Emanuel and his wife went to live with him, and remained there during the rest of their lives.

In 1815 John, who lived at the "Giesy place," was taken with a malignant bilious fever, of which he died within a few days. He was just in the prime of life and left a wife and three children, of whom "Aunt Diana Pearce" was the eldest. His widow in about a year's time married Henry Shellenberger, an old bachelor, who had been her suitor when she was a girl back in Pennsylvania. He was the eldest brother of David Shellenberger, your grandmother's first husband. By her second hus-



Rev. SAMUEL CARPENTER,

Lancaster, Ohio.

Born July 18, 1794, at Lancaster, Pa.
Died August 18, 1870, at Lancaster, Ohio.

Auditor Fairfield Co. Ohio
1821-1825.

Engineer in charge of Public works for
many years.

Baptist Minister for 40 years.

band she had two children, Edwin and Henry. In 1816 William Cook married Elizabeth, the second daughter of David and Susannah. You will remember that they lived on the farm adjoining yours. In 1817 Andrew Pearce, who had been forbidden the house by my grandmother, stole away Maria Carpenter, and they were married by John Vanmeter, Esq. They also lived on the adjoining farm. The young people were forgiven, and Andrew, though a godless young man, soon became a Methodist and then a Baptist, but his religion did not prevent him from being an energetic and successful farmer.

Emanuel Carpenter, Jr., deserves more than a passing notice. He was a man of medium height, brown hair, gray eyes, with a slight tendency to corpulency. He had a great deal of energy and enterprise, and, as I have noted, he was elected Sheriff when only twenty-four years of age. His father had given him a half section of land about a mile west of town, embracing the land that was afterwards known as "Clarksburg," on the Clear Creek road. There he erected a mill at the head of Carpenter's Run, and built a brick house, where Joshua Clark afterwards lived. After being Sheriff for several years, in 1813 he was elected to the State Legislature. In 1814 he purchased of Ebenezer Zane 437 acres of land, which was the remainder of the Zane section, upon which Lancaster was laid out. The north boundary of this land was what is now Jail street, and it embraced all the land between that and the Hocking, and a considerable portion west of the creek. He paid Zane for the land \$6,782. He laid off "Carpenter's Addition" to Lancaster, which extended south of Jail street to the creek. He donated for church and grave-yard purposes the ground now occupied by the Methodist and the African churches and the adjoining grave-yard. He also donated the ground for "the Square" to the city, at the foot of Broad and Columbus streets, near the present depot. In addition to farming, milling and distilling, he opened a store in the town. About the same time he built the two-story frame building on Broad street, still standing, and later occupied by the Reverend Samuel Carpenter. This Samuel Carpenter, was the son of Emanuel's elder brother Samuel, who did not move from Pennsylvania. He was only a few years younger than Emanuel, and had been educated as a surveyor and civil engineer. He came to Ohio about 1815-16, and became a part-

ner of Emanuel in his store. As this was directly after the last war with England there was a great boom in business, and Emanuel was on the crest of the wave. His wife had died in 1813, and while attending the Legislature, he had made the acquaintance of, and married Miss Salome Hess. By his first wife he had four children—Ezra, Augustine, Samuel and Catharine. About and before the war period, a great many State Banks had been started, which made money plentiful, but when the reaction began to set in after the close of the war, these banks began to fail; a severe monetary panic ensued, and Emanuel, whose large business was much scattered, was very greatly embarrassed. While struggling with his difficulties, he took a severe cold, which terminated in pneumonia, of which he died in February, 1818, in his thirty-fifth year. Had he lived he might have worried through his pecuniary difficulties, but there was no one to take his place, and after his affairs were adjusted a mere pittance was left for his children. By his second wife he left a daughter. Reverend Samuel, married his widow, and they lived all their lives in the log weather-boarded house on Broadway, built by Emanuel. Samuel Carpenter was quite eminent as a Civil engineer, and the Hocking Valley Canal was built under his supervision. About 1819 or 1820 Diana Carpenter, the eldest daughter of John, married John Van Pearce, a brother of Andrew, who had married Maria, daughter of David, with whose history your mother is fully acquainted. Samuel Carpenter, who built the brick house, still lived there with his mother, and flourished apace, since his accession to the judgeship, and on account of Emanuel's age he had become the big man of the family. He was said to have been the best dressed man in the county and rode the best horse—a steed with a flowing mane and luxuriant tail. When in full dress and mounted, he appeared in the streets of Lancaster, the band immediately struck up "Hail to the Chief," but pride always has a fall in its wake, and Samuel did not escape. Shortly after the war, Judge Charles Sherman, the father of General William T. and Senator John Sherman, was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for one of the Ohio districts. He had to give a large bond, and Samuel was one of his bondsmen. All went on well until the State Banks began to fail and the panic came on. Judge Sherman was a strictly



HON. EMANUEL CARPENTER, III.

Sheriff of Fairfield County, Ohio, 1807.

Member of the Ohio Legislature, 1813.

B. 1783—D. 1818.

honest and honorable man, but some of his deputies were not so. The revenue had been paid in the money of the State Banks. When they failed, the Collector was left with their worthless bills on his hands. He was, therefore, forced to fail, and the Government went back to his bondsmen. The sum involved was so large that total ruin stared Samuel in the face. He was then nearly sixty years of age, and had always lived in affluence. By advice of friends, he had transferred his property to others in order that he might be in better shape to make some compromise with the Government. But he was broken-hearted, took to his bed, and died within two or three months. This was in September, 1821. After his death the business was arranged with the Government, with the loss to his estate of only a few thousand dollars. Samuel, I think, must have possessed some mechanical genius, for I have often heard my father say that his uncle, Samuel, and Captain Rowland made the first piano that was ever seen in the county. I never saw it, but possibly your mother knows something about it. His mother, the poor old lady who was so badly treated on her way to the country, died about 1811 in Pennsylvania, and was buried in the cemetery near Shiremanstown, and I think your grandfather moved into the house about that time.

In 1822 Emanuel Carpenter, Sr., closed his useful life. He died in the brick house built by my grandfather, with whom he had lived several years. His wife and eight children survived him. He had accomplished in Ohio as much as his grandfather Heinrich, had in Pennsylvania 100 years before. He left to each of his children a half section of good land, besides other property, and they were all prosperous and honored. In the following year his wife Mary died, aged 77. She had been confined to her bed for several years, not able to move about without help. She occupied the lower front room of the house on the left of the hall. In the year preceding her death she happened to be alone in her room; it was warm weather, and the doors and windows were open. Without notice, a full-grown bear walked in. She sprang from her bed and filled the house by her shrieks. The other women of the household rushed to the door, but, being afraid to enter, they joined in the old lady's cries. The situation was relieved by the owner of the bear, who led him away. He belonged to a moving fam-

ily, who were passing the house, and was not dangerous, but inquisitive. It was hoped that the old lady would now stay cured of the paralysis, but she was not, and this is about all I know of our great grandmother.

In the year 1823 Gabriel, David's eldest son, born in Pennsylvania in 1801, married Catharine Pearce, a sister of Andrew and of John Pearce, before mentioned. The young people moved to a new tract of land on "Muddy Prairie Run," seven miles west of Lancaster. They were my father and mother, and I was born at that place.

William Carpenter, my grandfather's youngest son, had about the year 1817 sold his land and his interest in the mills to John Pannebaker and George See. He then moved his family up the Hocking, about six miles, to a half section of land which his father-in-law, Emanuel, had given to his wife. He opened a farm there, and in 1824 died of bilious fever, in the forty-fifth year of his age. He left a widow and several children, who in 1835 sold the farm and moved somewhere into the north part of Ohio. A year or two previous to this Henry Shallenberger, who had married John's widow, together with his brothers-in-law, John and Sebastian Carpenter, sold their possessions and moved to Shelby County, Illinois, in which section their descendants still reside. Michael, and Walter Scott, sons of Israel, are still living (1907) near Fairfield, Wayne County, Illinois. About the year 1825 Paul, and Gabriel Carpenter, grandsons of old Emanuel, came to Lancaster from Lancaster, Pa. They inherited a half section of land through their mother, Emanuel's eldest daughter. Gabriel was an engineer and a merchant, and died about 1841. Paul was first a School Master, but afterwards became a doctor, lived a long and useful life, and died in Lancaster in 1880. (For further sketch of Dr. Paul, see appendix). In 1840 my grandmother died in the old brick homestead in her sixty-sixth year. I have a very tender recollection of her. She was a handsome, rather stout old lady, with a very sunny disposition and a kind heart.

In my fourth year, my father and mother, Gabriel, and Catherine Pearce Carpenter, moved into, and occupied the house with my grandparents. Grandmother was my "city of refuge;" with her I sought protection from many a deserved punishment. She always found excuses for my

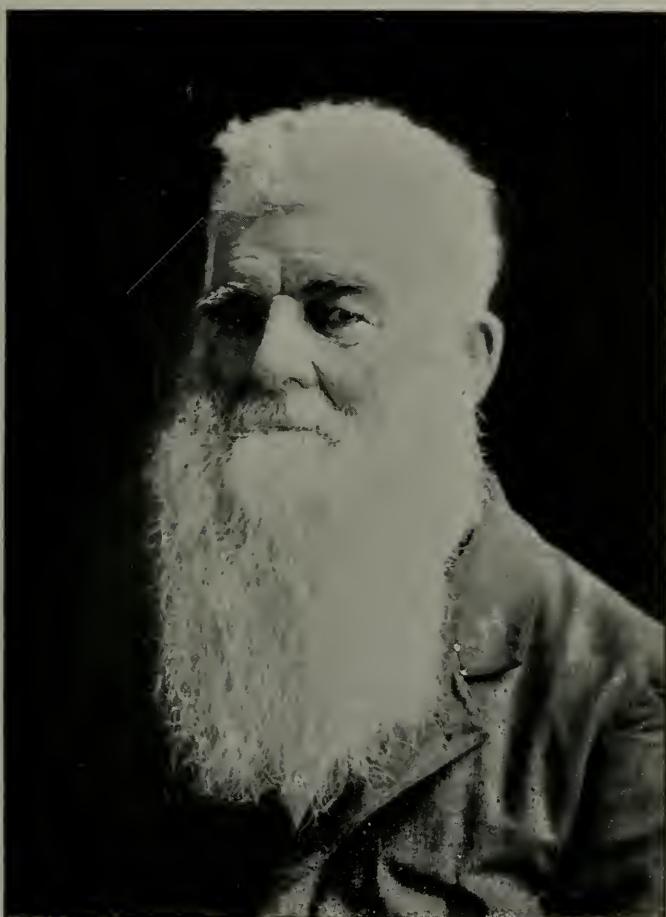


Hon. SAMUEL L. CARPENTER,
Greensburg, Penna.

Son of
Daniel, and Mary Leas Carpenter,
Member of Legislature of Pennsylvania
and Presidential Elector.
Born 1795; Died 1876.

repeated wrong doings, and generally succeeded in begging me off. In 1847 my grandfather David, died in his eightieth year. He was in many ways an extraordinary man, a little above the medium height, well formed, complexion rather dark, with bright hazel eyes. You have probably often seen his portrait, which used to be in the possession of your uncle, Isaac Koontz. It is now in the possession of Salem Pearce, of Marysville, Ohio. It was taken when he was nearly seventy years of age, and was a very good likeness of him. He had been a very athletic and active young man, and in old age was very smart and graceful in his carriage. To the very last he always walked to town twice a week, generally calling, by the way, at your grandfather's house. I was often his companion, and had to run to keep up with him. As was his brother Samuel, he was fond of dress. He wore drab broadcloth, cut in Quaker style, with a broad-brimmed light hat. He looked as "neat as a new pin." He had some cronies in town upon whom he always called. One was a Dr. Shawk, an old root and herb doctor. Grandfather knew a great deal about roots and herbs. He and old Shawk used to make a "marrow plaster" that was a sovereign remedy for all aches. He also had a lancet that set with a spring, and often bled people, as was common practice fifty years ago. Another friend was John Stallsmith, an old money lender, but as grandfather never loaned money I don't know what there was in common between them. Another was a disreputable old vagabond named Stull, who lived in a one-story frame building on Broadway, shaded by great Sycamore trees. In early days he had plastered my grandfather's house and took for pay two acres of land near our house, upon which he had an orchard. In the season of fruits I used to make continued raids on the orchard, and was in bad odor with Stull. His sole occupation was fishing, and he and grandfather used to make annual trips to the "Big Reservoir" to engage in that diversion. Their conversation consisted of "fish stories," which for magnitude would pass muster even at this day. Grandfather, as far back as I can remember, had given over all care of the farm to my father, and occupied and amused himself by raising apples, grapes and other fruits; in making cider and wine, and in being head boss on butchering day. He also had great mechanical skill and was very ingenious in working in

wood. He had a little work shop and a turning lathe. He made a family "gig" in which two could ride, and which was the first pleasure rig I ever saw. His carriages for the children were the envy of all the neighbors. He also made cradles for cutting grain and various other implements used in farming; in fact, we believed he could make anything. He was the most even tempered man I ever knew; he was never ruffled, and never swore unless "hang it all" is swearing. He drank wine of his own make and smoked incessantly tobacco of his own raising. He was fond of company, and especially of children, who were always hanging about him. He read his Dutch Bible every night till 9 o'clock, at which hour he always retired. Among the neighbors he was always called upon to arbitrate their differences. He was never connected with any church, but attended meeting when convenient, and was quite orthodox in his belief; in fact, he went as far as to believe in "spooks." He was a great favorite, with both old and young alike, in town and country. Everyone called him "Uncle David." When attacked with his fatal illness, pneumonia, he was very much averse to taking medicine, but his nephew, Dr. Paul, bled him, cupped him, blistered him, and did all the other regular things of that day, assisted by your uncle, Samuel, and myself, who were then students in medicine. I think that among us we hastened somewhat the sad event. He suffered patiently for a few days and met death with a courage and resignation such as I trust we may all have when the time of our departure shall come. His death left your grandmother the sole survivor of her generation in Ohio. She was still living in 1849, when I left Ohio, and died about 1854 or 1855. Conscious that these reminiscences have been drawn out to an undue length, it is to be remembered that the period of 150 years is a pretty long time, and there were a good many Carpenters, whose record in brief, finds a place here, which I trust may be of value to the coming generations.



WALTER SCOTT CARPENTER,

Sangamon County, Illinois.

Son of

Israel, and Susan Hess, Carpenter.

CHAPTER V.

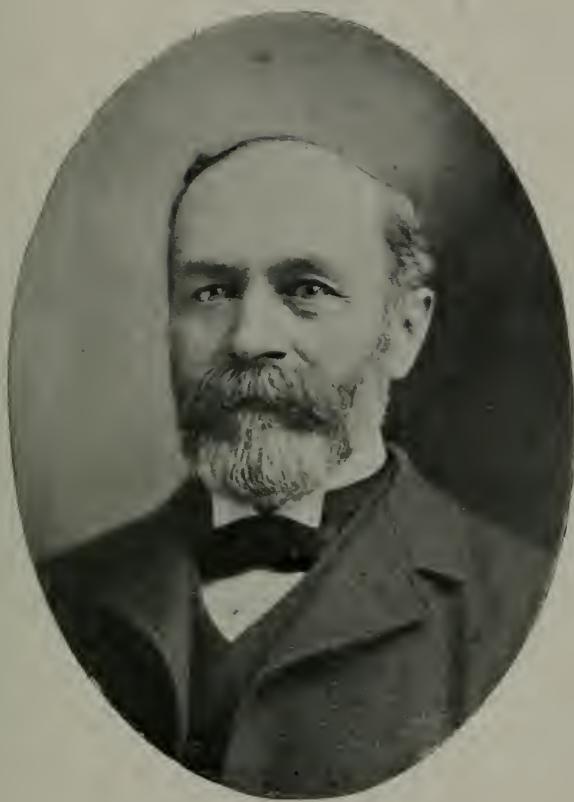
CHICAGO, March 19th, 1906.

PERSONAL AND FAMILY REMINISCENCES.

Several years ago in a series of letters written to my cousin Mrs. Stella V. Kellerman of Columbus, Ohio, I gave, so far as I knew, the history of the descendants of Heinrich Zimmerman, or Henry Carpenter, as anglicised, from the time he first came to America in 1698, down to a period within the memory of many then living. Since then members of my family, and other kindred, have requested me to write personal and family reminiscences, extending down to recent years. With some reluctance I have consented, for at my age memory becomes indistinct, and writing very much like hard labor.

To take up the thread of my history, where I left off, will carry me back to 1836, when I was ten years of age. The Carpenter family and its connections in Ohio at that date, consisted of my grandfather David, and Susannah, his wife, and Isaac Koontz, and his wife, Sarah Carpenter Koontz, who were the only persons then living, who had emigrated from Pennsylvania. The children of David, and Susannah Carpenter, were: *First*, Maria Carpenter, married to Andrew Pearce, about the year 1817, and their children, Emanuel, Priscilla, Susan, Rebecca, Salem, John and James; all of whom reached adult age, and of whom Priscilla, Salem and James, are still living. *Second*, Elizabeth Carpenter, who married William Cook about the year 1816, and their children, Sarah, Catherine, Maria, Wesley, and two or three others, whose names I cannot recall. *Third*, Gabriel Carpenter, who married Catherine Pearce, about the year 1825, and their children, Seymour D. Rebecca, Mary, Emanuel, Brough, and Susannah; all of whom are now living, except Rebecca. *Fourth*, Nehemiah Carpenter, who married Mary Johnson, about the year 1828, and whose children are Amanda, James, Rebecca, Ezekiel, David, Paul, Maria, Gabriel, Catherine, Elizabeth, Samuel, Zachary and one other, whose name I do not recall. All these are still living, with the ex-

ception of Ezekiel. The children of Isaac Koontz, and Sarah Carpenter, his wife, were Sarah, Isaac, Samuel, Angeline and Rebecca, all of whom married, and are now dead. Diana Carpenter, the daughter of John Carpenter, married John Van Pearce, about the year 1820. Their children were John, James, Albina, and Eliza, of whom the last two are now living. Of our collateral relatives, there was Dr. Michael Zimmerman Kreider, who married Sidney Rees; and their children, Olivia, Ethel, Letitia, Thalia and Edmund C., all of whom are now dead. There was also a Rutter family, living five or six miles north of Lancaster, who were descendants of Henry, the third son of old Heinrich, but I do not remember much about them, and all whom I did know, are long since dead. Besides the above named, there was in Lancaster the family of the Rev. Samuel Carpenter, who married Mary Hess, the widow of Emanuel Carpenter, and whose children were Rebecca, Mary, and Laura, the first two of whom are now dead. Emanuel Carpenter, the brother of my grandmother, died in 1818, and left the following children: Ezra, Augustine, Catharine, Samuel, and Sarah, all now being dead. Ezra, the oldest son, married Sarah Rees, and their children were David, Lewis, and three or four others, whose names I do not recall, but most of whom reached adult age. Of these David, and Lewis, are still living. In Lancaster also lived, Gabriel, and Paul Carpenter, sons of Christian Carpenter of Lancaster, Pa., and whose mother was a sister of my grandmother. Gabriel Carpenter married Elizabeth Connell, and their children were Elizabeth and John, the latter being dead. Paul married first Mary Cannon, and their children were Henry, and Laura, both still living. For a second wife, he married a Miss Fetter, and their children were George, and two daughters; George still living. Augustine Carpenter, Samuel Carpenter, and Catherine Carpenter, all children of Emanuel above named, married and had children, but I remember nothing of them. About 1834 or 1835 the widow of William Carpenter, my grandfather's brother, and her family, moved to the northwestern part of Ohio, and I never knew them. About the same time, the widow of John Carpenter, and the mother of Diana Pearce, with her son Israel Carpenter, and her two sons Edwin, and Henry Shellenberger, by her second husband, moved to Shelby County, Illinois, and with them her two brothers, John and Sebastian



Dr. GEORGE PAUL CARPENTER,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Carpenter, of the old stock, who came from Pennsylvania. These two brothers had families, and their descendants now live in Shelby, Wayne and Sangamon counties, Illinois, and near Mexico, Mo. In addition to all these persons named, I had numerous relatives in Fairfield County, on my mother's side of the house, in the families of the Pearces, Van Metres, Apple-gates, Clems, Hulls and others. At the period named, all, with the exceptions noted, lived in, or near Lancaster, Ohio, and my early life, until I was twenty years of age, was spent among them. The Ohio, and the Lancaster, of seventy years ago, were very primitive when compared with what they are to-day. The toil and strength expended in the preceding third of a century, had done a great deal towards changing the unbroken forests, into a fairly cultivated country, but much yet remained to be done. Roads had become more numerous, but they were still in a very unfinished condition, with mud holes in the summer, and almost impassable, when frozen in the winter. Only the more important streams were bridged. The great majority of the cultivated fields abounded in stumps, and were enclosed by worm rail fences; most of the houses were of hewed logs, and there were still occupied numbers of the original cabins, which had sheltered the early settlers. In Berne township, I can only recall four brick houses, the one built in 1806, by my great uncle, Samuel, one built by my grandfather in 1810, one built by General David Rees, father of Mrs. Dr. Kreider in 1815, and one by Col. William Crook in 1820. Frame barns were just beginning to be built. Lancaster contained less than three thousand inhabitants, and there were but few brick structures off the main streets, though about that time General McCracken built a palatial mansion, much the finest in that part of the state, and which to this day is one of the best in the city.

The spinning wheel and the loom, were found in almost every house, and for everyday wear, the clothes were made of home-made material; it was about the end of the period when the itinerant shoemaker and tailor went from house to house, making the shoes for all the family, and the clothes for the men folks. Water for domestic purposes came from springs, which were abundant, or from wells. Main Street had side walks of brick, in the busiest part, but all the rest were of dirt, separated from the street by a ditch. There were several churches, mostly

frame, but very soon some were replaced by more pretentious brick ones. There were about a dozen stores which carried in stock dry goods, groceries, hardware and whiskey, also a couple of drug stores. Mechanics shops were much more numerous in proportion to the population than today. People could not afford to import manufactured articles; so on all sides could be seen wagon, and blacksmith shops, combined; with cabinet makers, gunsmiths, shoemakers, tailors, tanners, tin shops, wheel wrights, chair makers, hatters and so on through all the mechanical lines, all of whose productions were for home consumption. The exports from the county before the advent of the canal, were confined to whiskey, hides, peltries, tobacco, and live stock, driven on foot to the eastern markets. It was about the end of the period when flat-boats were run down the Hocking, from the mouth of Rush Creek, loaded with pork, whiskey, hoop poles, etc.

Log school-houses were scattered over the country, in which three months instruction was given in the winter, and some in the summer, when enough patrons could be found to pay the teacher, by private subscription. There were seven or eight taverns in the town, located along the main roads at frequent intervals. They all kept a bar, and were the places of common resort on rainy days, and public occasions of all kinds. There was a mail on alternate days, from Zanesville to Chillicothe, carried by a four-horse coach, and on other roads once a week, carried on horseback. There were two weekly papers in town, the "Lancaster Gazette," and the "Ohio Eagle," the former Whig, the latter, Democrat. There was a great deal of hard work done, but we were not without recreations and amusements. School houses were used not only for educational purposes, but for religious instruction as well, and once a month at least, itinerant Methodist, or Baptist preachers, held forth in them to large congregations, since there every young fellow went to see his best girl. In the summer time, we went to the "Muster" of the militia, when we all tried to learn military tactics, from extraordinarily incompetent teachers, which occasions were enlivened by the drinking of much whiskey, and frequent fisticuff encounters, between the would-be soldiers, mixed with horse racing and other kindred sports. The Methodist camp meetings were also a great feature in the fall, after harvest. The Macklin camp ground, four miles east of Lancaster, was a

farmers' resort in these early days. The tents and log huts were placed around a large square, in the center of which stood a rude pavilion. At night lamps were suspended in the pavilion and among the trees, and on scaffolds, covered with dirt, bonfires were built, so that the whole place was brilliantly lighted. Thousands of people flocked thither from all the country far and near, and for a week a most enjoyable time was had, not only from the outpouring of the spirit, but for the excellent opportunity it afforded all the young people for courting. Refreshments in the way of ginger-bread, candy, small beer and watermelons were plentiful, and the young folks made the most of them. We saved up money to spend at the camp-meeting.

The elections were another important event. They were held either in a school house or at a tavern. All the people went to the polls, attracted by the free treating, for almost every candidate was on hand, with his keg of whiskey, to treat his constituents; and as there were always numerous aspirants for office before the voter got around he was pretty full, and many fights were sure to occur, which made things very lively. More or less horse racing was also mixed up with serving the country and doing one's duty. In the winter there were corn huskings, which were attended by old and young of both sexes. Large heaps of corn were collected in or near the barn; the company was divided into two equal parts, as was the corn pile, and the contest was decided in favor of those who finished first. Whenever a red ear was found, the finder was entitled to a kiss from his, or her neighbor. The festivities were closed by a sumptuous meal, in which pumpkin pies cut a large figure. There were also the wood-chopping and log-rolling bees, and the quiltings for the women. During the day the men would cut down and chop up quite a piece of forest, while the women in doors would quilt a bed-spread. When night came there was a grand supper, after which followed a dance, which sometimes continued all night. Most of the early settlers in that part of Ohio came from Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland, the majority from the former state. There was also a considerable number of Germans directly from the old country, a smaller number of Irish, and a few colored people, whose masters in Virginia, or Maryland had emancipated, and brought them with

them, when they moved to the new country. Taken as a whole, the mass of the people were an active, energetic and honest community. Some were highly educated, especially in the professional class, and a majority had learned the rudiments of learning as taught in the schools of that day—that is, reading, writing and arithmetic, as far as the single rule of three; but there still remained a great number of illiterates, mostly among the poor whites from the slave states. A very democratic feeling was the prevailing sentiment, yet there was a very distinct class feeling among the landholders, who thought themselves superior to those who rented land or who labored for them on the farms. Most of the large land owners, besides their own house, had several cabins on their land, occupied by tenants who worked for them for a share of the crops, or as day laborers. They usually kept one or two laborers, who lived in the house with them, and possibly a maid-servant, if there were few daughters in the family. Such persons were always treated as members of the family, sat at the family table, and mingled in the family circle, in an humble sort of way. Such was the custom, and the condition of the people among whom I was born, and with whom I spent my early life. I was born on a farm owned by my father, seven miles west of Lancaster, on Muddy Prairie Run, but when four years of age, my father moved into the brick house, on the home farm of my grandfather, who, with my grandmother, lived with us the remainder of their lives.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Twenty years before this time my grandfather, with the co-operation of the Shellenberger family, who owned the land adjoining him, had built a hewed-log school house on his land, about a hundred yards from his own house. This was a one-story structure, 20x30 feet, with a loft and a clapboard roof. On two sides, and at one end, a log was cut out the whole length, and filled with 8x10 window glass. At the other end was the door, and along the walls under the window extended a wide plank, on which the writing was done. The benches were made of slabs, with legs inserted in augur holes. The bench next the writing board was highest, then another bench a few inches lower, and last, the lowest bench on which the younger pupils sat. This left an aisle in the center, occupied

by a large old-fashioned stove, which bore the legend: "Moses Dillon Licking Furnace." At the head of the room stood a rough table of unplaned boards and a split-bottomed chair, which was the throne of the School-Master. At 8 o'clock school "took up," and at 10 there was a recess of fifteen minutes; at noon an hour, at 3 another recess and at 5 o'clock school "let out." The age of the scholars ranged from five to twenty years, the boys being seated on one side and the girls on the other. Our books were the "American Spelling Book," the "Introduction," the "English Reader" and the New Testament, all of which, save the latter, have long since been out of print.

Such as were far enough advanced had foolscap writing paper sewed together, to make a writing book, and at the top of the sheet the Master wrote in his best hand, often very bad, a copy. "Be virtuous and you will be happy," and similar old moral saws. They also had slates, upon which they laboriously worked out sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, while the very clever pupils ventured into fractions, and even into "single rule of three," which was the extreme limit to which the Master was expected to go. The teachers, as a rule, were Scotch-Irish, of American birth, with now and then an Englishman, or smart young native. There were generally from thirty to forty pupils. The master would begin with the smaller ones, calling them one by one, and going over the alphabet several times with each; then the next larger, who could spell words of two or three letters; then those who could master two syllables, who were ranged on a line, and spelled in turn, those missing standing down the rank, to give space to the correct speller; then followed those advanced to three or more syllables, who went through the same exercise; then those who could read in the "Introduction," which contained no hard words, who in turn read sentences; then the advanced ones, who read from the "English Reader," made up of selections from standard English authors. This round of classes consumed the time until recess. After recess those who studied arithmetic carried their slates, one by one, to the teacher, who looked over the work they had done, or the examples he had set for each, correcting and assisting the pupil when at fault, after which he examined the copy books. The same program as before recess was afterwards gone through with the

younger ones. The afternoon exercises were the same as those of the forenoon, with the addition of a general spelling class, consisting of all who had advanced to three syllables, and in that class there was great emulation as to who could get to the head of the class the oftener, the pupil once at the head being always put to the foot to work his way up again. During noon and at the recesses all sorts of play would be indulged in; the boys and girls in separate groups.

The teacher, sitting on his split-bottomed chair, held in his hand nearly all the time a hazel rod, ten or twelve feet long. He could, as a rule, reach with it any pupil in the room, and woe to the delinquent, for detection and punishment were instantaneous. There were a great many rules, the infraction of which demanded the use of the rod, and many other directions not down in the rules, which incurred punishment. I am sure not a day passed that did not bring punishment to three or four unfortunates. There was no discrimination made between the large and small pupils, although the girls very seldom got their just dues. Where, in many instances, a boy and girl were implicated, the girl escaped, and the boy got a double dose in the way of vicarious atonement. Parents never interfered, and the scholars took it all as a matter of course. The system has long since given way, and, like the old school-house, been succeeded by better methods and more civilized educational practices.

BALL GAMES.

The ball games were of two kinds—"town ball" and "bull pen ball." In the former, two boys with bats would stand opposite each other, about ten yards apart, with a pitcher behind each; the ball was thrown from one pitcher to the other, the batter attempting to strike it; if he succeeded the batter ran alternately from each standing point, the pitcher meantime recovering the ball, and trying to put it in the base, which put the player out; the game was decided by the number of runs. In the other, four players were required on each side. The "ins" stationed themselves at the corners of a square of ten yards on each side, while the "outs" were placed inside the square; the "ins" passed the ball rapidly from one to another, with the privilege of throwing it at any of these inside the square; if he missed he was out, if he

hit all four ran afield, and those of the inside caught up the ball and tried to hit one of the retreating ones; the one hit was put out. It was very active exercise, and some of the players became very expert. Prisoner's base, wrestling and sham battles were also played. In the latter one side represented the Americans, and the other the British. The war of 1812 was still uppermost in their minds, and it was deemed quite disgraceful to let the British whip. As fighting was quite an ordinary occurrence among grown men at all public gatherings, in imitation of their elders, many scraps took place among the boys. They were rough and tumble scuffles, where striking, scratching and biting were all tolerated, until one cried "enough," when the bystanders interfered and closed the battle. By the end of the term it became pretty well known by actual experiment, who was the "cock of the walk," and he was respected accordingly.

To that old school-house I commenced going, when I was about five years of age, and continued till my tenth year. Among my school fellows were my cousins, John and James Pearce, sons of my aunt Diana Carpenter Pearce, Amanda, James and Elizabeth Carpenter, children of my uncle, "Hama" Carpenter; Isaac, Samuel, Angeline and Rebecca, children of my great aunt, Sallie Carpenter Koontz; David Carpenter, son of Ezra Carpenter; besides several others related to me on my mother's side. There were only a few years' difference in our ages, and we all stood fairly well in our classes. John Pearce and Angeline Koontz were the very clever ones, and more frequently than others stood at the head of the class. All of these are now dead, with the exception of David, James and Amanda Carpenter. One of the oldest girls in the school was Betty Shellenberger. She afterwards married Mr. J. Lamott, and lived on her farm near Lancaster, to her eighty-fifth year. By the time I attained my tenth year, I had reached the limit of the school advantages—I could read, write and cypher. I was then sent to the school in town, as were also my cousins, Isaac and Samuel Koontz, and John and James Pearce. The school-house was a one-story brick structure near the residence of General George Sanderson, whose son, George, now living in Lancaster, over eighty years of age, was one of the pupils. Our home was two miles from town, and in the winter time I boarded with my father's cousins,

either the Rev. Samuel, or Dr. Paul Carpenter. At the town school I commenced the study of grammar, which was one step beyond the country school, but with the exception that the teacher was more competent, the school was conducted much the same as the one in the country. My last teacher in the country school, was Uncle Daniel Kreider, as everyone called him. He was a cousin of my grandfather, and a grandson of Daniel Carpenter, a son of the emigrant, Heinrich Zimmerman. Uncle Daniel, was the father of Dr. M. Z. Kreider, the eminent physician and surgeon of Lancaster, with whom he ordinarily made his home. He had met an accident in a runaway, which left him permanently lame, and as he could do nothing else he taught school as a pastime. I have already told how much I was indebted to him, and to my grandfather, for the stories and traditions of the family. The anecdotes and stories they told about the troublous times in 1755 and the following years would fill a big book. If I had been a short-hand writer, I could have produced a volume, that would have had great interest for their descendants. Most of the events related occurred before they were born, but their fathers, uncles and grandfathers had been active participants therein, and the fireside tales of their childhood had become indelibly fixed in their memory. Colonel Boquet was the central figure in most of their narratives, and, from their standpoint, was the greatest Indian fighter the world had produced. Next to him in importance, stood Michael Kreider, father of Uncle Daniel, and son-in-law of Daniel Carpenter. He was in the fore-front of the movement of the family from Lancaster, Pa., to Huntingdon on the Juniata, one of the first to build a house in that town, and a mill on the river near the town, and for several years a most prominent citizen. It was he who built the first flat-boat, then loaded it with flour and pork, ran it in the spring flood out of the Juniata into the Susquehanna, and thence to Baltimore City, to the great astonishment and satisfaction of all the mercantile community, who in honor of the event called a public meeting and gave him a grand reception; also a purse of money, for his successful navigation. In 1797 he removed to Ross County, Ohio, and there stimulated the commercial interests of the Scioto Valley by repeating what he had done at Huntingdon. He built mills and ran flat-boats, laden with flour and pork, the first that were

sent out of the Scioto into the Ohio, and the Mississippi, to New Orleans. You may rest assured that Uncle Daniel, and my grandfather, did justice to their heroes and to history.

In the earliest period surplus products were sent in flat-boats from the mouth of Rush Creek; later on, about 1829-30, the Ohio canal was completed, connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio river. From that time it became the highway of foreign commerce, and Lancaster began to lose ground, as a trading point, while Baltimore and other towns on the canal became shipping and trading points, to her detriment. This led to the building of the lateral canal, from Carroll to Lancaster, which was completed in 1834. This was a great event in the history of Lancaster, and from that date she has gradually prospered to the present time. The arrival of the first boat was a very memorable occasion. Although only eight years of age at the time, I can vividly recall the stirring scenes. Thousands of people from the surrounding country assembled about a mile north of Lancaster at the Cold Spring, where, by the construction of the canal, a reservoir of water several acres in extent had been created. The canal had not been quite completed into the town, so the boat stopped there. The crowds were on the west side, and extended a long distance up the bank. All the military companies of the county had turned out, notably the "Lancaster Blues," Captain Gabriel Carpenter, Lieutenant William Ferguson; the "Hocking Spies," from Berne Township, Captain Jonas A. Ream, Lieutenant Stump Crook, and companies from other places. As the boat floated in she was greeted by a discharge of artillery and a general fusillade by the militia, accompanied by music from several bands. A grand barbecue, where all the people were fed, followed by speeches, closed the important event.

About 1838 the Hocking Valley Canal, extending from Lancaster to Athens, was put under contract and work begun. Mr. Samuel Carpenter, of Lancaster, chief engineer, under whose supervision the work was done, was my father's cousin, and on his staff, in a subordinate capacity, was William Tecumseh Sherman, afterwards the celebrated general. He was then seventeen or eighteen years of age, a slender stripling, with very red hair, and not a person one would have picked out as destined to fill so large a page in history. My

father, in partnership with his brother-in-law, Joseph Clem, and his cousins, Henry Carpenter Weidler, and Francis Carpenter, brother of Paul, and Gabriel Carpenter, built about five miles of the canal, which passed through our farm, including four locks. It was a very exciting period of my life. I then formed the acquaintance of the Irishmen, who came in large numbers to work on the canal. To facilitate work, the contractors established a blacksmith and wagon shop, close to our house, and a small village of shanties sprung up near-by, where Irish boys of my own age abounded. All my time, while out of school, was spent in the shops, among the stone cutters, or as an amateur driver of oxen or horses engaged in the work. My favorite place was the blacksmith shop, where now and then, I was allowed to blow the bellows or wield a hammer, and I made up my mind, that when I grew up, I would start a blacksmith shop of my own.

GRANVILLE COLLEGE.

Father, not liking my associations, concluded to send me to Granville College, located at Granville, about twenty-five miles distant, which had a Preparatory School connected with it. I was sent in company with Francis Connell, later a brother-in-law of Gabriel Carpenter, a boy about three years older than myself. Granville College then consisted of two great wooden barrack-like buildings, each three stories high, located about a mile west of the town. It was a Baptist institution, with four or five professors, and two tutors. There were probably one hundred and fifty students, ranging from twelve to twenty years of age, in attendance. The lower floor of one building was divided into a large dining room, a Chapel and several recitation rooms. All the rest of both buildings consisted of sleeping rooms, about ten by fifteen feet in size. These were furnished with a bed, straw mattress and bedding, a deal table, three chairs, a small wash basin and pitcher, both of tin, a roller-towel, and a diminutive looking glass, no carpet, and, as a whole, looking most desolate. A bell aroused us at half-past 5 o'clock in the summer and at 6 o'clock in the winter. We first went to prayers in the Chapel, from there to breakfast; studies and recitations from 8 to 12 o'clock, then recess of two hours; then studies and recitations till five; studies in room, half-past seven to half-past nine; all lights out at ten. I was among the

youngest of my father's family, and had never been from home, save when on visits among my relatives. The professors and managers of the college were all from New England; "Yankees," as we called them, with different habits of life from those to which I had been accustomed; the food and the strict discipline went against the grain. Saturday we had a full holiday, but Sunday we all dreaded. We went to Chapel at the usual time, then to breakfast, where each one found beside his plate two good-sized doughnuts or a genuine piece of plain cake, which we were to carry away for our dinner. Then we had to walk a mile to the town, for Sunday school, at half-past nine in the Baptist Church; then came the sermon, always prosy, until twelve. Then we ate our lunch, in or about the church, and at half-past one, another sermon, lasting till three; then back to the College for supper. After supper we went to another service in the Chapel, and thence to our rooms and to bed, entirely worn out by well doing. From that experience I imbibed a distaste for religious services, which during a long life, I have never been able fully to eradicate. I was supremely unhappy, as were most of the boys. I did a great deal of private crying, and wrote most doleful letters to my mother, asking to be taken home, but father was inexorable and thought I would get used to it, or, at all events, that the discipline would do me good. My room-mate, Connell, was as much dissatisfied as myself, and proposed that we should run away, but being only thirteen years old, I was afraid to do so. Finally Connell did leave and went home, but in the course of ten days his parents sent him back, after which I reconciled myself to the inevitable. It was the most unhappy year of my whole life, and since then I have always been opposed to sending children away from home at so early an age. But the end of the school year came at last, and never did I appreciate home, as I did when I arrived there, and met my mother.

LANCASTER ACADEMY.

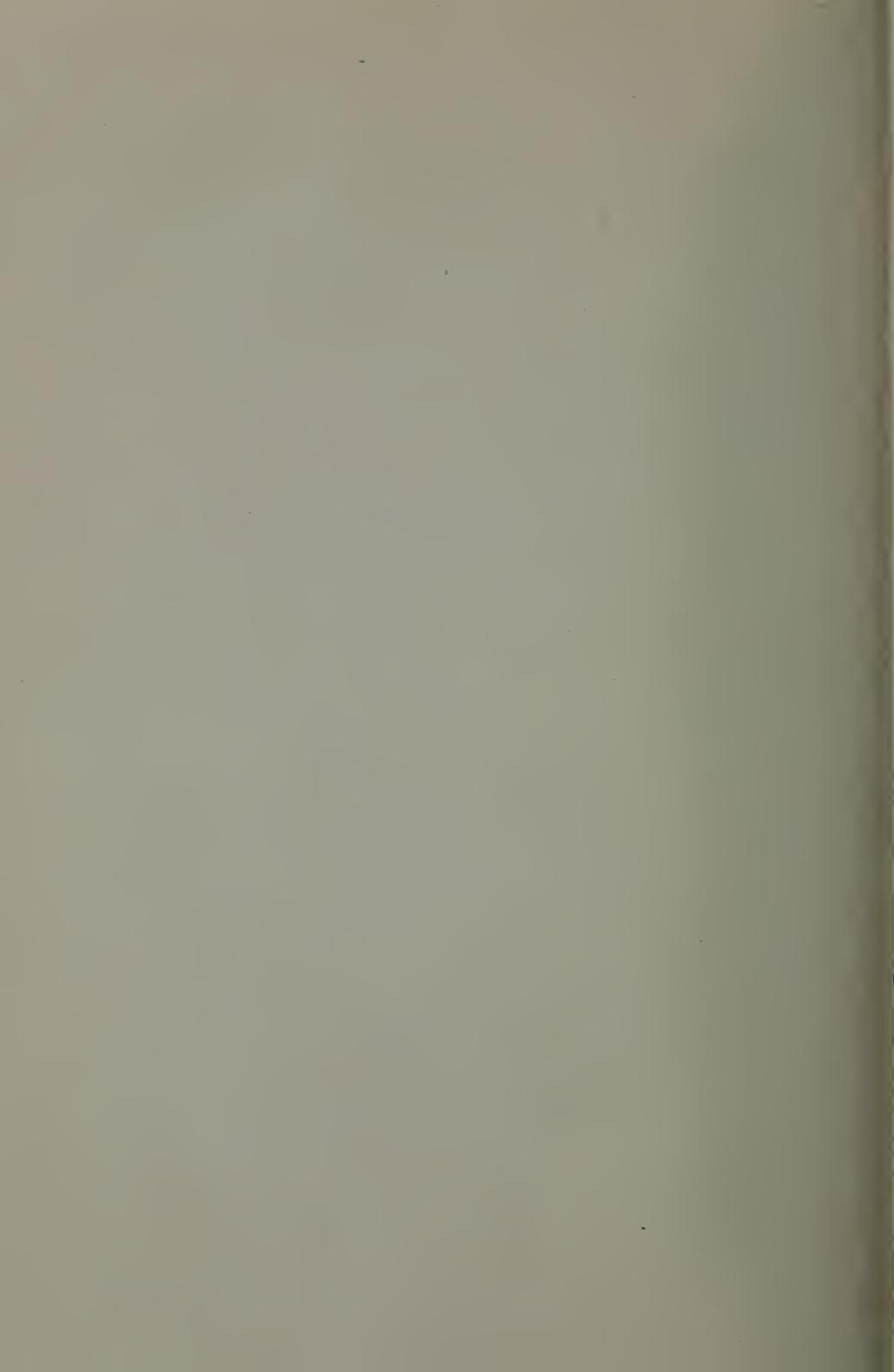
For a couple of years following I attended the Academy of Samuel G. Howe, a noted teacher in Lancaster at that day, where also General William T. Sherman, and Senator John Sherman, attended when boys. My schoolmates whom I remember were John, and James Pearce, my cousins; R. P. Effinger, Robert McNeil, Samuel

Geisy, and John H. Kinkaid, all of whom are now dead. By this time the canal had been finished to Athens; my father had built a canal boat and hired a captain and crew, and was doing a freighting business. During the summer vacation, he let me take a trip to Cleveland, on Lake Erie. The boat was loaded with wheat, and towed by two horses, and made from twenty to twenty-five miles a day. It had a small cabin at each end, in one of which we took our meals, and slept in the other. The crew consisted of a captain, a steersman, a bow-man, a cook, and a boy who drove the team. I was the only passenger; the round trip took three or four weeks; no boy ever had a more enjoyable time than I, upon that journey. I explored every town en route; I was continually meeting strange people and things. And when we reached Cleveland I was completely carried away. A body of water whose other shore was out of sight, struck me with awe, the great sailing vessels, far exceeded the pictures that I had seen, and the steamboats were a new revelation. The city itself so far surpassed Lancaster, that I thought there could be few larger ones in the world. When I reached home, I was, by my boy companions, regarded as a traveled person, and I am quite sure that when I related by adventures, and the sights I had seen, that I took "Sinbad" for my model. This year another great event occurred in our family. The father of Gabriel, and Dr. Paul Carpenter, had recently died, and the latter had to make a visit to Lancaster, Pa., to assist in settling his estate. He persuaded my father to accompany him. My father was only six months old, when the family had left the old home in Pennsylvania, and was anxious to visit the place where the family had lived for a hundred years. Dr. Paul had a wife and two children, whom he wanted to take with him, and my father decided to take my mother, and sister Mary, aged four years, and my brother Brough, aged two. Paul's children were about the same age. They employed Sam Rudolph, who had a four-horse stage, for the journey. Leaving Lancaster in July, after driving thirteen days, they reached the old homestead of Christian Carpenter, Paul's father, where they remained about three weeks, visiting their relatives.

But the great event of the time was in riding from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to Philadelphia on a railroad. My mother's description of that trip, and especially



Dr. PAUL CARPENTER,
Lancaster, Ohio.
Born 1810, Lancaster, Pa.
Died 1880, Lancaster, Ohio.



that of passing through a tunnel, was to us children, most thrilling. Their return journey took fourteen days. Such a trip was very unusual in those days, almost the only people who went east were the merchants, who made yearly, or half yearly visits, to Philadelphia to buy goods, and the cattle-men, with droves of stock, to Baltimore and Philadelphia. So our travellers were looked up to as quite exceptional people, who had a standing subject of conversation which lasted for years.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1840.

The next year, 1840, made a strong impression on my memory. It was the time of the great campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." The entire population seemed to be in a general uproar. Liberty poles were erected by both parties at every election place, a great Log-Cabin was erected on the public square in Lancaster, adorned with numerous coon skins, and supplied with a barrel of hard cider, always on tap. Every school-house resounded with eloquence, every township had its cabins, and monstrous "Mass Meetings" were held in Lancaster, and adjoining County seats. A joint debate was held at the gathering in Lancaster, at which Richard M. Johnson, the candidate for Vice President, United States, Senator Wm. Allen, and John Brough, upheld Democratic principles; and Tom Corwin, Samuel F. Vinton, and Tom Ewing, expounded Whig doctrines. All occupied the same platform, Dr. M. Z. Kreider was Chairman of the Democratic section, and Hocking H. Hunter of the Whigs. I only remember distinctly one circumstance. Dr. Kreider, in leading forward, and introducing Richard M. Johnson, held up one of Johnson's hands, that bore a scar, which the Doctor averred had resulted from a wound, received when he killed the redoubtable Indian Chief, Tecumseh, at the "Battle of the Thames." This brought forth a shout that fairly shook the ground. During the campaign, General Wm. H. Harrison, then the Whig candidate for the presidency, visited Lancaster, and was greeted by a tremendous assemblage. He was a tall, spare, stoop-shouldered man, with thin grayish locks, and not at all impressive; he was introduced by General Geo. Sanderson, who much resembled him in appearance, only that Sanderson wore his hair in a long cue, which hung down his back, the last representative of the old-style gentleman. General

Harrison was the guest of Hon. Thomas Ewing, where he was serenaded in the evening, and made a short speech, from the front steps.

I was now about fourteen years of age, and acquiring a habit of reading which has continued through life, it has been one of my greatest sources of pleasure. Books were not then plentiful in Ohio. In our house besides the Bible, there were "Weem's Life of Washington" and a life of Gen. Marion, the life of Daniel Boone, short lives of several generals of the Revolution, a history of Ohio, Robinson Crusoe, with Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; and in the way of novels, Thaddeus of Warsaw, the Children of the Abbey, Alonzo and Melissa, the Scottish Chiefs, Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews. All of these books I had read and re-read, and would have been out of literary supplies, had I not been in the good graces of one of my father's friends named James R. Pearce, who was an early settler and neighbor of ours, in Berne township. Mr. Pearce was an Englishman by birth, who had come to America when quite young, settling first in Connecticut, where he married, and later moved to Ohio. He was past fifty years of age and carried on a small farm and also a carding-machine and fulling-mill. He was called "Fuller Pearce," to distinguish him from the numerous other Pearces of the township, all of whom were my relatives. He was a self-educated man, and a voluminous reader, and had more books, it was said, than any man in Fairfield County. He gave me the full run of his library, and directed my reading. By the time I was fifteen years of age I had read Rollin's Ancient History, Hallam's Middle Ages, Hume's History of England, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and various other works. I have always felt that, outside of my own family, he was the best friend that I ever met. He not only loaned me the books, but talked with me of their contents, and made many wise philosophical suggestions. He was a highly conscientious, strictly moral, and very public-spirited man, but, for that day, very unorthodox, being Unitarian in belief. He lived to a great age, respected always by all who knew him.

I was about this time, at the age of fifteen, again sent to Granville College in company with my cousin, James Pearce, son of my uncle, John Van Pearce. The College buildings had been enlarged and otherwise improved, but the mode of instruc-

tion and the manner of life were much the same. I was older, however, and better able to hold my own among my companions, and therefore was comparatively well contented. There, with the exception of vacations, I remained for two years, not making as much progress as I might have done, and getting into the usual number of scrapes incident to a school life. For some years previous to this time Dr. John Williams had been conducting a High School, about four miles north of Lancaster, with great success. With increasing reputation and patronage, he had been enabled to enlarge his school by the erection of a large boarding and lodging house, for pupils. My cousin and I were taken from Granville and placed with Dr. Williams, where most of the leading people of Lancaster and adjoining country were sending their boys. There I had as fellow pupils Thomas Ewing, John M. Connell, John T. Brasse, Henry Duble, Willis Williams, Ezra Van Metre, Samuel C. Koontz, James McCleary, Samuel Breck, Samuel Graybill, Samuel Anderson, Oliver Chaney, Louis Von Roden, George L. Sites, Peter Finefrock, Newton Schleich, Ira Atwood and many others whose names I cannot recall. Most of those whom I have named lived to attain distinction in various walks of life, and during the war, some held high military rank. There I remained three years, and acquired what little learning, in the way of books, I have ever had. Dr. Williams was in every way a most estimable man, very modest and retiring, but with an exceedingly great faculty for interesting his pupils, and imparting knowledge. He at once secured their confidence, and in some subtle manner set them to thinking for themselves, which he said was the basis of all true teaching.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER, ABROAD.

After three years — pleasant ones — I finished the course of studies mapped out, and concluded that I must do something. It was very customary in those days for young men after finishing school, to engage as teachers of country schools for a year or two, before entering into active life. The majority of the leading professional men of Lancaster began their careers as school masters. I was entirely willing to follow the beaten track, but was not willing to seek a situation near home. I had inherited the roving disposition of "Old

Heinrich," which has stuck to me all through life. I had heard a great deal about the "South," from old men who had made trips to New Orleans by flat-boats, and returned home on horseback by the way of Nashville and Louisville. There was a romance about the "Southern Chivalry" very attractive to all the young men. I insisted upon going to the southern country, where I had heard School Masters were in demand, and where wages were high. Father and mother were opposed to such a scheme because of my youth; I was then nineteen years of age. I should probably have failed in my plan had not my cousin, John Carpenter Pearce, who was three years my senior, also resolved to make such a trip. John was a very clever young man, and stood high with the family, who had great confidence in his ability and discretion. By our combined efforts we secured the consent of our parents, and about the middle of March, 1846, set out on our journey without any fixed destination; we were simply "Going down South." We were each fitted out with a good horse, saddle, bridle, a pair of leather saddle-bags in which to carry our clothing, and \$50 in money. Our first objective point was Cincinnati. There was no turnpike at that time between Lancaster and that city, and the dirt roads were execrable. We made our first stop near Circleville among our relatives, the Van Metres, where we were regarded much as I suppose the people of Cadiz looked upon Columbus, when he set out upon his voyage over unknown seas. We then moved on through the mud by the way of Washington Court House and Wilmington, to Deerfield, on the Little Miami. There we stopped three or four days among other relatives named Van Metre. My cousin John was a musician, both vocal and instrumental, and carried with him a flute, and a small accordion. Then for the first time I learned that his accomplishments were useful. On two or three occasions when we stopped over night at farm houses John so entertained and delighted our hosts that they made no charges; like the immortal Goldsmith, we literally traveled on wind. We found numerous cousins at Deerfield, whom we had never before seen, and among them, John was a great lion, for he not only gave them music, but was an inimitable raconteur, and had a large stock of excellent stories, which he dealt out on the slightest provocation. To prolong our stay, they got up a ball at the principal hotel, and

as both of us had graduated at a dancing school, we were able to cut a wide swath. It was at Deerfield, that I saw my first railroad, just completed from Cincinnati, thirty miles distant, over which the cars made the run in two hours. I looked upon it with awe and astonishment. We parted from our kind relatives with mutual regret, and, after a hard day's ride, reached Cincinnati, then the largest city west of the Allegheny mountains. We put up at the Hotel of Colonel John Noble, formerly of Lancaster, and there met John Duble, who was about our age, so that we felt we were still among friends. Cleveland, which I had visited several years before, had up to that time been my beau ideal of a great city, but Cincinnati surpassed it in every particular. The great buildings, the thronged streets, the attractive stores, and, above all, the numerous steam-boats at the wharf, and plying up and down the river, filled me with admiration. We passed two or three days roaming about, seeing the strange sights. Then occurred a circumstance that filled me with the gravest apprehension. At the hotel there was stopping an agent of a large book concern, who made the acquaintance of cousin John, which ended in his making him an offer of a traveling agency for the distribution of their publications. It was so tempting that John could not refuse it, but in accepting he broke up all our previous arrangements. They had no situation suited to my qualifications, and I refused the offer of a clerkship in a store, as beneath my dignity. I was in sore straits as to what I could do; I could not think of returning home. I hesitated whether to ride south, through Kentucky, or take my horse aboard a steamboat, and go by water to Memphis, Tennessee, a distance of 750 miles. There were no regular lines of Steamers as at a later day, but each one ran independent, and gathered freight at the various towns, and cities on its own accord. Several were advertised for New Orleans, and I chose to risk my fortunes on the "General Scott," which seemed the best appointed. On the first of April I took a tearful leave of Cousin John, who stayed with me till the last bell rang and we were off. That was one of the most painful events of my life. I had many misgivings, and heartily wished that I had never left home; but very soon the excitement of the surroundings, the noise of the machinery, and escaping steam, the bustle and hurry of the officers and deck hands in

arranging their freight, the innumerable strange faces, and the gaudy splendor of the long cabin, extending from one end of the boat to the other, restored me to my usual state of mind, and revived in me, the spirit of adventure. On each side of the long cabin were state-rooms, with two bunks, one above the other, and a door opening into the cabin, and another out on to the guard, about four feet wide, which extended the length of the boat. At the front end of the cabin was a Bar, adorned by large mirrors and a profusion of glassware, where liquors of all kinds and cigars, could be had at all hours of the day and night. Along the middle of the cabin was a long table, where we took our meals; about one-third of the rear end of it was cut off from the rest by a flaming red curtain, which separated the male from the female passengers. To my inexperienced eye everything seemed grand, and I sincerely believed that I was upon a "Floating Palace," surrounded by all the luxuries enjoyed by princes, and other folks of high degree. We had started in the morning. I spent the time mostly on the forward deck enjoying the scenery, and looking at the numerous flat-boats slowly floating with the current, which at that day were very numerous, but have now entirely disappeared. We frequently met other steamers, and the shouts from one to another produced extra excitement. About 11 o'clock in the morning I heard a bustle in the cabin, and looking in, saw about twenty colored servants in white jackets, spreading table cloths, and distributing dishes. Then they began to bring in large platters of food, which they spread up and down the table. At that age, my appetite was first-class, and I foresaw a great feast. Many of the dishes were new to me, but they all looked inviting. Presently the captain came in, went into the ladies' cabin and in a few minutes returned, followed by the ladies and gentlemen, who occupied that part of the boat. He took the head of the table, and they the sides next him; then the bell sounded and the rest of us took our seats. I did my full duty as a trencherman, and was eminently satisfied with the whole proceeding, and did not fail to test all the new viands within reach. This operation, repeated three times a day, was to me not at all monotonous. When night came another strange view was presented. The long table was separated and changed into a number of smaller ones. Upon one was placed a "roulette outfit," on another a "dice" table, and the others were occupied by card players. I had seen

gambling in a moderate way, at the Lancaster horse races, but this was far beyond my previous experience, and what surprised me still further, was that at least three-fourths of the passengers took part in the games. Large stakes were made, and the piles of money looked huge to me, and while the game went on, the conviviality increased, for generally each player was flanked by a glass, which contained something stronger than water, and was very often replenished. I was invited to join, but fortunately did not understand the play. These days I never drank anything but water, but had learned to smoke, and in order not to be left out of the swim, I sported a cigar, and looked on with an assumed air of wisdom. I thought I was learning real life very rapidly. The festivity was kept up to a late hour, long after I had retired. I had for a cabin-mate a middle aged merchant, going to New Orleans to replenish his stock of goods. He was a kind-hearted and sensible man, to whom I confided all my plans and aspirations. He thought I ought to have accepted the proffered clerkship, saying that I might in time have become a great merchant, which was much better than being either a preacher, lawyer or doctor; but he consoled me by saying that school masters were at least wanted in the South, yet he did not believe that I would like the country or the people. He ended his homily by warning against the gambling, for there were several professional "black legs" aboard who would inevitably, in the end, get all the money, and if I failed in the South, and returned to Cincinnati, he would find me a situation. I appreciated his advice and felt encouraged by his good opinion of me. The following days were a repetition of the first, with the exception that after the first night, impromptu dances were gotten up in the ladies' cabin, which I attended with great satisfaction. On April 6th we reached Memphis, all too soon, so far as I was concerned. The whole trip had been a gala time, and I would gladly have continued it indefinitely.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN SOUTHLAND.

Memphis in 1846, contained from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants, and was the great cotton-mart for West Tennessee, and North Mississippi, where, during the busy season, hundreds of teams daily thronged the streets. When I landed several steamers were lying at the wharf, and there seemed to be acres of cotton-bales lining the bank. Not being accustomed to seeing colored people, it seemed to me that pretty much the whole population was black. Hundreds of them were rolling the bales upon the steamers, and there for the first time, I saw the whip used on grown men. The slave-drivers poured a continual stream of oaths, very often combined with the lash. It was a very horrid sight to me, but gradually we may become accustomed to all sorts of enormities. I got my horse and belongings on shore, and rode up into the town, stopping at the Commercial Hotel, whose host I found to be Colonel Houston, a brother of the redoubtable General Sam Houston, of Texas fame.

The Colonel was a very tall man, over six feet, and large in proportion, with a genial manner, and typical Southern air. His nose was quite rubicund, suggesting many visits to an adjacent bar, which was a prominent feature of his establishment, and where he soon invited me to refresh myself, as he expressed it, "at the expense of the house." Upon my politely declining I think I depreciated myself in the Colonel's estimation. To my inquiries about the country and the chances of a wandering school-master, he broke forth into a eulogy of the entire South, and that particular section, which he considered the garden of earth, with a heavenly climate, and capable of producing more cotton and corn, than any other spot of the world, all of which was brought to Memphis, then fast becoming the metropolis of that section. As to getting on in the world, everybody did that, and it was only the question of a short time, when all would be rich, with cotton at ten cents a pound. I stayed with the hospitable Colonel until the next morning, and then started on the road eastward into the interior. I met innumerable wagons drawn by mules, and driven by negroes, all loaded with cotton. The negroes were dirty and

ragged ; the mules were in good condition, but the harness was of the most primitive character—woolen harness, iron trace-chains, and rope lines. The colored people seemed cheerful, and were continually shouting to their teams and to each other, or singing at the top of their voices. I was greatly disappointed with the appearance of the country, whose improvements were far behind those of Ohio. The fine mansions that I had figured in my imagination were conspicuous by their absence. The houses near the road were of hewed logs, and all wore an air of chronic neglect and dilapidation. Every five or six miles, at a cross-road, I would strike a small store and grocery combined, such as "Petroleum V. Nasby" so graphically described when he wrote of the "Confederate Cross Roads;" a blacksmith shop and a few cabins completed the scene. The usual band of loafers were sitting about, all chewing tobacco, and making frequent calls at the counter, where whiskey was the staple article in demand. My appearance at such places at once aroused great curiosity and elicited many questions. They critically looked me and my horse over, and with extreme candor and frankness "They reckoned that I might be one of those 'fellers' that went around selling goods to the storekeepers or that I might be the agent for a slave dealer, visiting plantations to sell 'niggers.'" When they learned my real business they lost all interest, and knew nothing about schools, and by their manner intimated that they cared less. Now and then, at long intervals, I saw a few pretty large and respectable frame houses, and near by them a cluster of cabins. Those I knew, must be the famed Southern Homes of my imagination. They were all quite a distance from the road, and during that day I visited none of them. I passed the night at a cross-road tavern, which was a two-story log structure, with furniture of the rudest character. The bill of fare was corn bread, bacon, a few vegetables and black coffee. I slept upon a corn-husk mattress, the first that I had ever seen. The people were friendly and talkative, with an accent very different from that of the people of the North ; in general information and mode of life, quite inferior to them. There were, they said, a few schools and "School Masters" about, but they did not send their children ; the people who did so were generally the rich planters. The next night I ventured to leave the road to apply for a lodging in one of the large houses which

I have mentioned. They received me at once, and I was most agreeably surprised by meeting an intelligent gentleman, who welcomed me heartily, and introduced me to his family, saying he was always pleased to meet and entertain strangers, not many of whom came to his house. This reception cheered me up, and I discovered that there was an immense difference between the planters, and frequenters of the cross-road taverns. This gentleman had received a college education, and his wife and children were cultured. The house was not very large, seven or eight rooms, and was comfortably furnished. He offered the usual fluid refreshment, which I was again obliged to decline, but I readily joined in smoking after a supper, in which corn bread figured largely, there being two or three varieties. Otherwise the meal was much the same as that of our well-to-do farmers at home, while the Southern table had a great deal more silver than was usual with us.

Learning why, and for what purpose I was in the country, he said there was a woeful deficiency of educational facilities; that the plantations were large, containing two or three thousand acres each, and the houses were necessarily long distances apart, too far, as a rule, for small children to attend a common school; that they had no tenant farmers, who might want a school for their children. The poor whites, such as I had met at the cross roads, were all illiterate and wanted no schools. Even if they did, he would not have his children associate with such people. That in his own case his wife had taught his daughters, until they were old enough to be sent away to school, and that now the daughters were teaching the younger children, until such time as they were advanced enough to be sent away in turn. He did not doubt, however, that by a little looking about, I could find some place where two or three planters could unite together, and have a common teacher for their children. That he was acquainted with the teacher of a school in Holly Springs, the county seat, to whom he would give me a letter, and through him I might find what I wanted. I left my new friend in the morning with many thanks; I had tact enough to perceive that I would offend him by tendering payment, and struck out for Holly Springs, fifteen miles away. When about five miles from the town, at an intersecting road, I was joined by a middle aged gentleman, with an amiable countenance,

well dressed and splendidly mounted. He at once engaged me in conversation, and when I had told who I was, and what I was in search of, he at once said I was the very person he was looking for; that he lived about five miles away, and was going to Holly Springs in search of some one who could teach his sons, and the children of two adjacent planters. I for once, realized that "the Lord takes care of his own," and mentally considered myself one of the elect. He said his name was Clopton, "Major John H. Clopton," that he had seven sons, the eldest eighteen and others younger. That his neighbor, Colonel Clayton, had eight children, and that another neighbor, Judge McAlexander, had as many more; that there was an empty house near a church, and about equal distance from each of their homes, which would do for a "School-House," and all that was wanting was a teacher. Then the Major began to look me over, and ventured the remark that I seemed pretty young for a teacher. I assumed as old an air as possible, and said I was nearly twenty, and had spent many years in acquiring an education. "Very well," he said; "we will go to Holly Springs, and I will have the teacher there examine you. If he says you are competent, I will take you home with me, and you shall have a fair trial." When we arrived in town, I found that the examiner was the same teacher, to whom I had the letter of introduction. The examination, which was of a very perfunctory character, was had at once, and I was given a written paper, certifying that I was competent to teach mathematics and the languages, after which the major and I, rode back to his home, ten miles from the town. His house was a large double, hewed-log house, a story and a half high, with a twenty-foot space between the buildings, the whole under the same roof, with a shed roof extending back of each of the buildings, where the house was only one story. There were four large rooms below, and two above, and the wide hall, where the family sat most of the time. The building was whitewashed, and stood in a park of fine trees, about twenty acres in extent. Off to one side, about a hundred yards distant, were the negro cabins, about twenty in number; within fifty feet was the kitchen, a large cabin about twenty feet square. Back of the main building, about fifty yards distant, and the same distance from each other, were hewed-log houses, one story high, and also negro

quarters. The house was comfortably furnished, there being many old mahogany pieces, including a sideboard, and two four-post bedsteads, with canopies, which occupied one of the large front rooms, that served as a guest chamber, as well as a parlor. The bed-spreads and pillows in this show-room were profusely embellished with ruffles. There were no carpets or rugs. Several large mirrors adorned the walls. The Major's wife a cultured, amiable, pretty woman, and as the mother of eight children, looked very young. The seven boys were all very sturdy chaps, while the youngest, a daughter, was a winning child of three years. In addition, there was the Major's father, a gentleman of the old school, about seventy years of age, and his daughter, just verging on old maidenhood, sprightly and airish. The Major's wife, and six younger children, occupied the main house. The old father and the daughter, occupied one of the one-story houses, and the two older boys, myself and the overseer, the other. I mention these particulars, as I spent the next seven months with that family very happily in that house. Both the Major and his wife, treated me in a paternal manner, and I soon became hand and glove, with the two older boys. There were about 100 slaves, of both sexes and sizes, who lived in the quarters, each family having a cabin, with a small vegetable garden attached.

The Major at once called upon the other two planters interested in the school. They set to work and had the old cabin, near the church, renovated and repaired, and in about a week I opened the school with sixteen pupils, five girls, the rest boys, ranging from eighteen down to six years. A few had to learn their letters; others studied arithmetic, geography and grammar. Our school hours were from 9 to 12 and from 1 to 4, with a fifteen minute recess, forenoon and afternoon. None were far enough advanced to seriously tax my abilities, and very little discipline was required; in fact, I had an easy and pleasant time, with Saturday and Sunday entirely free. My compensation was \$50 per month, with board and washing free, which to me seemed a large salary, being twice as much as I would have been paid in Ohio. We breakfasted at seven; a black boy brought us a generous lunch at noon, and we had supper at half-past six. During the week before the school began, I rode with the eldest sons to the store of a neighboring

cross roads, where we met an old planter, who admired my horse, and asked if he was for sale. Not having any use for him, I said yes. He asked the price; I said \$150. He said the price was too high, but that he had a gold watch worth \$150, which he would trade for him, at the same time showing, what I thought was a very fine timepiece, and as I had never owned a watch, and needed one for school duties, I thought I would trade, but asked \$40 to boot, secretly resolving that I would trade, boot or no boot. The gold chain attached particularly took my eye. He said \$40 was too much, but he would split the difference and give me \$20, and I accepted at once. He took the horse, and I the watch and chain. I walked home in great glee, displaying the chain over my vest, to the best advantage, when I met the Major, and boasted of my great bargain. He looked at my new property, said the watch and chain was worth at the outside, not more than \$50, and I had got nothing for my saddle and bridle, which were worth at least \$20. I felt very much as did Moses, in the Vicar of Wakefield, after his horse trade. The Major proposed to remonstrate with the man, but I concluded to "grin and bear it." The Major was a devout Methodist and held religious services night and morning. He was not an educated man, and did not venture on extemporeaneous prayers, but read from a book. Evening prayer was about 8 o'clock, and all the family assembled in the dining room; as the prayer was pretty long, the three younger boys invariably went to sleep during the service. While saying grace at table the colored boy who kept off the flies, with long peacock plumes, while not attending strictly to business, would occasionally give the Major a brush in the face. He would pause, open his eyes, and seize the delinquent by the ear, which sometimes I feared he would tear off, then closing his eyes again, he would conclude. On Saturdays we went hunting or fishing, or, if the weather was not propitious, we sat in the hall, where I read for the Major's edification from d'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, it being about the only book, aside from the Bible, in the house. Sunday was a great day; all, old and young, white and black, went to church. The ponderous carriage was brought out, which carried the old gentleman, Mrs. and Miss Clopton, and some of the smaller children. The Major and the rest of us, went on horseback; the negroes walked in a proces-

sion, headed by one of the oldest, who carried a written pass, allowing them to go, and return, from church. The Church building was two miles away, and if the day was fair, there would be a large congregation, sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty carriages, for every planter of any standing had one. And the woods were full of horses and swarmed with the colored people. They were not allowed in the church, but back of the pulpit was always a large window which had only a shutter; in fact, none of the windows were glazed, and the colored people occupied rude benches on the outside of the building, where they could hear, but not see very much. Before and after service there was much visiting among the old folks, and a great deal of flirting among the younger ones. Occasionally the Major would take guests home to dinner, or would himself dine with some of his friends. His house was the headquarters for the preachers, and on his porch I laid in a stock of theology, which has lasted all through my life. There were only two denominations in that part of the country—the Methodist and the Baptist, the former predominating. In the fall there was a Camp-Meeting held about six miles from our house, which lasted a week. School was dismissed, and all repaired to the camp-ground. There were no tents; wood buildings were built about the Square, constructed much as their houses, with a wide hall through the center, and a long kitchen extending in the rear. The Major, his wife and some of the children remained on the ground all the time, while the rest of us went home at night. He kept a four-horse team, hauling daily supplies to the camp-ground, and dined fifty or sixty people daily. It was one of the great times of my life, for by that time I had made many acquaintances, the Southern young people being very sociable. The colored people held their services in a shed, about a hundred yards from the white people, and I never heard more moving music than their singing, especially at night, when, as they said, "The power got hold of them." I thus had a pretty good opportunity for studying slavery, as it existed on a cotton plantation, fifteen years before the war. I very easily fell into the habit of being waited on, and having servants at my beck and call, all the time. In the early part of the season, while the cotton and corn was being cultivated, they did not seem to have a particularly hard time, and during that season very few of them were punished.

The bell rang at daylight, they had their breakfast, and immediately went to the fields. If working near their cabins they came in at noon for an hour, after which they worked till sundown, then came home and cooked their supper. Men, women and children old enough, all worked in the fields. They used mules in cultivation exclusively. Each family had a garden, where they raised their own vegetables; they were also allowed to raise chickens, and now and then one had a pig. They were allowed to sell their chickens, and in that way got money to buy Sunday clothes, and on Sunday most of them were fairly well dressed. Their hard time began when cotton picking commenced, which was late in September, and lasted until Christmas. The laborers on a cotton plantation could always cultivate more cotton than they could gather, and hence the great need of promptly securing the crop, which would go to waste unless picked in due season. As soon as the cotton balls began to open all hands, big and little, were taken to the field. The hours of work were changed. At daylight the bell sounded, and all went to work before having their breakfast; at 10 o'clock a team hauled out their food for the first meal, which consisted of corn bread, bacon and sweet potatoes or greens. They were allowed half an hour for the meal, then they set to work again and continued until it was so dark that they could not see a cotton boll. Each person had a sack suspended about the neck, into which the cotton was put. When the sack was filled it was emptied into an individual basket, which was duly numbered. The amount that each one was required to pick was determined by age and dexterity. There was great difference in the amounts, some having naturally much greater skill than others. The work, I presume, is something like type setting. When each individual amount was once determined, the person was expected to produce that much every night. The overseers blew a horn when the time came to stop, and the baskets were all collected. In the meantime four-horse wagons, with wide racks, had been brought from the barns. The roll was then called, each in turn bringing his basket, which was weighed and placed upon the wagon. Those persons whose weight fell short, were ranged in a line, and as soon as the loading was completed, were subjected to the lash, without regard to sex or age. The amount of punishment was proportioned to

the deficiency. The method was to make the sufferer lie on the ground, face downward, while the Overseer stood a few yards away and wielded a whip, with a short handle and a long leather lash. You could hear the sound of the blows, a hundred yards away, and the shrieks of the victims for half a mile.

I was present upon one such occasion, but soon fled the scene, horrified and indignant, and with barely prudence enough to keep my mouth shut. The terrible impression there received made me thence forth, a deadly enemy to the institution. The loaded wagons were driven to the Gin-House, where the contents of the baskets were spread out on a large platform, after which the ginned cotton, now cleaned, was carried to the press and baled. After this, the slaves went to their quarters and cooked their meat, not having had anything to eat since the meal at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. They were not able to get to bed until after 9 o'clock. Day by day, this work continued till the end of the picking season, which was about Christmas, at which time they were given a week's vacation, the time being filled during the holidays with great festivities. The Major was a Christian man, and as things went, was not considered a harsh master. He was, to his family and friends, a courteous and kind-hearted gentleman, and towards me, a father could not have been more kind; but down there in the South, the distinction between the whites and blacks, was so radical as not to be measured by the same rule. A short time before my six months' engagement came to an end, the Major received a visit from a younger brother, who had for many years been a resident of Texas; had fought with Houston all through its war of independence, and had been one of the prisoners taken at Mier, in Mexico. He was a fascinating man, and tried to persuade me to return with him to his home at Bastrop, on the Colorado river. The Major strongly objected to this on many grounds, but I think I should have gone, had I not received a letter from home advising me of the serious illness of my mother. On the last day of October my school was closed, and I was paid \$300 for my services, which to me was an enormous sum. The Major had for some time been sending his cotton to Memphis by team, but was now going in person, and tendered me a riding-horse to accompany him. So we rode there on horseback, making the trip in a day and a half. Memphis was, if possible, more stir-

ring than six months before. I soon found a boat bound for Cincinnati, and there, with regret, bade good-bye to Major Clopton, whose memory I have cherished all through life, as my early, and one of my best friends. My journey up the river was much the same as the one down, and I only remember one unusual incident. While passing through the locks at Louisville one "Porter," a celebrated Kentucky giant, came on board. He was nearly eight feet tall, and his appearance struck me with considerable awe, which was changed to wonder, when I saw him go to the bar, and swallow a tumbler full of whiskey at one gulp.

We reached Cincinnati on the eighth day, where I again put up at Colonel Noble's Hotel, and felt myself almost at home. I spent a couple of days in Cincinnati, seeing the sights, and as I still had about \$300, it occurred to me that I ought to replenish my wardrobe, so that upon arriving at home I might make an impression commensurate with my merits, which it is probable I estimated at the time, higher than the general public would have done. Cincinnati was a great mart for ready-made clothing. It was the first opportunity which I had ever had of buying in an establishment, where one could be fitted out from head to foot. They were then called "slop shops" instead of "clothing stores." The proprietors were generally Jews, as they are to the present day. Under the persuasive influence of the Israelite vender, I purchased three suits of clothes, and an overcoat, also a trunk to hold my treasures, which made quite an inroad upon my capital. The next morning I took the stage, and the following day reached Lancaster. They did not exactly kill a fatted calf, upon the occasion, but they seemed as rejoiced, as I was to be again in the midst of the family, and especially, with my mother, who fondled over me, as a shepherd, over a lost sheep. I spent the first few weeks visiting among my relatives and friends, and did not fail to improve the chance to exhibit the contents of my trunk, or, when occasion occurred, to draw forth my gold watch, and give the time of day. The rejoicings being over, the serious problem of what I was to do in the future was brought before the family council.

The choice of a profession was the paramount question. Personally I wished to study law, but both my father, and grandfather were opposed. They said

that there had never been but one lawyer in the family, and though he had attained considerable distinction, he had died young, while there had been an unbroken line of doctors, from "Old Heinrich" down, all of whom had been prosperous and successful. My father clinched the argument, by promising that when the proper time came, I should be sent to the Medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, which would enable me to visit the East, and also our relatives in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. This was an inducement which I could not resist. Arrangements were accordingly made to place me in the office of Drs. Boerstler and Edwards, prominent practitioners of Lancaster. Drs. A. Davidson, Thomas Carlisle, Philip Wagenhals, and Zenas McElroy, had just been graduated, after reading in their office. There had entered the office just before me, my cousins, Samuel C. Koontz and James Pearce, and also James McCleery, the latter two having been with me while in Greenfield Academy. Just across the street, in the office of Dr. M. Z. Kreider, there were four students, three, James Sharp, Elias Glick and John Soliday, old friends and fellow students at Greenfield, all bright and ambitious young men. The amount of medical knowledge gained by students reading medicine sixty years ago was not very extensive, and what they did acquire, with the exception of anatomy, is now entirely antiquated. The text books were, even then old, most of them having been written before the beginning of the century. We read off and on, without regular hours or times for recitation, and learned to compound prescriptions, for at that date every doctor kept his own medicines. We in turn rode out with one, or the other doctor to visit country patients, and thus saw the method of diagnosis, and general bed-side practice. After a year's reading we were ready for the first course of lectures, lasting through the winter, then the next summer again reading in the office, followed by the final course of lectures, when we were expected to be graduated, as full-fledged doctors. Lancaster then had about 4,000 inhabitants, and contained numerous comfortable, and several elegant homes. It was surrounded by a picturesque and well cultivated country; the log cabins and hewed-log houses were rapidly being replaced by frame, and brick structures. There were many large stores, a few manufacturing industries, and, by means of the canal, transportation facilities for all produce; so that it was a flourishing trading



Hon. SAMUEL SANGSTON CARPENTER,
of Cincinnati, Ohio,
Born January 23, 1823,
Died 1889.
Commissioner of the United States
Court 1849.

point, for all the surrounding country. The community was fairly abreast of the times. There were many cultivated people, and the professional class stood very high. It was said Lancaster had the strongest bar in the state. At their head stood Thomas Ewing, then fifty-five or sixty years of age. He was a man of most imposing presence, more than six feet tall, inclined to stoutness, with a large head, and broad brow. He had been United States Senator, was the first Secretary of the Interior, and was said to stand second only to Webster, as a constitutional lawyer. Next to him came Henry Stansbery, then about fifty years of age. He was a regular "Adonis" in appearance and a "Chesterfield" in manner, tall and slender, faultlessly dressed, a man who would have attracted attention in any crowd. He was a fine speaker, not only fluent and graceful, but also logical. He was afterwards Attorney General of the United States. Then there was Hocking Hunter, born and raised in the State; a man of rugged, and rather stern appearance; learned in law, and a dangerous opponent in any legal controversy. He was appointed Supreme Judge of the State, but declined the honor. And lastly there was John T Brasee, a gentleman of the old school, thoroughly educated, not only in the law, but in general erudition, careful and painstaking, who possessed the entire confidence of all who knew him, and was successful both as a lawyer and a farmer. The two former had national reputations, and the latter two were well known throughout the State. Of the physicians, Dr. M. Z. Kreider stood at the head, and in surgery was head and shoulders above all the others. I do not remember another who had performed a capital operation in surgery. Far and near, he was called upon to perform all the amputations. He was a self-made man, who by indomitable perseverance and energy had attained to his commanding position. He was a very large, broad-shouldered man, well proportioned, with a large nose, bright eyes, and a generally keen and alert expression, with strong and rapid movements. He was like Dr. Franklin—a many-sided man. He was not only a noted physician, but was a successful preacher, politician, and temperance lecturer. I never heard him preach, but listened to many a telling political speech, or temperance lecture delivered by him. Among Masons

he had a national reputation, and was honored by the positions of Grand Master of the State, and Grand Commander of the Knight Templars. He not only was successful in those lines, but was also a moving, and managing spirit, in the great stage Company, whose coaches ran from Wheeling, Virginia, to St. Louis, Missouri. He held various political offices of trust and honor, and though he died in his prime, left a considerable fortune. No man was ever more favorably known in Fairfield County. In every assemblage, by his inimitable wit, versatility in anecdote, and gift of memory, he collected a crowd about him, which he never failed to interest, and instruct. Drs. Boerstler, Edwards, Paul Carpenter, and John Biglow were all well educated men, but their reputation was not so widely extended.

Among the preachers, the Rev. William Cox stood at the head, and had a state reputation, as a pleasing and eloquent divine, as well as that of a broad and liberal-minded man. General McCracken stood at the head of the mercantile class, but there were a number of other well-educated, and polished men in the business. The general society was large, and, with elements which I have named, made living in it very agreeable, particularly to young people, of whom there were a great number, of both sexes. I can recall to mind, among the girls, Letitia and Thalia Kreider, Fanny and Maria Connell, Susan McNeil, Elizabeth Smith, Emily Mather, Juliet Arnswith, Mary Effinger, Katharine and Margaret Duble, Clara Edwards, Sarah and Maria Devol, Ellen Brasee, Laura Carpenter, and Ava Pearce; among the young men, besides my fellow students, Pat Effinger, Theodore Tallmadge, William Latta, William Wise, Albert Tennant, Edward Hunter, John Connell, Tom Ewing and John C. Pearce. For recreation we had evening parties, at private houses, picnics to Mt. Pleasant, riding parties to the Kettle Hill; and in the winter numerous dancing parties, in the "Tallmadge House" ball room. Pat Effinger, among the boys, and Ellen Brasee, among the girls, were admitted to be the most graceful dancers. I can remember no more delightful year in my life, than that first year, spent in the study of medicine. Alas! of all that gay throng, save myself, there is not one living. I sometimes think that I have lived too long. It was during this year, in the spring of 1847, that my dear mother

died in her forty-fifth year. The memory of her loving kindness, has been with me through all my days, and I never found one to take her place.

At length, the time came, when we were to go East, to attend lectures, and I welcomed the event, which would enable me to travel, cross the mountains, and see the Eastern cities, with Lancaster, Pa., about which, from boyhood, I had heard so much. I took the stage and traveled continually day and night, by the way of Wheeling, and Pittsburg, to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a distance of nearly four hundred miles. The time required was three days. Although the journey was wearisome, I did not mind it much, but was kept in a continual state of excitement by strange places and new scenes. I had seen a railroad a few years before, but had never ridden on one. I here took the cars for Shiremanstown, a little place five miles from Harrisburg, and we made the distance, forty-five miles, in three hours. Such a railroad, and equipment, are now only found as curiosities, at expositions. At Shiremanstown I met my great aunt, Mrs. Mary Merkel, sister of my grandfather, who had remained in Pennsylvania, when the rest of the family moved to Ohio. She was then a well-preserved old lady of sixty-six, and lived with her only child, Levi Merkel. I was most cordially received by my relative, who had a hundred questions to ask about their western relatives. I remained with them a week, and was much struck by the beautiful Cumberland Valley, so highly cultivated, and particularly by the large barns. From there I proceeded to Lancaster City, where I met a great number of relatives, none of whom I had ever seen. Among them were the brothers, Emanuel, and Michael Carpenter, brothers of Samuel, of Lancaster, Ohio; Israel, Levi and William, sons of Christian Carpenter; also, Dr. Henry Carpenter, son of Henry, and numerous others, more distantly related. I spent more than a week among them, and visited all the old houses and farms, where my ancestors had flourished for a hundred years, and which they had left half a century before. There and at that time, I began to learn the particular, and recorded history of the descendants of "Heinrich Zimmerman."

From Lancaster I proceeded to Philadelphia, where I found my fellow students, already installed in boarding houses. I

joined with them, and we had our names enrolled in the Medical College, which was situated on Ninth street, between Market and Chestnut. The buildings would at this day seem very inadequate, but to us they looked imposing. The Faculty consisted of seven professors, and a demonstrator of anatomy. The professor's tickets were \$15 each, and tickets to the lectures of the demonstrator \$10. The College building contained an amphitheatre and two large halls. In the former, the professors of anatomy, surgery, *materia medica* and *obstetrics*, delivered their lectures, and one of the others, a professor of the principles and practice of medicine and of physiology, held forth, while another was devoted to chemistry. Each of these halls would accommodate five hundred pupils, and the seats were so arranged that all could see and hear. The finish of the building was of the plainest kind, the seats being of dressed, but unpainted pine. There were six lectures a day, six days a week, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, each an hour long, three in the forenoon, and three in the afternoon. The dissecting rooms were on the top floor, under the supervision of the demonstrator of anatomy, and open from 7 to 10 o'clock at night. On Wednesdays and Saturdays, for a fee of \$10, such students as desired, had the privilege of attending chemical lectures, and witnessing surgical operations, at the Pennsylvania Hospital. In addition to the regular lectures, there were a number of private teachers who had, what were called "Quiz" classes, where for a fee of \$10 you could join others, in being questioned and coached, in the lectures of the week. If one were studious, and followed the daily duties, his time was thoroughly occupied.

There was no compulsory attendance, and no supervision whatever over the students. The first-year men, to whom final examination was a long way off, were not very strict, seldom belonged to "Quiz" classes, and at night frequented the theaters, rather than the dissecting rooms. The second-year men, however, having the fear of final rejection before their eyes, were, as a rule, studious, attending all lectures and coaching classes. There were about 500 students in attendance at the University, and as many more at the Jefferson Medical College. The first year I was certainly not more than an average man. There were many attractions, in and about Philadelphia, more interesting than medical lectures. Girard College was opened for

pupils that year; the inauguration ceremonies of which I attended were very interesting. By the provisions of Girard's will, no preachers or priests, were allowed to even enter the College; so all religious ceremonies were omitted. I was a frequent attendant of the theaters, and during the season heard the most of Shakespeare's plays, rendered by Forest, McReady, Wallack, the elder Booth, and other stars of that day. It was before the time of traveling troupes, all the theaters having stock companies, the star alone moving from one city to another. I greatly enjoyed student life, and regretted when the session closed about the end of March, when we dispersed to our various homes. My fellow Lancastrians and myself, went by rail to Baltimore, and thence as far as Cumberland, Maryland, then the terminus of the line. From there we took stage coaches to Brownsville, on the Monongehela river. It required twenty or thirty coaches to accommodate the crowd of passengers, and the time to Brownsville, was about thirty hours. Crossing the ranges of the Alleghenies, the mountains were covered with snow, and the weather bitterly cold. If the travelers of today, who are continually complaining of bad accommodations, were compelled to make such a trip, their tune would be changed. Nine people sitting in a cramped space, oppressed by foul air, and suffering from cold feet, for thirty hours in succession, would bring them to a realizing sense of the comforts of the twentieth century. At Brownsville we connected with a small Steamer, which took us to Pittsburg, where we took a larger one, that landed us at Wheeling, where we again took stage, and reached Lancaster in about twenty-four hours. We were rejoiced to meet our friends, and soon settled down to the routine of the previous summer. The young people were as gay as ever, and the time passed very rapidly, the only strenuous time being that in which we were engaged in writing our theses, which each student had to submit before examination. I went into my inner consciousness and produced one on "Arsenious Acid," which, from my point of view, was a learned paper, culled from all the medical books within my reach; but as I never heard of it afterwards, I concluded it was only an ordinary production.

When October came around we all started upon our return East, but chose a new route. We took stage at Lancaster, and went to Monroeville, in the north part of the state, from which

point a short railroad took us to Sandusky City, where we took a Steamer for Buffalo. The lake was rough, and all my friends were miserably sea-sick. I escaped, and from some cause seemed to be immune, for in all my subsequent voyages, by lake or ocean, I have never been troubled with sea-sickness. From Buffalo we went to Niagara Falls, and spent an exciting day; then by rail to the mouth of the Niagara, where we took a Steamer for Oswego, New York. There we took stage, and traveled over a plank-road, the first of the kind we had ever seen, to Rome, New York, thence to Albany by rail, and then by day steamer down the Hudson, to New York City, where we spent two days, and saw all the sights. Our friend, Samuel Koontz, while wandering about alone, drifted into an auction shop, where fine jewelry was being sold. A fine gold watch and chain, was very attractive to him, but as he had a good silver watch, he was not in need of a time piece, and, besides, he could not afford two. Thinking he might be able to give his silver watch in part payment, he consulted one of the attendants, who looked at his watch, and told him that they would take it at \$20, in part payment. Our friend then bid upon the watch and chain offered, which was at once knocked down to him, at \$65. So for \$45 cash, and the old watch, he secured the coveted treasure. In the evening, when he joined us at the hotel, the chain was very much in evidence, and when we inquired where he got it, he dazzled our eyes, and excited our envy, by displaying the watch, and descanting upon the great bargain he had secured. My watch, which had hitherto been in the lead, now dwindled into insignificance, and my other friends contemplated exchanging their watches, when the shop opened the next day. One doubting Thomas, however, suggested that it might not be *real gold*, which threw Koontz into great trepidation. The next morning I went with him to a reputable jeweler, who, upon looking at the outfit, said the real value of such goods would be about \$3.00 a bushel, and that honest dealers sold them, at from \$8.00, to \$10.00. Koontz was struck with consternation, and filled with wrath. We immediately repaired to the auction shop. Koontz pulled off his watch, and tendered it to the attendant, who, by the way, was a very muscular individual, and demanded his old watch and his \$45.00. The man gave him a cold stare and said, "Who in hades are you? I never saw you before. You

look like, and I believe you are, a swindler. You never got that watch here, and if you don't get out of here d——d quick, I will put you out, and call the police." We were astounded, and quit the place in haste. We then sought the proprietor of the Hotel for advice. He said, without doubt the man could be arrested, and brought to justice, but that first a lawyer must be called, and proof furnished that the watch was purchased at that particular place, and that to a certainty the proprietor and all his assistants, would swear that it was not, and that surely the trial would be put off several times, and, further, that, though justice might be obtained, it would require six months' time, and considerable money. Koontz sunk into the lowest depth of despair, but there was no help. We left the wicked city, and soon reached Philadelphia, where we resumed our studies.

This second winter we applied ourselves much more assiduously, for it was well known that every year members failed in their examinations, and were forced to return for another year, which not only involved disgrace, but a large additional expense. Every year twenty students, selected by the professor, were allowed to be examined first, and graduated about three weeks before the regular class. To make yourself eligible for this, you were obliged to seat yourself in the front row at the lectures, where the professor, for about ten minutes before the lecture, asked questions to be answered in turn by the students. In order to put an additional spur upon myself, I resolutely, at the beginning of the session, planted myself in a front seat. As the whole class was present, it was a pretty severe ordeal, for when we failed to answer correctly, we were jeered by the whole crowd. By very hard study I managed to hold my place, and was accordingly graduated with the others, about the first of March, the main class getting through the last of the month.

Returning to Lancaster, I found that during my absence a great misfortune had overtaken my father, who was the owner of two good farms, was out of debt, and in every respect considered a well-to-do and forehanded man. In an evil hour, he became one of the bondsmen of Asa Spurgeon, an old friend, who had been elected Treasurer of the county, but who became a defaulter for several thousand dollars. The amount that father was called upon to make good, was so large that it became

evident he would have to disposed of his property, to make up the sum. This materially changed my prospects. I had thought of settling in Cincinnati, where I could look to father for financial aid, until such time as I might be able to build up a paying practice. This plan was consequently abandoned, as it was imperative that I should find a location, where I might make a living from the start. I remained at home about six weeks, making farewell visits among my relatives and friends. The Carpenter family was the same that it had been three years before, when I left, with the exception of the death of my grandfather, which had occurred the preceding year. My father was anxious that I should settle in one of the numerous villages of the county, but I had my mind set upon the West, and, young as I was, I could see that father would stand but a small chance of retrieving his fortunes in Ohio. It was accordingly agreed that I should make a trip to the West, upon a tour of investigation, and if the prospect should be found favorable he would join me later, and see for himself, as to the advisability of a removal to a newer country.

To provide for the exepdition he purchased for me \$100 worth of medicines, gave me a horse, with saddle and bridle, and, as upon my earlier trip to the South, when I started out as a School-Master looking for a situation, he furnished me with \$100 in cash. With these, and my father's blessing, I took my second departure from home, in search of fortune.

CHAPTER VII.

WESTWARD BOUND.

Bidding my people good-bye on the 15th day of May, 1849, I did not again see Lancaster until ten years had passed.

Starting as before on horseback, I rode to Cincinnati, and taking a Steamer for St. Louis, and thence by another boat, proceeded up the Illinois river, to a place called Naples. From there I went west to the Mississippi, and, crossing at Quincy, proceeded to Kirksville, Missouri.

Still not pleased, I turned north and went to Ottumwa, Iowa, where I met Judge Greene, then a member of the Supreme Court of Iowa. He persuaded me that Cedar Rapids was in the near future, to become a metropolis, and I decided to go there. After four days' hard riding, and swimming several swollen streams, I struck the town on the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1849. I crossed the river on a rope-ferry operated by David King, who lived in a cabin on the west side. On the other side of the river stood the cabin, once the home of a man named Shepherd, said to have been the resort of thieves, in an earlier day. I cannot say that I was very favorably impressed by the thirty or forty, mostly one-story unpainted houses, which made up the place, near the river. There seemed to be a great deal of sand, and the houses were so situated that there was no sign of a street. There were three two-story houses, one on the river, near the foot of what is now, Third avenue, called the "Pork House," in which the "Greene's" had their store; one on Second street in which John Coffman kept a Hotel, and one on Third avenue, back of the Dows & Ely Block, also a Hotel. I was discouraged, and would have traveled further, but having only about ten dollars left, from necessity had to stop. I put up at the "Coffman Hotel," a two-story structure, with a wing. It had been built of unseasoned lumber and was not plastered. The whole of the second story of the building, was in one room, which, containing eight or ten beds, was the common sleeping room of guests.

SOME EARLY PIONEERS.

Within a week I made the acquaintance of the people of the town. Among the leading persons were William, and Joseph Greene, brothers of the Judge. Lowell, and Lawson Daniels, Homer Bishop, and John Weare, all of whom were merchants. The three stores of which they were the proprietors, would not compare well with the department stores of today; in their miscellaneous stocks the customer could find anything wanted, from castor-oil to broad-axes. Pollock & Stewart were the blacksmiths. Carpenters and wagon-makers were also represented. There was also a saloon, kept by James Leverich, a respectable man, and a good Mason. The inhabitants were mostly young people; John Weare, Sr., Deacon Kennedy and Porter Earl, being the exceptions. I found three physicians already there located—Dr. Mansfield, Dr. Traer, and Dr. Larabee; the latter being what they called a “Steam doctor.” Isaac Cook, and Henry Harmon were lawyers. Immigrants were arriving daily, and the saw-mill operated by John Weare, Jr., was kept busy cutting lumber for new houses. There was no Church building, but “Parson Jones” preached in the School-House, as did preachers of other denominations, and Sunday schools and Bible classes were in full blast. On the Fourth of July, a grand ball was given at the “Coffman Hotel,” to which flocked young people from Marion, and all the surrounding country. There were at least fifty couples. The beds were removed from our common sleeping quarters, which decorated with green boughs, became a ball-room. Dr. Mansfield took me as a partner, and in company with Judge Cook we occupied a room 10x16, in a small one-story building, opposite the mill. Our medicines were kept on a shelf, while a store-box served for a table. Our bunks occupied one side, and a few stools with two split-bottomed chairs, made up our furniture. We took our meals at the Coffman House. Our field of practice embraced the settlers, not numerous, in the valleys of the Cedar, and Iowa rivers, and their tributaries. We made very long rides. I was called to see a patient two miles above the present town of Vinton. I got lost in the night, and waited for daylight under a tree on the bank of the river, at the very spot where Vinton now stands. Bilious fever, and ague, were the prevailing diseases. As patients and clients were not very numerous, we had plenty of

leisure. Judge Cook was a fine reader, and we took turns at Shakespeare, a copy of which we fortunately possessed. During the summer Dr. Mansfield and myself built a story and a half office, on Commercial street, about the middle of the block on which Daniels' store was located. We had a mail three times a week from Dubuque, and Iowa City. The "Higley Brothers" did the service, in a two-horse hack. I think Joseph Greene was postmaster. John Weare, Sr., was Justice of the Peace. He was a very original character, fond of company, and full of interesting reminiscences, extending back to the war of 1812, in which he had lost a leg. His small office was in the rear of Mrs. Ely's residence, which stood on the ground where the "Dows & Ely" block is now located. He gave nicknames to many people, and places, which stuck to them like burrs. The first Presbyterian, or Congregational Church, building, was begun that summer. Many buildings were erected that year, with a corresponding increase in population.

We began to talk of railroads. The people of Dubuque and Keokuk, the leading river towns, started a line here connecting them. Those along the line, at Cascade, Anamosa, Marion, Cedar Rapids, Washington and Fairfield, eagerly endorsed the project; meetings were held and it was resolved to hold two delegate conventions, on the same day; one at Anamosa, the other at Fairfield. We had a rousing meeting in Cedar Rapids. There were nearly one hundred people present, and it was resolved to have the railroad forthwith. From our standpoint, it was the government's duty to donate land, and for Eastern people to furnish the money. Delegates were chosen to both conventions. Dr. John F. Ely, and myself, were selected to attend the one at Fairfield. They were to be held on the 6th of December, 1849. We left Cedar Rapids on the 3d of December, and after three days' hard and cold travel, reached Fairfield. Marion sent Col. I. M. Preston and Dr. Ristine. The Convention met in a small School-house. All the counties were represented. The Hon. C. W. Slagle of Fairfield, then a very young man, was chosen President. I was chosen Secretary. The little School-house was packed. Dr. Ballard of Iowa City, Stewart Goodrel of Brighton, Joseph Casey of Keokuk county, and General Van Ver Plank Van Antwerp, were present, and took active part. We parted for our various homes,

thinking the work half done, but sad to relate, Cedar Rapids had to wait ten years longer for the locomotive. These two meetings were, as I think, the first Railroad Conventions held in the interior of the state. Opposition schemes were soon started, for east and west lines, and our project was ignominiously called the "Ram's Horn." The next year was quite a stirring one. New people were coming in great numbers, but many were leaving, for the California fever had then broken out. Several outfits for the gold fields, left Cedar Rapids, and with one of them Dr. Mansfield, my partner, whose place was taken by Dr. S. C. Koontz, one well known to the old citizens. That year the first brick buildings were erected, a dwelling on Iowa Avenue, near Greene's Opera House, and a three-story building on Commercial street, by Judge Greene. We began to put on city airs.

THE CITY'S FIRST MAYOR.

Martin L. Barber was mayor of the Village. It was before the present City organization. Barber was an eccentric character, a millwright by trade. He was nearly as wise as Solomon, with courage to match. A "bad man" came to the town. He hung about the saloon. It was said he drew a knife, and threatened to kill a citizen. The majesty of the law was invoked. It was night. The offender took refuge in the saloon, and barricaded the door. The Mayor called out the "posse comitatus," numbering two or three dozen young fellows, like myself. He pounded on the door, demanding admittance, in the name of the law. No response. We got a piece of timber and battered down the door. The Mayor collared the "bad man," who offered no resistance. He was hurried toward the "Coffman House," where the Mayor proposed to deal out justice. As we neared the Hotel, he broke loose from the Mayor, and made for the river, we in full cry, in pursuit. He plunged in just below the mill. We paused at the brink. He gradually disappeared, and was never seen afterwards. It was the first and last exhibition of the Mayor's power.

In 1850 Miss Mary S. Legare, sister of the Hon. Hugh S. Legare of South Carolina, came to Cedar Rapids. She was a woman of the highest culture, who had moved much in the official circles of Washington, and had considerable wealth. With her came numerous relatives; among them two named

Bryan, and McIntosh, the latter a well-known lawyer, of the early days. She made investments in the town, and took up large tracts of land. In the spring of that year, we had a very spirited Village election. The people were divided into two factions, the "codfish" and the "catfish." For Mayor, the former, nominated N. B. Brown, the latter, Jacob Bressier. I cannot recall the issue, and only remember that we almost came to blows during the canvass. Less than one hundred votes were cast, and Brown was elected. He was one of the original owners of the town-site, and built the first mills. He was one of the prominent characters in the early history of the town, a modest, quiet, and genial man, with many friends.

EARLY REAL-ESTATE DEALS.

This year, on the 6th of July, I did one of the few wise acts of my life. I married Sarah Weare, the daughter of John Weare, Sr. We went to house-keeping in a small one-story house near where the old Passenger depot stood. It was then the only house east of the present railroad. The next year, 1851, was a very active one for the town. Judge Greene, who had lived in Dubuque moved to the town. The same year came S. C. Beaver, who had driven in a two-horse buggy, from Holmes county, Ohio, to Cedar Rapids. By this time I considered myself an old citizen, thoroughly identified with the country, and town, and devoted all my leisure time to meeting strangers, and exploiting the town and country. I met Mr. Beaver soon after his arrival, and spent several days with him, riding about the country. He made large investments, both in country and town. One was about 160 acres one mile from the ferry, at \$5.00 per acre, I made the sale for Mr. Addison Daniels of Marion, who was so pleased with my effort that he presented me with a four-bladed pen-knife.

In the fall of 1851 my father, Gabriel Carpenter, with whom I had been in active correspondence ever since I left home, came west, to make a personal inspection of the country. In a previous chapter I have mentioned that through endorsement for a personal friend, he had become greatly embarrassed financially. In order to relieve himself it became necessary for him to sell his real estate in Ohio. Being then fifty years of age, he was reluctant to quit the place where he had spent his whole life, but there was no other alternative. Before his arrival I had

selected the land, that I thought would suit him. It was a tract of 312 acres, adjoining the town on the south, owned by Levi Lewis, one of the first settlers in the County, who had became dissatisfied with the climate, and was then absent in Texas, searching for a new location. My father looked it over, and found many objections, but my enthusiasm in relation to the growth of the town, finally decided him, and he contracted with Mr. Lewis' agent for the purchase at \$2,500. He also entered 360 acres just south of Prairie Creek, about four miles from town. His only brother, my uncle, "Hama" Carpenter, who owned farms adjoining him in Ohio, and was his junior by seven years, had a very large family. When my father decided to move, he convinced his brother, that taking into consideration his numerous children, it would be wise for him to do likewise. After making his own purchases, he looked about and selected an improved farm of 400 acres, four miles north of Cedar Rapids, as a suitable home for his brother. The farm was owned by John Hunter, with whom he arranged a conditional purchase at \$8.00 per acre.

By this time Judge Greene had completed his three-story building, into which the Greene Bros. placed a large stock of goods. The most of their stock was brought up the river, in a keel-boat, of forty or fifty tons capacity. It was rigged with a large square sail, but the principal power was men with poles, who pushed it against the current. They had loaded it with pork and sent it down the river in the spring.

The third story of the building was fitted up for the Masonic lodge.

This was the year in which the lodge was organized. Wm. D. McCord, of Burlington, Grand Master, and several other grand officers came for that purpose. Grand Secretary Parvin, of Muscatine, I think, was there also, but if not, he came soon afterwards. Both Judge Greene, and Judge Cook, were charter members, and through them I made my application for membership. With me it was a very memorable occasion, and left a life-long impression. The Grand Master was a tall, slender, handsome man, and presided with great dignity, and as Senior Warden; the Rev. Mr. Keeler, performed the ritual service in a most solemn style. Several members of the Marion lodge were present.

To make the most of the visit, I was put through three degrees, on the same night, and was in a manner, overwhelmed with awe and knowledge. Several members were added during the year, and in the course of time the lodge became very flourishing. I was very diligent in studying the ritual, and with the Rev. Mr. Keeler, and Judge Cook, used to go through the whole work until we became regular experts. I was soon appointed Junior Warden, and afterwards was elected Master.

In 1851 occurred the great flood. Most of the lower parts of the town were under water. The Grand Lodge met that year at Ft. Madison, and at the time the river was at its highest point. We were cut off from all the neighboring country by the swollen streams, but the lodge thought it must be represented, and I was chosen as the delegate. N. B. Brown suggested that I should go down the river in a skiff, to a point opposite Muscatine, then by land to that place, which is only ten or twelve miles distant, then by the Steamer to Ft. Madison. The lodge furnished the skiff. I embarked in the morning with a companion, and so swift was the current, that we reached our destination by nightfall, and I was on time for the meeting. At the meeting, I renewed my acquaintance with the Grand Master, and the Grand Secretary, and met many brethren, who became life-long friends.

In the spring of 1852 a steamboat came to Cedar Rapids. It was a great event, and brought in people from near and far. She brought a full cargo of freight, among which was the household effects of Mr. Beaver, and my father, both of whom, from that time forward, became prominent citizens of the town. This year also came Mr. Daniel O. Finch with a printing press, and forthwith started the "Progressive Era," the first paper in the Cedar valley. Ezra Van Metre, a talented young lawyer, from Cincinnati, Ohio, also came that year. Every one was rejoiced that we now had an "organ," and the Editor was overwhelmed with original matter. There were at least a dozen young fellows in the town, myself among the rest, who thought they knew it all, and anxiously rushed into print. The paper changed hands in a year or two, became the "Cedar Valley Times" and was continued until a few years ago.

SURGERY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

In the winter of 1852 I had a serious time in a professional way. A young man living at Quasqueton, Buchanan County, was riding across the prairie near that place and met a bear. The bear fled and he pursued. In crossing a strip of ice his horse fell. He was thrown, and his foot sticking in the stirrup, was dragged four miles over the snow, which was about six inches deep. In the mad flight the horse kicked, and broke the rider's right leg below the knee, in two places. Finally the saddle turned, his foot was released, and he was dropped on the lone prairie. This was on the evening of the 17th of December. A search was organized, but he was not found until the 21st, four days after the accident. Fortunately the weather was not as cold as it sometimes gets, but his hands and feet were badly frozen. Cedar Rapids, about thirty-five miles distant, was the nearest point where a surgeon could be found. I was sent for, and went by the way of Marion, and took with me Dr. Thomas Bardwell, then a student in Dr. Ristine's office. There was a road to Center Point. From there we struck across the prairie to Quasqueton, eighteen miles distant, without a house on the way. We reached there nearly frozen, the evening of the 23d, for the weather was bitterly cold. They had got the young man thawed out, but in a most miserable condition. Mortification had set in, and there was no chance for the broken leg, save immediate amputation. I had no instruments except a small pocket case, and delay would be fatal. Necessity is the mother of invention. A butcher had just come to the place, and had his tools. He sharpened his knives, and filed his saw. A strong handkerchief was twisted, a knot made in the middle, which was placed over the main artery. It was tied tightly, and a strong stick thrust under it, and twisted till the circulation was shut off. Then with the butcher's tool, I amputated the thigh, four inches above the knee. Dr. Bardwell administered chloroform, which fortunately we had taken with us, and he encouraged me by word and deed. The young fellow, who was twenty-one years of age, had never been sick a day in his life, rallied well, and improved for about a week, but the other leg, which we hoped to save, began to mortify, and nothing was left to be done but to amputate it. In the meantime we heard of another doctor, about thirty miles away, in the direction of Dubuque, who had a case of instruments. I

sent to borrow them. He refused to lend them, but came back with the messenger, and insisted as he owned the instruments, he should perform the operation. That was not professional, but as I thought the patient had not more than one chance in ten to recover, I was not unwilling to divide the responsibility; so he amputated the other leg below the knee. During that winter, I made eight trips between Cedar Rapids, and Quasqueton, on horseback attending the case, and the fellow recovered. He was the son of a well-to-do farmer in Harrison County, Ohio. His father came out in the spring, stole the son away, without paying the doctors, or the man in whose house he had been during his protracted confinement and recovery. To carry ingratititude still further, he procured a Methodist preacher to write the life of the son, in which I was denominated "an ignorant butcher." This book he peddled about Ohio in person. I confess, that when I heard he had been sent to the penitentiary, for committing an aggravated crime, I was not very sorry. This experience rather disgusted me with practice, in a new country. I was, however, in a way compensated, for I sent a history of the case to the New York Tribune, and its publication gave me quite a reputation, as a fearless surgeon, and thereafter I was called, when surgery was required. As I have said before, I was in the habit of showing strangers about the country, who wanted to buy land. In that way I became familiar with choice lots of vacant land, "Greene and Weare," dealt in land warrants, which they sold on credit, at three per cent per month interest. I knew of a section of land in the Iowa river bottoms, which I thought I would be able to sell. I borrowed the land warrants, entered the section, and in less than two months sold it for \$3 per acre, cash. That settled the matter. By one transaction I had made more money than I had done in any year's practice. I sold my medical supplies to Dr. Koontz, and thenceforth until the war, discontinued altogether the practice of medicine.

BOUGHT A STEAMBOAT.

About 1853-4 we began to lose confidence in the "Ram's Horn" railroad project, and public opinion seemed to favor east and west, rather than north and south, lines. Roads from Chicago were approaching the Mississippi river, and a line from Rock Island to Council Bluffs, was projected. The people in the tier of counties north of the projected line became stirred

up, and a railroad Convention was called to meet in Maquoketa, Jackson County, to organize a company, to build a line in their interest. Cedar Rapids sent a delegation as follows: George Greene, N. B. Brown, Daniel Lothian, I. N. Whittam, Donald McIntosh, Ezra Van Metre and myself. Marion also sent a large delegation, and the counties along the line were well represented. A company was organized to build a line from Savanna, on the Mississippi river, to a point on the Missouri river not named. A corps of surveyors was put in the field, and for two or three years, it was the favorite project of Cedar Rapids. The settlements both in town and country were increasing rapidly, and we suffered greatly for lack of transportation. Judge Greene, with his usual energy and public spirit, organized a Steamboat Company, in which the prominent citizens became stockholders. This was in the winter. The judge went to Pittsburg, contracted for a boat suitable for our river, which by spring was completed, and at the opening of navigation made her first trip, well freighted with all kinds of goods for our own merchants, and those of the surrounding towns. She was kept in commission for two or three years, and was a great benefit to the community. The company employed a captain, and various stockholders were at times supercargo. While H. G. Angle was acting in that capacity, the boat collided with, and sunk another boat on the Mississippi, which led to a lawsuit, in which our company had to pay large damages, that swept away all our profits. She made her last trip under my charge, and, under direction of the company, I sold her to parties in St. Louis. By this time a great rivalry had grown up between our town and Marion. Cedar Rapids claimed that she was to be the commercial metropolis, and therefore ought to be the political center. The question was brought to an issue by the county commissioners ordering a new Court-House at Marion, subject to the approval of the voters of the county. Cedar Rapids opposed the measure, believing that the building would insure the permanent location of the county seat. Then ensued a most bitter canvass. The voters were deluged with oratory. Marion put upon the stump Judge Isbell, I. M. Preston, Colonel William Smythe, N. M. Hubbard, W. G. Thompson and R. D. Stephens; against whom Cedar Rapids was represented, by Ezra Van Metre, Donald McIntosh, A. S. Belt, E. N. Bates, I. N. Whittam and others. Every school district was canvassed, and much bitter feeling

engendered. The Marion people were more adroit politicians and carried the election, but the result did not discourage us citizens, who asserted that no election could affect "manifest destiny."

About 1852 Major J. M. May came to Cedar Rapids from Janesville, Wisconsin. The major was a stirring man, with a head full of schemes. He said that Cedar Rapids was a place of immense possibilities, and only needed enterprise to make it the great town of Iowa. He bought land at the lower part of town, adjoining that owned by my father, and on the west side adjoining the river, and below that owned by David King. He platted town lots, on both sides of the river, and induced my father and King, to do the same, which were the first additions made to the original town. He also surveyed the Island, sent a plat to the general government, and took possession of it, much to the chagrin, and surprise of the old settlers. Then he began to agitate the question of a free bridge. The people wanted a free bridge, but were undecided as to the location. The Major induced my father to subscribe \$1,500, and he gave \$1,000, which, with sums contributed by others in the lower end of town, secured the location below the island, at the narrowest place in the river. The bridge was completed and thrown open to the public in the late fall of 1856, and proved a great convenience. The construction was defective, and when the ice broke up in the spring, the heavy cakes knocked down two of the piers, and destroyed a greater part of the bridge. All the people were collected on the bank of the river, watching the event, and two young women who were crossing, went down with the structure and were drowned. This was the first bridge built at Cedar Rapids. The next was a bridge of boats, connected at the foot of Iowa avenue, which I believe was also swept away by ice.

About this time the Rev. Williston Jones, who officiated in the "Muddy," and was a very good, as well as energetic man, went East on some mission effort. While there he met a gentleman named Coe, who made a donation of land adjoining the Town plat for educational purposes, providing the people would also contribute. A meeting was called, the terms complied with, and thus "Coe College" was founded. I felt quite honored when, with others, I was named as a trustee. Not long

after this time the Rev. —— Starr became Rector of the Episcopal Church, and under the lead of Judge Greene, and Mr. Beaver they began the erection of the first Episcopal Church. About the same time the Methodists built a brick church.

In the winter of 1856-7 we were surprised and flattered, by receiving a communication from a party of railroad men connected with the Northwestern Railroad, then completed to Fulton, Illinois, asking us to join them and organize a railroad company from Clinton, on the west side of the Mississippi river, to our town. This was a new proposition, and we had never heard of Clinton, which, in point of fact, was only a cornfield staked out into town lots; besides, we were committed to the line that was to run west from Savanna. We consulted with the Marion people, but they would have nothing to do with it, arguing that we had already applied for the land-grant for the Savanna route. After serious deliberation, and with considerable misgivings, we decided to send a delegation to spy out the land, and be governed by circumstances. John Weare and H. G. Angle were chosen as our representatives. It took three days to drive to Lyons, which was the nearest town to Clinton, the proposed starting point. That was the first time any of our citizens had come in contact with real capitalists, men who built railroads. There they met a party of men from Boston, from Maine, from New York and Chicago, among whom was Charles Walker, of Chicago, the President of the North-western Railroad. Our deputations were swept from their old moorings, and immediately joined hands with these men and formed a company, the "Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska," to build west from Clinton, by the way of Cedar Rapids, to the Missouri river. Cedar Rapids was given first directors, as follows. George Greene, John Weare, H. G. Angle, S. C. Beaver, and S. D. Carpenter, which positions we held until the road was built to Cedar Rapids. This new departure on the part of Cedar Rapids intensified the feeling of rivalry between her and Marion. A direct line between Clinton and Cedar Rapids, would leave Marion off the route; besides, the natural obstacles were less from Mt. Vernon to the river, and thence to Cedar Rapids. The Marionites denounced us as traitors to the original scheme, with a malignant intent to leave them out in the cold. We denied the "allegation and defied the alligators."



GABRIEL CARPENTER,

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Born 1801, Lancaster Co., Pa. Died 1881.

FINANCING A RAILROAD.

We said there was nothing behind the old project, but that ours was a live scheme, with experienced men, with bags of money to put it through. Our representatives had pledged \$200,000 from Cedar Rapids, which we proceeded to raise—\$100,000 by private subscription, and \$100,000 by city bonds. Greene & Weare, then bankers, subscribed \$10,000; George Greene, \$5,000; John Weare, \$5,000; N. B. Brown, \$5,000; S. C. Beaver, \$5,000; Gabriel Carpenter, \$5,000; and numerous smaller sums to make up the amount. Then a city election was held, and the \$100,000 voted by an overwhelming majority. Surveys of the route were begun at once, from Mount Vernon and Cedar Rapids, two lines, one by the way of Marion, and the other by the river. It was ascertained that the latter route would be shorter, and cheaper by \$100,000, than the former, but the company proposed to adopt the Marion route if she would subscribe \$100,000. This she declined to do, and the river line was chosen. Work progressed slowly, and the first year found the rails no further west than De Witt, Clinton county. Nothing had been done on the Savanna line.

Meantime the Legislature for 1857-8 assembled, and we were astounded to learn that they had passed a bill, giving a land-grant to that company. I do not remember why we had not looked after our interests, but only know that we were taken by surprise. We thought our enterprise in great jeopardy, and resolved to compromise, if possible, with Marion. I think that Judge Isbell was then President of the Savanna company. Major May, who had favored the Marion line, for what reason I now forget, and myself, on account of a warm personal friendship with Judge Isbell, were chosen ambassadors. We met the Judge, and the Marion directors of the rival line. They were courteous, but obdurate. They said we had deserted them, and run after strange gods, and now that the tables were turned, they proposed to build the road straight West, crossing the river eight miles north of Cedar Rapids. Instead of their building a branch to Cedar Rapids we, if we chose, might build the branch from Cedar Rapids, and thus we left them, sad and discouraged. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and thus it turned out with the Savanna route. The company was composed entirely of Iowa men, directors from

the various county seats and towns along the line. Very soon after obtaining the grant, they got together and voted each other \$25,000 for services rendered in obtaining the land grant. As there were about twenty of them, the scheme was loaded by about \$500,000. Then they tried, without avail, to exploit the enterprise among Eastern capitalists. The hard times of 1857-8 were upon us, and money was scarce both East and West.

In the meantime our road was slowly creeping on, and was within thirty miles of Cedar Rapids. The grading contract was let to John S. Wolf, an experienced railroad builder from the East. Most of the money to pay him had to be raised among ourselves, and pay-day was a most serious time. I remember upon one occasion the cash entirely failed, but the merchants of the town agreed to honor orders for goods, Mr. Beaver among the others. Among other goods, he had two or three cases of bell-crowned silk hats, of a very ancient style. On pay-day our citizens were greatly amused to see the streets crowded with Irishmen, all wearing bell-crowned hats, and, as "fire-water" was plenty, before night a great many of the hats were caved in. Our Marion friends, hearing of it, said our company was "busted," our only assets consisting of bell-crowned hats. But we persevered, and bided our time. We called a mass-meeting in the city, preparatory to forming a new company to build the road west from Cedar Rapids to the Missouri river, and appointed a Committee to issue a prospectus to all counties west of us, on the proposed line, to meet in delegate Convention at Cedar Rapids. I had the honor of being the Chairman of that Committee, and as such prepared the paper. If you will examine the files of newspapers of that day, you will find a "spread eagle" document, that I supposed would move the souls of our frontier friends. They responded nobly, came on the time designated, and we organized the "Cedar Rapids & Missouri Railroad Company," at least I believe that was the name. L. B. Crocker, of New York, was made President, with several Eastern and Western directors, myself among the number. Then as the company, to whom the Legislature had given the grant of land, had not turned a spade-full of earth, we organized a "lobby," embracing all our directors on the line west of us, L. B. Crocker, the President; Major Bodfish, a Maine man, and several of our Cedar Rapids directors, myself among the others.

When the Legislature assembled in 1859-60 we invaded the Capital, and established our headquarters in an old Hotel near the river. Major Bodfish was the commissary of the body. We had no money to expend, but determined to be hospitable. The Major laid in a barrel of old rye whiskey—as it was before the war whiskey was cheap—also several boxes of cigars. One of our strongest henchmen was J. M. Woodbury, a leading man from Marshalltown, and with him Peter Hepburn, now an honored member of Congress, then a mere stripling, but showing evident signs of what was in him. Jno. A. Kasson was then a young lawyer in Des Moines, and we secured him as our attorney. Our opponents were not asleep, but were on hand from Marion east to the Mississippi, with Platt Smith, a distinguished member of the bar at Dubuque, as their lawyer. Then the fight began, in and out of the State House. Speeches were made by our adherents in both branches, and we buttonholed and dragged to our headquarters all thirsty souls, as well as those who indulged in the milder stimulants. Our strong argument was, that our opponents had done nothing, after having the grant for two years, while we had about completed eighty miles of road without help; that we only asked for the grant to apply to the line west of Cedar Rapids, while they would use it for the line west from the Mississippi, that we would be able to accommodate the people with a finished road, at least two years before they could. The lawmakers were not in a hurry, but towards the last of the session they passed our bill, and you may be sure there was great rejoicing in Cedar Rapids. On our return the citizens gave us a grand banquet in Greene's Hotel, and we felt that we had won at last, a substantial victory for our city, as in fact it was, for thenceforward Marion could no longer be our rival. The cars came to Cedar Rapids in the summer of 1859, just ten years after we had held our first railroad meeting, and we felt at last, that hope had ended in fruition. An immense concourse greeted their arrival from all parts of the surrounding country. General D. N. Sprague, then Mayor, welcomed the guests, and the citizens threw open hospitable doors to all comers. From that time forward, Cedar Rapids assumed metropolitan airs, as the leading town of the Cedar Valley.

SOME EARLY POLITICS.

When I came to Iowa in 1849 it was a Democratic state. All the Federal officers were Democrats, also the State officials, and a great majority of the county officers. Back in Pennsylvania in the eighteenth century, all my ancestors had been Federalists. When my branch of the family moved to Ohio, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, owing to the great unpopularity of General St. Clair, then Governor of the Northwest Territory, they became Jeffersonian Democrats. From 1836 to 1844 the tariff and internal improvements, became live questions, and the most of the people, my father among others, left the Democratic party, and became ardent Whigs. So that by descent, I belonged to that party. From the first, on my arrival at Cedar Rapids, I became an active partisan. General T. J. McKean, of Marion, was the acknowledged leader, but the following was small. At the State Convention in 1851, held in Iowa City, I was the sole representative from Linn County, and there were not more than fifty delegates from the whole State. State Officers were nominated, and also a candidate for Congress. Colonel Henderson, of Cedar Rapids, the father of J. W. Henderson, was named for Congress, and without much opposition, I secured the nomination for Secretary of State, for my friend, Isaac Cook, who up to that time, was entirely unknown. I well remember with what surprise he received the news. Although there was no chance for his election, it was the beginning with him, for a long and useful career in many offices of trust, alike honorable to him and his constituents. As time rolled on and our population increased, with a preponderance of immigrants from the North and especially from the New England States. With the bearing of the Whig party towards slavery, its leaders became more hopeful, and by the year 1853 or 1854, the Whigs carried the county, electing both members of the Legislature, and the County officers. John P. Conkey was the first member of the Legislature living in Cedar Rapids, and at the same election Isaac Cook was chosen for a county office—I do not remember what. From that time forward, Linn County was lost to the Democratic party. Then the “free-soil” question became the leading topic, and the opposition to slavery extension became more and more pronounced. Upon the passage of the “Kansas-Nebraska bill,” there was open

rebellion in the Democratic party, many joining in the crusade against slavery. About that time Charles Weare, Isaac Whitteman and many others cut loose from their old political connections and became ardent "Free Soilers."

In the winter of 1855 a Convention was held in Iowa City, of those opposed to the further extension of slavery. It was in marked contrast to the Convention I had attended in 1851. Instead of about fifty members which composed the former, there were now several hundred men, full of enthusiasm and hope. Linn County was largely represented. At that Convention the "Republican" party of Iowa was formed, and I had the honor of being appointed a delegate to the first National Convention, which subsequently nominated John C. Fremont for President. From that time forward Iowa became a reliable Republican State.

THE FIRST BANKING HOUSE.

From 1852, at which time I had abandoned the practice of medicine, I had been actively engaged in the real-estate business. I bought and sold a great deal of land, not only in Linn County, but in various other parts of the State. I made long journeys over the wide prairies, then unsettled, and visited Waterloo, Fort Dodge, and other places, when they were mere town-sites, instead of flourishing cities, as they are to-day. About 1855, in connection with Mr. Lehman, of Wooster, Ohio, and E. C. Kreider, of Lancaster, Ohio, I opened a Banking-house. It did not take much money to start a Bank those days, and there were several others. The principal business of all of them, was dealing in land warrants, and making loans. If they loaned any money it was at the rate of 3 per cent per month. They all flourished until 1857, when they were nipped by the hard times, and mostly went out of business. Our concern was loaded down with land, and had but little money. Fortunately we had but few depositors, whom we managed to pay off, and then we divided the land and quit the business. E. C. Kreider returned to his former home in Ohio. He later located in Jacksonville, Illinois, and died there in 1905. For my share I took 1,600 acres of land near where the town of Norway now is, and which I presume is now worth \$100 per acre. I spent a year on the land, made improvements

and raised a crop. Then in 1859, I again went into the banking business, with John Weare, and Henry B. Stibbs, under the firm name of "Carpenter, Stibbs & Co." I remained in the firm until 1861. This was a most exciting period in the history of Cedar Rapids. Politics was the absorbing theme. Most men talked of nothing else, and when the Republican Convention which nominated Lincoln, was held in Chicago, every man belonging to the party living in Cedar Rapids, who could raise the money, attended. Two or three cars were loaded with enthusiastic men, and by the time they returned home they were hoarse from shouting. From that time until the election, the streets were nightly filled by "Wide-Awakes" with their torches.

I omitted a circumstance that might almost be historical. Cedar Rapids being the terminus of the railroad, all those living west of this City who were going to the Convention came there to take the cars, among them Hon. John A. Kasson, who was a delegate. He was my guest for a day, at my house, then standing on the lot later occupied by the residence of William B. Mack. While there he drafted a set of Resolutions which were almost wholly adopted by the Convention, the authorship of which was the beginning of his national reputation. During the campaign our town was honored by the presence of the Hon S. A. Douglass, who made a speech, which was heard by thousands. He made a favorable impression, but the crowd would not have "Squatter sovereignty." After the election, the fever beat continued. All were waiting to see what would happen.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

At length Lincoln was inaugurated, and soon Fort Sumter was fired upon. It was a memorable day, when the news reached Cedar Rapids; business stopped, everybody rushed into the streets; as the news spread, people flocked in from the country; on every side knots of excited people were shouting and gesticulating. At night, a meeting was held in Carpenter's Hall, which was in a three-story brick block, that my father had built on Commercial street. The hall was jammed, and great crowds were on the outside. Republican and Democratic speakers alike, voiced the anger and indignation of the people. It was unanimously resolved to raise at once, a military company and offer it to the government. A volunteer list was started, and my father, then over 60 years of age, announced that he had two sons, and

if they did not volunteer, he would do so himself. My younger brother, E. B. Carpenter, at once signed the roll. A committee of which I was a member, was appointed to notify the Governor. The next day it was found that about double the number, that could be accepted, had signed the roll. All the married men were eliminated, except T. Z. Cook, who was elected Captain, and the rest were selected, who seemed most fit. We received a response from Gov. Kirkwood, saying our company would be accepted, appointing me as his aid, to equip the company, and transport it to Keokuk, where the Iowa regiment was to rendezvous. He said he had no money, but did not doubt but that patriotic citizens, would loan the necessary funds to the State temporarily. It was presumed that the war would last at most, not over three months, and that the soldiers would need but little clothing. I bought all the suitable cloth I could find in the town, and all the tailors, and the women went to work, and in two or three days, made each man two heavy flannel shirts, and two pairs of pants, I purchased hats, socks, and shoes. They had neither coats, nor overcoats; as it was warm weather we thought they would not be needed. The men slept in Carpenter's Hall, and boarded at the various Hotels. In the course of four or five days, they were organized by the election of Officers, and I took them to Clinton by rail, and thence to Keokuk by steamer.

The regiment was organized by the election of officers, Colonel Bates of Dubuque, Lieutenant-Colonel Merritt of Cedar Rapids and Major Porter of Mount Pleasant. Then I returned home. The expense until the time they had reached Keokuk, was about \$3,000, all of which was advanced by "Carpenter, Stibbs & Co." and was not repaid until about a year afterwards. The war was not over in three months, but in the meantime the battle of "Bull-Run," and various others had been fought, and our own company had returned home from the battle of "Wilson's Creek," minus quite a number, who were killed in battle, or died from disease. We then began to realize that we were just at the beginning of a terrific and doubtful contest.

The President was calling for hundreds of thousands of additional troops, and Iowa was doing all in her power, to fill her

quota. For the first six months, enlistments were made pretty freely, but towards winter, they began to lag. Going to war was no longer regarded as a "picnic," but as a venture fraught with hardships, and dangers. It became difficult to fill up companies, and the people saw that extraordinary effort would have to be made. A war-meeting was called in Cedar Rapids, at which a Permanent Committee was appointed, to collect subscriptions, and in every way, to encourage enlistments, and the formation of companies for the service. I was selected as Chairman of the Committee, and served as such, until I entered the service in June, 1862. The committee, I believe continued to act until the end of the war. Our citizens subscribed money freely, and several thousand dollars were expended by the committee, in the way of bounties, and for other purposes. The Carpenter family did their part, both in money and men. My uncle, "Hama" Carpenter, had seven sons, four of whom were over seventeen years of age. By the beginning of 1862, James Ezekiel, David, and Paul, were all in the service; the others were too young. My younger brother had enlisted in the first company organized, and upon its return, at the close of the term of enlistment, had again promptly entered the service, so that I was the only Carpenter left, eligible for military duty. As the war progressed, and not very favorable for the Northern cause, I became more and more uneasy, and wanted to enter the service. But I had four children, and was deeply immersed in business, and my wife was very unwilling that I should leave her, with a house full of small children. At length, in the winter of 1861-62, there was a call for surgeons. I persuaded my wife that the medical department of the army involved very little danger; that the war would soon be over, and that as pronounced an anti-slavery man as I, ought from very shame, to offer his services. She finally, with reluctance consented, and early in 1862 I went to Washington, and offered my services. After going before a Board of Examiners, and spending some time as a Volunteer, I was finally mustered into the service, where I remained until July 31, 1865. From the time of entering the

army my intimate connection with Cedar Rapids ceased. The war in fact cut my active life in halves, and this ends the first period.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

In a former chapter, I have spoken of the organization of the first Company of soldiers, raised in Cedar Rapids, directly after the fall of Fort Sumter. I was appointed by Governor Kirkwood to take charge of it, from its formation until it was mustered into the service at Keokuk, Iowa, about the last of April, 1861. At that time, almost every one thought that the war would last but a few months, as none but three months troops were called for. I fully shared the general opinion, and in fact believed that such a tremendous show of strength as 75,000 men would at once over-awe our misguided brethren. I was one of the "On to Richmond" fellows, who firmly believed that the whole thing could be nipped in the bud. I shall never forget the terrific shock caused by the result of the first battle of "Bull Run." The first telegram proclaimed a victory; instantly, all our flags were flung to the breeze, and the streets were filled by shouting and jubilant people, many of whom said, "I told you so." Then came the real facts, and with them the terrible revulsion. We hauled down our flags, but immediately called a town-meeting, where in stirring resolutions, we admonished the government to fight to the bitter end, and pledged our lives and fortunes, to sustain the righteous cause. In order to carry out our belligerent ideas, a permanent committee of thirteen was chosen, by the meeting to collect money, and in every way to promote enlistments. I was selected as the Chairman of the Committee, which had frequent meetings, and by its efforts large sums of money were raised, and during the year, several companies for the service, mostly from Linn County. From the progress made by the Union forces for the first year, I became convinced that we had a long, and arduous contest before us, and that it was the duty of every man who could do so, to aid in the struggle. Just at that time there was a call for surgeons, and I opened a correspondence with Dr. John H. Rauch, of Chicago, who was serving as Medical Director, in the Army of the Potomac. Dr. Rauch and myself had graduated in the same class, from the

University of Pennsylvania, in 1849. He went to Burlington, Iowa, until 1858, but since then he had been practicing in Chicago. At the breaking out of the war, he was Professor in a Medical College in that city. In accordance with his advice, I left Cedar Rapids in June, 1862, and went to Washington, D. C.

I found Dr. Rauch at his quarters with General McDowell's troop, south of the Potomac, not far from Washington. I had quit the practice of medicine in 1853, and had not since then looked into a medical book, and did not therefore feel competent to assume the duties of a surgeon, without some previous preparation. There were two methods by which a Surgeon might enter the service. He could undergo a not very rigid examination, and the government would employ him under contract to serve in hospital, or he could pass a most thorough examination conducted by a board of regular army surgeons, in which case he would be commissioned as an Assistant Surgeon of U. S. Volunteers, and as such, would rank with those in the regular army, with the same chance of promotion. The latter course seemed preferable, and through Senator Grimes, of Iowa, an old friend, I procured a permit to appear before the Board, then sitting in Washington for that purpose. I found several other doctors in the city for the same purpose, among the rest Dr. R. R. Taylor of Cedar Rapids, who had been my partner before I quit practice. Both he and myself, had some doubts, as to how we could stand the ordeal of a searching examination, and upon consulting a very clever friend, who had gone through the mill,—hearing from him what was expected of candidates, we were panic stricken, and felt sure, that without considerable preparation, we should be rejected. We therefore temporarily withdrew our applications, and went to Philadelphia, where we put ourselves under the instruction of three teachers of medicine, in our old University, and for six weeks, assiduously reviewed our former studies, and acquiring as much new knowledge as was possible; then returned to Washington to face the examination.

After forty years, I revert to that ordeal with a kind of nightmare terror. Several of us were taken into a large room, each seated at a separate table, with pen, ink, and paper, a series of questions, was submitted to be answered, in writing. Two soldiers were constantly on guard; we were not allowed to speak to each other, nor to leave the room, unless accompanied by the

guard, nor were books of any kind allowed us. Each session lasted five hours, at the expiration of which our papers were collected and numbered. Four sessions of that kind were held. On the fifth day, we were taken one at a time, by a member of the Board, and orally riddled with questions. On the sixth day we were taken to a dissecting room, and called upon to perform all sorts of operations on the "Cadaver." Never during my whole life, before or since, has my courage been put to so severe a test, and when it was ended I left the place, feeling that I had miserably failed. But the next day I was most agreeably surprised, by receiving a notice that I had creditably passed. I have since then always thought, that in making up its report, the examiners must have taken into account what a fellow didn't know, as well as what he did know. I was then given the position of acting Asst. Surgeon U. S. Volunteers, until such time as my commission should be issued. My first assignment was to a ward in one of the numerous Hospitals in the City. These were rude structures, built of pine plank, and white-washed. The sick soldiers occupied cots, each nurse attended ten patients, and each surgeon a hundred. The sick were made fairly comfortable, but the hygiene, and proper appliances of these days, were woefully absent. I became interested in the work, and after making my rounds and reports, found some time to see the stirring and interesting sights, in and around Washington.

In my previous life, I had never seen more than a regiment of soldiers together, in a street parade in Chicago, or St. Louis, but across the Potomac, there seemed to be myriads, and a regular city of tents. I was quite taken with camp life, as seen about the fortifications of Washington, and a grand review struck me with admiration and awe; it was the pomp, without the circumstance of war. Almost daily, one could see Pennsylvania Avenue gay with troops and banners, marching to the inspiring tune of "John Brown" sung by the whole column. At such times I was full of patriotism, and with the manifest evidence of physical force before my eyes, thought that short work would be made of the Rebellion. Before leaving home, I had been one of the grumblers, who had least confidence in McClellan, and was a great admirer of Grant, having many heated discussions with those who differed with me. There has always been a good deal of Puritanism in Cedar Rapids, and those inclined

that way, said McClellan was not only a great soldier, but also a Christian gentleman; whereas Grant was uncertain in religion, and beyond doubt not only a smoker, but a notorious drinker, and that to a certainty, he was drunk at the battle of Shiloh. My strong point was, that wars were started to fight; could only be decided by killing men, and that a drinking man, who was always ready to fight, was infinitely superior to a praying man, who was everlastingly getting ready, but never did fight. McClellan was now on his Peninsular Campaign, and from all accounts, would be in Richmond in a few weeks; Pope, just from the West, was organizing his army near Washington, which would clean up what McClellan left behind, and the wicked rebels would soon be swept into the Gulf, to meet the equally deserved fate of Pharaoh, and his hosts. Such was the feeling about Washington in July and August, 1862. A few weeks time served to dispel all our roseate dreams. McClellan, instead of being in Richmond, was himself besieged with a partially demoralized army, on the "James," and calling frantically for reinforcements. Then our hopes centered on Pope, who had proclaimed that he knew no lines of retreat, but was only acquainted with the backs of the rebels. Encouraging news came from him daily, and on the 27th of August I greatly rejoiced at being, with a number of others, ordered to report to Medical Director Rauch in the field, near Centreville.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL-RUN.

We left Washington late in the afternoon in ambulances, and arrived before daylight at "Bull-Run," near Centreville. We there found Surgeon Rauch, and with others, I was stationed in a field hospital-tent, in the valley of a little branch, about half a mile south of "Bull-Run." The weather was intensely hot, and the dust intolerable. Having had but little sleep the preceding night, while riding in the ambulance, and having nothing for breakfast but hard tack, bacon, and tin-cup coffee, I began to realize that there was considerable difference between service in the camp near Washington, and a camp actually in the field. There were no flags flying, nor was there any inspiring music. However, after arranging our effects in the tent, as no firing was heard since our arrival, we proceeded to the front, some distance up the ravine, where we understood the line of battle was

formed. When we arrived there, which we did with some difficulty, through the underbrush, we found a long line of men, some lying, and some standing, at right angles to a country road. They were smoking, talking and joking, and we could see nothing of any enemy. If this was war, it seemed very tame. We lit our cigars and entered into a discussion, as to the chances of a battle, when all of a sudden, we heard a roar such as I had never heard before; and the fearful shriek of the shells and crash of the falling limbs, soon effected the demoralization of the medical contingent. We instantly sprang to our feet, as did all the troops, and we, the Surgeons, stood not upon the order of our going, but made much better time in getting to our tent, than we had in reaching the front. The cannon with their awful and continuous roar, and the continued rattle of the musketry, combined in sublime confusion, rendered the scene one of past description. I had before, at 4th of July celebrations, heard one cannon fired, but this pandemonium discounted all that I had ever imagined, and it is needless to say, I felt very nervous. What was worse, it seemed getting nearer; presently wounded men came limping in. Attention to them distracted our attention somewhat, but the noise of the conflict was manifestly getting closer. Stragglers could be seen running down the ravine, on each side of our tent. Presently hearing most unearthly yells, we rushed out to see what was up; our men were crowding into the ravine on both sides, like a mob, all rushing towards "Bull Run;" they said the enemy were behind us, in overwhelming numbers, and if we did not get across, we should soon be captured. Believing that "discretion is the better part of valor," we joined the wild and on-rushing throng, and made as good time in the retreat as possible. On reaching the stream, in which the water was waist deep, we plunged through, clambered up the opposite bank, and only stopped when we reached a hill, about a quarter of a mile distant. The incessant roar continued, but we were either out of range, or they were firing in a different direction. On the brow of the hill, and upon the adjacent plateau, there were some cleared fields where a mob of two or three thousand soldiers was congregated, with two or three hundred wagons, and ambulances; many of the soldiers had thrown away their guns, and the utmost confusion prevailed. Officers were rushing frantically about, trying to bring



Dr. SEYMOUR D. CARPENTER,

Lieutenant-Colonel,
in the War for the Union,
Medical Director of the
Department of Missouri, 1865.

order out of chaos. Being a non-combatant, I gradually worked my way to the rear. All my effects had been left in the tent, with my hand bag; only a linen duster had supplied its place, and in the retreat I had lost my cap. In crossing the Run, I had got thoroughly soaked, and on the whole, felt and was, in a most dilapidated condition. Presently a great shout went up, and still greater confusion stirred the mob; the cry went up "the enemy's cavalry is coming," then ensued another stampede, the whole mass of men and teams, began crowding, and pushing along a road, over the brow of the hill, leading towards Centreville, about two miles distant. I joined in the throng, keeping well to the side furtherest from the "Run," and in this second race, I was fortunate in picking up a cap, lost by some other fugitive. In about a half mile, the flight was arrested, by a long line of organized troops, who were supporting a battery. The fugitives took refuge behind them in the timber. It was now nearly night, and the rain began to fall in torrents. We spent the night there, and among other reflections, I thought that while service in the hospital might seem rather tame, that it was preferable to active duties in the field, with wet ground for a bed, and a pouring rain as an accompaniment.

At daylight a tremendous cannonade again began, and extended for miles in our front, and to our right. I could see no enemy, nor could any one else, because of the smoke and fog. I had become entirely separated from everyone I knew, and by diligent enquiring could not learn anything about Surgeon Rauch. I was lost and alone, in the big crowd. The Officers began to get some sort of order, out of the confusion, and the fugitive troops began to move towards Centreville, where there were fortifications, and hundreds of huts, which had been occupied by troops the previous year. The rain continued, and in company with others I took shelter in one, and there spent the day and night. Troops were all the time moving back and forth, and the roar of the big guns was continuous. We managed to get some hard-tack and pork, from a supply wagon, and therefore did not suffer from hunger. The next morning, I think it was the 29th of August, I joined a line of three or four hundred ambulances, moving along the road to Washington; they were loaded with wounded, while hundreds of others, slightly hurt, limped along beside them. The roads were almost hub deep in

mud, and the rain still continued. Mired and abandoned wagons, were strewed all along the road, and the destruction of property was terrible. We moved along at a snail's pace and when I tried to work to the front, I found it impossible to do so, for the woods on either side, were crowded with stragglers, all pushing to get to a place of safety, as there were continued reports, that the enemy were upon us. I do not know exactly how far "Fairfax Court House" is from Centreville, probably eight or ten miles; it seemed to me at least a hundred.

Reaching there at dark, we would have gone on, but the enemy was reported in possession of the road, in our front. The column was halted, and we remained in the road until after midnight. Those five or six hours, were the most terribly trying, and unhappy of my life; the air resounded with the groans and shrieks of the dying, and wounded unfortunates, crowded in the ambulances; in the darkness we could scarcely render them any assistance. Had it not been for the rain, we could not even have given them water, as we could get only that which we scooped up from the surrounding mud-puddles. Many grew delirious from their intense suffering. Towards morning, we moved directly at right angles on a road to "Fairfax Station," three or four miles distant, where we arrived just after daylight. Here I spent the day and night, assisting in moving the wounded from the ambulances, to box cars. More than a hundred were found dead in the ambulances. After all were transferred, I took the train, and reached Washington on September 1st. My campaign had lasted six days. To me it seemed six months, and ever since then, I have been able to say, that I was in the second battle of "Bull-Run."

You may judge from what is written, how much of it I saw. My ideas of battles had been gathered from pictures of Napoleon, at the bridge of Lodi, or the battle of Marengo, and of Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. From that time forward, I lost all confidence in pictures representing battle scenes. I saw no Generals, riding upon rearing horses, no waving banners, but only muddy, tired looking men, firing cannon at the distant woods. For the first time since the beginning of the war, I began to lose confidence, and feared we should not be able to put down the Rebellion. I was returned to the Hospital, where I had before been stationed, and for the next two months

was kept so busy, that I had not time to despond over the condition of the country; but if I remember aright, there was a great deal of depression at the Capital during those two months. McClellan had again been placed in command, and had fought the "Battle of Antietam," which, if a victory, was barren of results. I was thoroughly convinced that he was not the man to put down the Rebellion, and that he ought to be superseded. I had also grown tired of the City of Washington. I had lived too long in the West, to be able thoroughly to assimilate myself with Eastern men; so appealing to my friend, Senator Grimes, I begged him to have me transferred to the West.

About the middle of November, 1862, I received the much desired order, directing me to report to the Medical Director at St. Louis, where I arrived about the 25th, and was assigned to duty at "Benton Barracks," near the City. Here I was rejoined by my wife, whom I had left six months before, and among the troops, I met great numbers of old friends from Iowa, who were in the service. I had comfortable quarters in the city, and my hospital duties were not very arduous, so that I again became reconciled to war; and as our armies in the west had been more successful than those of the east, I regained confidence in our ultimate success.

THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE.

Early in December, the battle of "Prairie Grove" was fought, in North-western Arkansas, and a few days afterwards I was ordered to report at Fayetteville, Arkansas. My comfortable quarters had to be abandoned, and again I had to bid farewell to my wife. I traveled on a Government train to Rolla, Mo., where I met Surgeon Ira Russell, my superior officer, and with him made the journey to Fayetteville, 140 miles by ambulance. The last fifty miles were through a mountainous country, and the roads were very bad. I then had my first experience in tent life, and camp cooking; the change from campaigning in St. Louis to Arkansas, was more abrupt than agreeable, but we reached our destination all right on December 21, 1862.

Fayetteville before the war, had been a very flourishing village of 2,000 people, situated on a beautiful plateau in the mountainous region of Northwestern Arkansas. It was overlooked by picturesque mountains, beautiful brooks of clear

water were near, the valleys were fertile, and the air salubrious. It was a seat of learning, and boasted of a College for boys, and a highly successful Female Seminary. But it had already suffered by war, having in the past year been occupied successively by the Union, and Confederate armies. The boy's College, and half of the business part of the town, had been burned, and on all sides stood solitary chimneys, monumental and melancholy reminders of war. The inhabitants consisted of old men, women and children. All the able-bodied men being absent, either in rebel, or Union armies. There were about a half a dozen churches, and the Female Seminary, still standing, all of which were converted into Hospitals, as well as several of the largest private houses. I had succeeded in making a favorable impression upon Surgeon Russell during our journey from St. Louis, and when he assumed charge as Medical Director, he appointed me as his chief executive officer, instead of placing me in one of the Hospitals. The battle of "Prairie Grove," as all know, was one of the bloodiest in the Southwest, and more than a thousand of those wounded in that battle were brought to Fayetteville.

We found a most miserable condition of affairs. General Herron had made a forced march, for several days, to join General Blunt, before the battle, and everything in the shape of supplies, had been left behind. There was a dearth of blankets, under-clothing, and every other article so necessary for the sick. We found all the Churches, the Seminary, and the private houses crowded, the wounded lying on straw, hardly any cooking utensils, and no table service. A horrible stench pervaded all the place, and the death roll was terrible. I was ordered to scour the town, and surrounding country, and to confiscate everything in the way of bedding, plates and knives and forks, that could possibly be spared by any family. However deficient I may have been in medical lore, Surgeon Russell gave me high credit as a predatory agent, and in the course of a week, we were able to very considerably ameliorate the condition of our patients. In about ten days, a wagon train of sanitary goods arrived, which enabled us to make them all as comfortable as possible, in the limited quarters. I secured comfortable lodging in a private house, the home of a rebel doctor, who not only had a large medical library, but a well selected

collection of general literature. For some time the town was the headquarters of the "Army of the Frontier," and there was a grand review, at which there were present Gen. Schofield, Gen. Herron, and other distinguished officers. There I met, after a separation of thirteen years, Colonel Thomas Ewing, who had been my room mate in college. I also made the acquaintance of Major Plumb, of his regiment, and afterwards United States Senator from Kansas, besides meeting a great many of my Iowa friends, who were in the service.

We were all young and vigorous, and notwithstanding the tremendous crisis through which the country was passing, we did not fail to get as much enjoyment out of life, as was possible. Numerous dinner parties were given, and on Christmas, we had not only roast turkey, but venison, quail, and other good things, without stint. But presently the army moved away, leaving a regiment of infantry, and one of cavalry, to guard the post, and we settled down to regular garrison life. Surgeon Russell had assigned to me, the duty of making the medical report, in relation to the wounded from "Prairie Grove," which consumed a good deal of my time, during the winter, and upon its reception at headquarters, I was promoted to the full rank of Surgeon.

There were enough officers left at the post to keep us from getting lonesome, and from the fact that most of the people of the town had to be fed from army supplies, and that a great many of the officers were quartered in private houses, we became well acquainted with the citizens. All the women; they and the children were a majority, were most virulent rebels, and used their tongues with great freedom, still that did not interfere with a good deal of pleasant social intercourse. An epidemic of measles, introduced by our troops, swept through the town, and as all the rebel doctors were gone, I made myself quite popular, by giving gratuitous medical attention to all who applied, which, as things turned out, was of substantial advantage to me. When the army of the frontier moved north, Fayetteville became the most advanced post.

THE BATTLE OF FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS.

When spring opened, the guerrillas became troublesome, and continued scouting became necessary, to keep them at a proper distance from the post. Rumors that Fayetteville was to be

attacked were rife, and finally at daylight on the 18th of April, 1863, General Cabell assaulted the place with about 2,000 Confederates. We had about 1,500 men, a part of whom had but recently entered the service, and no entrenchments had been thrown up. Although partially taken by surprise, Colonel Harrison of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry, Commander of the post, had time to get his men in position, before the attack was made. He fought his men dismounted. His main line was formed on a road looking to the east, at irregular distances along the road were five or six houses, in which he also posted men. East of the road was a wide wooded ravine, in which, and screened by the timber, the enemy's cavalry formed for the charge. I had taken my position on a porch of one of the houses, fronting the road, directly behind our line of battle. Suddenly I heard a tremendous yell, then the clatter of the horses, then the toss of their flags, and then they were upon us. Major Ezra Fitch, who was in immediate command of the Battalion in front of me, I had always regarded as a dull stupid sort of a man. I particularly disliked him, because he always wore a tall black plume on his slouch hat, but he was something like a tortoise. He required coals to be put on his back, before he could get up a move. In the present instance he rose grandly to the occasion. As soon as he heard the yell, he rushed up and down in front of his line, brandishing a revolver in one hand, and the objectionable plume hat in the other, with oaths that would have done credit to the "army in Flanders," he admonished his men to stand steady, to reserve their fire until the enemy reached the brow of the hill, and then to "give them hell."

The brow of the hill was about forty yards from the line. In a minute the long line of Cavalry appeared, the Major rushed in front, gave the command to fire, and a sheet of flame from five hundred carbines greeted them; dozens of men, and horses went down; I could see the line waver, and the men frantically reining their horses, and swerving to the right and left. They were armed with sabres, and if they had pistols they did not use them. All our men had carbines, and revolvers. The Major did not hesitate a moment, they rushed forward with their revolvers, and in a minute not a Rebel was in sight, save the killed and wounded: of the former there were nine, and of the latter between fifty and sixty. The Major sped the fleeting

guests, with fresh volleys of oaths, and then he, and his men began giving assistance to the wounded. Not a man on our side had received a scratch. The whole affair was over in five minutes. It was a most thrilling sight, and for a moment I thought our men would be ridden down, which might have happened if they had not charged in a single line. Two other sides of the town were attacked at the same time, by infantry and artillery, where the fighting was more prolonged, but our troops were better armed, and repulsed both attacks, with slight loss to us, but considerable to the enemy.

Ever after that battle I had the most profound respect for the Major, for it is not always safe to judge a man, only by his looks. A wounded Rebel was brought to the porch where I was; he was making loud complaint, his middle finger had been shot off. I hastily dressed the wound, and in a minute or two he dropped over dead. I was quite astounded, but on making a closer examination, found that he had been shot in the abdomen, and had died from internal hemorrhage.

At "Bull-Run," I had seen no enemy, but this time I had looked at a real scrimmage, from a reserved seat; the last experience was much more exciting than the first. Notwithstanding Col. Harrison had beaten the enemy very handsomely, he felt that his advanced position exposed his command to great danger; this feeling of insecurity was increased by the cock-and-bull stories, of the Confederate wounded, who remained in our hands. They confidently asserted that large bodies of troops were being brought up the Arkansas River, where they were to be joined by two regiments of rebel Cherokee Indians, and that the combined forces would take Fayetteville, as their first objective point. So about a week after the battle, the Colonel, in spite of the opposition of many of his officers, resolved to evacuate the post. He was authorized by his superiors to do so, if he considered his command in danger. This move brought consternation to the Union men in, and about the town. At the breaking out of the war, the people of the place were about equally divided between Secessionists and Union men, and where such conditions existed, war degenerated into mutual murder, and rapine. All the Union men and their families, felt compelled to follow the troops. All supplies that could not be carried with the retreating troops, were burned, and as transportation was scarce,

at least \$100,000 of property was destroyed. I felt much chagrined at the state of affairs, and by no means relished the idea, of being left to the tender mercies of the Rebels. There were still about one hundred and fifty of our wounded, left from the battle of "Prairie Grove," to whom were added more than one hundred, mostly rebels, from the late battle. I was left with sufficient supplies for three or four months, with a corps of nurses, and two assistant surgeons, besides two rebel surgeons, who had been sent in after their retreat. I expected that the enemy would at once occupy the place when our troops left, but day after day passed, and no one appeared. At length, on the eleventh day, a company of ragamuffins, under the command of one Capt. Palmer, who styled himself a "Partisan Ranger," appeared. There was nothing in the way that he could capture and I was fearful that he would confiscate our hospital supplies, at which he looked with hungry eyes; but as I was taking care impartially of both Union, and Confederate soldiers, and as there were some Officers among the latter, he contented himself, by ordering that we should confine ourselves to the grounds of the Female Seminary, where I had concentrated our wounded.

As I have before said, all the men of the town were in the Rebel service, among them were Judge David Walker, Colonel Thomas Gunter, Colonel Sterman, Colonel Reagan, and several others. When it became known that Fayetteville had been evacuated by our troops, these men got leave of absence to visit their families, from whom they had been absent more than a year. As they drifted into the town, they naturally wanted to see what manner of men the Federals were. I, being the one in command, received the first attention. Among the supplies left me when our people evacuated, was a barrel of whiskey, which as a matter of precaution, I buried in the cellar, and as occasion required, filling a jug by means of a small tin pump inserted in the bung-hole. Whiskey had for some months been entirely exhausted in Northwestern Arkansas, and I to all intents was a monopolist. When the southern gentlemen honored me with a call, I made my hospitality doubly acceptable by producing the jug. However much we differed politically, we were a unit on the subject of fluids. What with the soothing influence of the jug, and the good account given of me, by the mothers, whose children I had looked after during the epidemic of

measles, I became quite popular, and every afternoon I was sure to have calls from two or three Colonels, who seemed to think that my jug was like the "widow's cruse of oil." I complained of the "Partisan Ranger" who confined me to the Hospital grounds. They said he was a "Scalawag," and through their influence we were thereafter given the freedom of the town.

They were all jubilant, and felt sure they would be successful in the conflict. I got news only through Rebel sources. They dwelt with glee upon Fredricksburg, Chancellorsville, and other of our disasters, and confidently asserted that Vicksburg was as impregnable as Gibraltar. I confess to having been greatly depressed, but stoutly asserted that we would fight to the last.

They were mostly educated men; a few had been opposed to secession, but now were all thoroughly impressed by the future greatness of an empire, that was to be founded on slavery and cotton. Their treatment and intercourse was pleasant and courteous, and I remember them with a kindly feeling. Judge Walker, after reconstruction, became United States Senator, and Colonel Gunter, was for many years a Member of Congress.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

This condition of affairs continued until about the middle of June, when all at once great commotion began in the town. People were rushing through the streets, and small crowds congregated about the corners, in a state of great excitement. I soon received a visit from Colonel Gunter, who said that a scouting party had just come in, and reported that the "Feds" were within twenty miles, and approaching rapidly with a strong force. I was greatly rejoiced, for I had heard nothing from home for some months, but my Rebel friends were correspondingly depressed, and were making preparations for a hasty departure. I assured them if they remained, I would endeavor to see that they should have generous treatment. They however left the same day. The next morning Captain Palmer, the "Partisan Ranger" came into town, escorting a flag of truce, borne by a Federal Captain, and accompanied by a long train of wagons, to transport all that were in the Hospital to the Federal lines then at Springfield, Mo. We hastily loaded up our effects, left the place, and turned our faces to what the soldiers irreverently called "God's Country." Within four or five days, we reached Springfield, where I found letters from home, and orders to report to headquarters at St. Louis, which city I reached in a few days. From thence I was ordered to report to Memphis, Tenn.

On the way down the river, when below Cairo, we received the news of the fall of Vicksburg. We reached Memphis on the 4th day of July, in time to witness the celebration, which was participated in by several thousand troops stationed there. General C. C. Washburn there in command, made a rousing speech, and one hundred guns were fired. I regretted that Judge Walker, and Colonel Gunter were not present, so that I might hear what they might say about the invulnerability of Vicksburg, about which they boasted so much. I was placed in charge of the officers' hospital in Memphis, a very desirable position, where officers only were treated, and had just got myself comfortably adjusted in very pleasant quarters, when I was ordered to again

report in St. Louis. I left at once by Steamer and arrived there in three or four days.

Colonel Tom Ewing, whom I had met the preceding winter in Fayetteville, Ark., had been promoted to a Brigadier General, and placed in command of the "District of the Border," embracing the state of Kansas, and the west half of the state of Missouri, with headquarters at Kansas City, Mo. At his request, I was ordered to report to him at that place, to serve on his staff, as Medical Director. I was of course greatly pleased because the General and I had been boyhood friends, and for the further reason that it was a decided advance in the service. I reached Kansas City about the first of August and immediately assumed charge of the medical department of the District. Kansas City had then about four thousand inhabitants, scattered about on the rugged bluffs, that face the river at that point. The General had four or five thousand troops that were mostly distributed at various points within his district, about five hundred being in the city. The headquarters were established in a new brick building on the top of the bluff, which had been a Hotel, and was large enough to accommodate the entire staff. The General was then about thirty-five years of age, six feet in height, finely proportioned, with a well-set head, and a handsome and expressive face. There were few more imposing looking men than he. His Chief of Staff, Major Plumb, of whom I have before spoken, was a very able young man, and the remainder of the staff all energetic and wide awake young men, so that all my surroundings were pleasant and congenial.

Missouri was at that time infested by numerous guerilla bands, who were stealing, murdering, and generally devastating the country. It was the General's duty, if possible, to destroy, or drive them out of the country, a difficult undertaking, and not likely to bring much honor. I found the condition of the country worse, even than in Arkansas. The most inveterate hatred prevailed on both sides of the border. Those on the Missouri side were ultra pro-slavery, while on the Kansas side they were ultra anti-slavery. When such a condition exists civilized rules of war are set aside, and for months past, the history of the border had been one of mutual rapine and murder. "Bushwhackers" and "Jayhawkers" were much alike, they neither gave, nor took quarter. During the fall and winter, there was

desultory skirmishing all through western Missouri, and on many occasions captured Federal soldiers, as well as Union citizens, had been hung by the "Bushwhackers," and it is alleged that our soldiers, who were mostly Kansas men, did not hesitate to retaliate.

Not long after my arrival, General Joe Shelby, who was a native of Missouri, made a raid from Arkansas, and reached the Missouri river. He was not at first in General Ewing's district, but finally struck west towards the border counties. The troops from the eastern part of the state, had several sharp skirmishes with him. General Ewing concentrated about a thousand men, and endeavored to head him off, but he turned south, and after a ten days chase, we gave up the pursuit, and he escaped into Arkansas. There was a great deal of rain, we had no tents, and I began to experience some of the same inconveniences that beset me in my retreat from "Bull-Run," only that I was now the pursuer, instead of the pursued.

We had scarcely got back to Kansas City, and comfortably settled down, before we were again unceremoniously stirred up by the notorious "Quantrill," who broke through the General's line of posts on the border, burned Lawrence, and murdered more than a hundred of her citizens. As hurriedly as possible the General concentrated about five hundred men and started in pursuit. Quantrill was so rapid in his march, and displayed so much sagacity in his retreat, that he was always able to keep a mile or two ahead of us. Men will ride harder to prevent being killed, than you can force men to ride to kill them. For ten hours we were right at his heels, but he had stolen all the horses within his reach, and each of his men had a led-horse, loaded with the plunder of the stores in Lawrence.

Our forces were joined by great numbers of citizens from Kansas, armed with shot guns, and rifles, burning with revenge. Their horses were fresher than ours, and they got in the lead of the column. They pressed so hard that Quantrill's men began to throw away some of their plunder, so that the road was strewn with bolts of muslin, calico, boots and other goods. This was too great a temptation for our citizen recruits, who gathered up the goods as they went along, but they pressed ahead more eagerly than ever, those in the rear being fearful that they would not get their share. They were very near the rebels

as they passed over a small rise in the prairie, which would conceal them until they struck the next rise. Quantrill thinking that they were getting dangerously near, as soon as he passed over the rise, and was out of sight, formed a rear-guard of thirty or forty men, and as our granger friends reached the rise, he charged them with revolvers. We were at least half a mile in the rear, but in plain sight; when in such a stampede as was never before seen, three or four men were killed, and many more wounded. They scattered in every direction, throwing down their plunder as they fled. The "Rebs" did not pursue them, but fell back to the rear of their column, which had kept steadily on the march. By night they reached the timber, divided into small squads, and escaped into their old haunts.

We were without provision or tents, and had to forage on the surrounding country. Further pursuit would have been fruitless. General "Jim Lane," of Kansas, had escaped from the massacre at Lawrence, and joined us. The next morning he, and General Ewing, issued the famous order No. 11, compelling all the inhabitants of three border counties of Missouri, to leave their homes. These counties were haunts of the guerillas, where they were hidden, and supported by the people. The order worked great hardship, but it was a military necessity. When we started to return, and had prodeed a few miles, the command halted at a house. Some of the soldiers went in, searching for something to eat, and found a wounded man, under the bed. He was one of the Quantrill men, who had been shot in the leg. They dragged him into the yard, he begged piteously, to be treated as a prisoner of war, said he had two companions, also hidden in the woods near by, and he had with great difficulty hobbed to the house, in search of assistance.

I was kneeling by his side, examining his wound, when a Kansas man, whose brother had been killed at Lawrence, came up behind us, and with a shot gun, blew out his brains. His gun was so close, that I was spattered with brains, and blood. It gave me a greater shock than any other occurrence that I had met with. His two companions were found, and similarly shot, meeting a fate they richly deserved, for the atrocities which they had perpetrated at Lawrence.

When we returned to Kansas City, we were left unmolested for the remainder of the season, and I had nothing to do but

attend to the regular routine service. My wife rejoined me, and with her came Mrs. Ewing, whom I had known all her life. We had quarters in the same house, and spent two or three very pleasant months together. In February, 1864, General Ewing was given command of the District of St. Louis, with headquarters at St. Louis, where I joined him. The district of St. Louis embraced the eastern half of Missouri, part of southern Illinois, and western Kentucky. St. Louis, from the beginning of the war had been one of the great depots, where troops and munitions of war, were collected, and distributed.

At "Benton Barracks," near the City, at "Jefferson Barracks," twelve miles below, and at Cairo, Ill., great hospitals had been established, all of which were under my charge, as were also all the military prisons in the city, and the various Post-Hospitals, scattered through the district. As compared with my duties at Kansas City, they had now been largely increased. It was the duty of the Medical Director to assign all officers to duty, to sign all requisitions for supplies, and to make personal inspection of all hospitals and prisons.

The General procured for Headquarters, a large building at the corner of 4th and Washington Sts., in which I had several large rooms, and a retinue of clerks, the chief of whom was David Q. Storie, a detailed non-commissioned officer, of great clerical, and executive ability, who remained with me until the end of the war, and who is now a successful druggist in Chariton, Iowa.

My duties kept me pretty busy, for I made personal inspections, but Storie kept the clerical business in such excellent order, that I had little to do in the office, except sign papers. St. Louis being such a central point, I had an opportunity of meeting, at one time and another, my acquaintances from Iowa, who were in the service. The General, and myself, had rooms in the same house, and during the summer were visited by our wives, and some of our children. We made extensive acquaintance in the city, and attended many social functions. In fact putting down the rebellion from St. Louis, was by no means an unpleasant occupation. There were no active enemies in the district, except "Guerillas" in the south, and southwestern parts of the state, so that the General directed the operations, mostly from headquarters.

In the early part of the fall, we began to hear rumors that

General Price, and Shelby, both Missourians, were planning an invasion of the state, where they expected to secure large supplies, and numerous recruits for their waning cause. It was generally supposed that Price would strike the state, about the centre of the southern border, or perhaps at Springfield, in the southwest. About the middle of September the rumors became more definite, and we learned that large forces were concentrating in northeastern Arkansas; that they would come by the way of Pilot Knob, making St. Louis their objective point. At first it was supposed that the force was Shelby's division, of five or six thousand men, and this idea was not dispelled until the "Battle of Pilot Knob." On the 25th of September reliable information came to headquarters that the enemy was in force, about thirty miles from Pilot Knob, and moving towards that post. The General at once began concentrating his forces, and on the same evening, left for Mineral Point, a post about twenty miles north of Pilot Knob, where some troops were stationed. I followed him on Monday, and joined him at the "Knob" on Tuesday evening. When we arrived the battle had already begun, on the skirmish line, and the next day ensued one of the most stubborn conflicts of the war.

After the battle I was sent through the Rebel lines, under a flag of truce, and after my arrival at St. Louis, wrote a letter to Mrs. Ewing, the wife of the General, who was then at Lancaster, Ohio, at the home of Hon. Thomas Ewing, father of the General.

From her, I recently received a copy of the letter, which I here insert:

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS DISTRICT,
ST. LOUIS, Mo., October 4, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. EWING:

I arrived in the city night before last, and would have written you yesterday, but was constantly engaged in getting together supplies for the wounded, at Pilot Knob, that I could not find a minute to spare.

The General left here on Saturday night, the 25th ult., and went down the Iron Mountain road as far as Mineral Point; on Sunday he telegraphed me to follow him. I left early on Monday morning, but owing to the irregularity of the trains, did not reach Mineral Point until the next night. I there learned that the General had gone to the Knob; I followed, and reached there about 7 o'clock in the evening. I have never seen such a panic as prevailed there. The streets were full of people, loaded with plunder, while more fortunate ones were moving off in great haste, in every conceivable kind of vehicle. I inquired what was up. They said the "Rebs" were at Arcadia, a village two miles below, 100,000 strong. I asked

for the General; they said he was at the front fighting, but most probably killed or captured. I hastened to the fort, and presently, about 8 o'clock, the General made his appearance. He was quite cheerful, said the enemy were in front sure enough, in very strong force, and what to do was a very uncertain problem. Major Williams and Capt. Hills were the only officers with him from Kansas, myself and Captain Garvens, those only belonging to his staff. The General had had nothing to eat since morning, and up to that time, had not been scared out of his appetite. He cried aloud for rations, and while an orderly obtained a tin cup of coffee, some hard bread and bacon, I held a lantern, and he wrote dispatches on the head of a barrel. After concealing a few pounds of bacon, and other things in proportion, about his person, he set himself to business. He had about a thousand men—600 raw recruits, 300 old troops from Missouri, and 100 from Iowa. They had just come into the fort, and were in great confusion; he had to bring order out of chaos, assign all to their places, and instruct them what to do, which was no small undertaking. He said I must lay off the medical mantle, and help him along, by doing outside business. I must go to the railroad depot, and get the trains started with the quartermaster's and commissary's supplies, attend to the telegraph office, and answer all the questions asked by Generals Smith, and Rosecrans, that I could, without sending to him. I left him and had the trains ready to start about 10 o'clock at night, when I received a note from him saying that no train must start without further orders, but that I must start the wagon train at once. It took two or three hours to get the wagons together, and by that time, between 12 and 1 o'clock, the General came over to the depot, accompanied by Col. Fletcher, who commands the 47th Mo. Inf't. We then held a council of war. The General by that time had information that it was certainly Price's whole command that menaced us. He could have no reinforcements from above, because St. Louis, like Washington, must not be left uncovered.

The question was, should we blow up the fort and retreat, or stand and fight, with a strong probability of being captured? Colonel Fletcher leaned rather towards the retreating policy, believing that the enemy were in the force represented. I had not yet smelled the powder, and in consequence, felt as bold as Ajax. I said I didn't think there was anybody there but Shelby, with about 3,000 men, and if they ran away, Fletcher could not be elected governor, for which office he is a candidate, nor could the General ever expect to be Senator; moreover, I was decidedly of the opinion that we could "bust the crust" of the "Butternuts." The General leaned to the fighting side, but felt the great responsibility resting upon his decision. He took a little time to make up his mind, sent me over to the fort, for a detail of men to go with the wagon train, while he got a cup of coffee; by the time I returned, say 2:30 o'clock, under the influence of the coffee, which stiffens a man's backbone, I met him in the street. He said his instinct told him to stand and fight, and if the Rebs did take us, somebody in all probability would get badly injured first. I said "bully," thinking all the while, that I would ensconce myself in the bomb-proof.

We went over to the fort. Captain Garvens was ordered to take charge of the railroad trains, and run them into St. Louis; he started at once, for it was now after 4 o'clock, and arrived safely with them in St. Louis. They took out all the government property, and something less than 2,000 men, women and children, black and white, who were fleeing from the wrath to come. I began to inquire about the bomb-proof, and you may imagine, but I cannot describe, my dismay, when I was informed by the experts, that in

the first place, it was not considered bomb-proof, and in the next place, all the powder was kept in it. The alternative of staying out and being shot at, or going in, with a strong probability of going up like a torpedo, was too awful for contemplation. The General, true to his instinct for blood, laughed at me. Fortunately, I had filled his medicine case, and I am sure that under the circumstances you would not have objected to the immense dose that, as Artemus Ward would say, I "placed under my wesket." I threw myself in one corner of a tent that had been pitched, the General took another corner, and amid troubled visions of sailing through the air, propelled by bomb-shells, and exploding magazines, I snatched an hour's sleep. We were roused just at the dawn of day by Major Williams, who had just come in from the front. He said the enemy were already stirring, and that there were myriads of them. The General was calm as a May morning. He had rations issued to his troops, and made his disposition for the conflict. I ordered my surgeons outside of the fort, to fix the hospital in a Church about 150 yards distant. The General still retained me for outside duty. I was to take charge of the telegraph, see that his messages were sent, and to advise General Rosecrans of the progress of events, from time to time. By 7 o'clock our outposts were driven in, and our artillery opened upon the enemy; pretty soon their guns opened, but at too long range, not doing much damage. At 10:30 o'clock, the telegraph ceased to work, as they had cut the wires. I now went to the Hospital. By this time their sharp-shooters had closed, and were making holes in the houses, but two or three wounded, had been brought into the hospital. The General planted his field artillery near my Hospital; the enemy saw it, and played upon it with their guns. I saw the General coming in from the skirmish line, and went to him to get permission to change the Hospital into another building; just as I reached him, a round shot struck a horse, a little way from us, it made a hole in him large enough to toss a hat through. The guns of the enemy, and our own, kept up the largest Fourth of July I ever heard, but I didn't enjoy it. The General said, move wherever I wanted to; I didn't see any place I considered safe, but took a small house near the center of the town. The General was cool as a cucumber, and, notwithstanding my remonstrances, rode all about among the skirmish lines, and to my mind, took too many chances to rush "to glory or the grave." He said he thought my "Ajaxian" sentiments of the previous night were played out.

I hurried into the second selected Hospital; the battle seemed to lull, my courage began to revive, I imagined that the "Rebs" were about to run off, and was preparing to swell out, and proclaim myself a hero, when my "milk pail," simultaneously with a stable across the street, came down amid thunder, dust, and debris of a shell. It was the signal of assault. The "Rebs" swarmed from the brush on the mountain sides, like bees from a hive, yelling like incarnate fiends; our skirmish line was driven before them like chaff. The "Blue Jackets" made a bee-line for the fort; they did tall traveling, and the "Rebs" were at their heels. A second shell took away my Hospital flag, a third killed a horse hitched to the fence, and frightened the ambulance horses, so that they ran away, upsetting the ambulance, and spilling our wounded right among the enemy. The raw troops in the fort were somewhat panic stricken. In an attempt to raise the drawbridge the rope broke, and it fell back. The enemy made a rush for it, but the General was equal to the emergency. Bayard himself could not have been more gallant. He threw himself into the breach, cheered his men, and by aid of the Iowa men, repelled the enemy. Several men were killed,

and a great number wounded, all about him, but he was untouched. The Rebels went back as fast as they had gone forward, and when the smoke cleared away, an awful sight presented itself. In the immediate vicinity of the fort, more than 300 lay dead, and severely wounded. This was about 3 o'clock, and from that time till night, the firing was kept up incessantly, when it ceased, and we had an opportunity of gathering up our wounded, and removing them to the Hospital. We had ten killed, and forty-eight wounded, six of whom died before morning. The Rebels did not take care of their wounded near the fort, and with the General's permission, I went among them about 10 o'clock at night; the poor wretches had been lying there for five or six hours, dying with thirst, mutilated in the most horrible manner, and chilled to the bone, by the sharp north wind which had set in. I had water and whisky carried to as many as I could, and moved about fifty into houses; but this was not a circumstance. In the morning I counted 67 dead in less than 150 yards of the fort. Their loss in killed and wounded, was over 1,000.

Every officer and soldier vied in commanding the General, for coolness and bravery; he was everywhere encouraging and stimulating his men, and by his example and determined courage, repelled the assault at the critical moment, when they were about to swarm through our gate.

But he had done all that man could do. Unless he could escape, another day would invest him completely, and render his capture sure. He wrote me a note at 11 o'clock, to come to him; we walked outside the fort, and in plain hearing of the groans of the wounded, and dying, discussed our position. It did not allow of much debate. With his jaded troops, he must run for it, and make our lines towards St. Louis, if possible, if not, then turn towards Rolla. I had obtained from the wounded full particulars of their strength, which confirmed him in his opinion that retreat was his only safety. If I had my way of going, I would have gone with him, but there was none, besides it was really my duty, to remain with the wounded. We parted at 12 o'clock. I went to my Hospital, he got ready to move, and got off about 2 o'clock. At 3:30 the magazine was blown up with a crash that shook the earth. The Rebels did not come in until the next morning, when they pillaged the town indiscriminately. I was treated moderately well. They said the General was the best fighter they had met in a long time. I stayed two days, and came up under a flag of truce. Heard while in the Rebel lines that the General was captured; did not believe it. We have what is considered very reliable information that he reached Rolla on Saturday morning, with a remnant of his command.

You must pardon this long letter, which has been so lengthened from the belief, that all items connected with the day, that has made your husband famous, would be interesting to you.

Very truly your friend,

S. D. CARPENTER.

After dark, when the firing had ceased, I asked the General to allow me to go out among the Rebel wounded, who were lying all about, and whose groans, and shrieks were heart-rending. He at first refused, saying that I would probably be shot for my pains, by skulking rebels, but finally consented and I took about a dozen men, with buckets of water, and whiskey. The poor

fellows were very grateful, but begged piteously to be removed to some more comfortable place, where they could be made warm. It had rained hard about dusk, and they were lying in mud and water, but I had no means of relieving them. While cut side, I met a woman, who said she had a letter from Colonel Slaymaker, a Rebel from St. Joseph, Mo., and an old acquaintance of General Ewing, and that the Colonel was near by, and she would take me to him. I declined seeing the Colonel, but at once carried the letter to the General. The letter in substance said, that the General had made a gallant fight, but that they would have taken his works if they had prepared themselves with facines to fill the ditch, and ladders to scale the walls; that they were now preparing them, and would on the following morning, assault the works, which would result in great slaughter, and that in the heat of an assault, not much quarter would be shown; he therefore urged surrender on the score of humanity. The day's fighting had pretty much taken all the starch out of me, and I suggested that the Colonel took a rational view of the matter, and that the only thing left was to surrender. The General curtly replied, that he would never surrender, and that they must take him. Several officers were present, all of whom were of my opinion, but the General then announced that he would attempt to retreat, and that if then captured, he would have done all that could be done. Immediate preparations began. He sent a company of men out in the village, to drive off all Rebel stragglers. He found enough horses to draw two field-guns, and an ammunition wagon, and to mount about twenty men, as an advance guard. He then announced that he would move out, as soon after midnight as he could, and leave a few men to blow up the magazine. To this latter proposition I strenuously objected, because of the great number of wounded rebels lying in the immediate vicinity. The General said that war was not a "benevolent institution," and that he could not think of leaving several tons of powder, with field guns, and fixed ammunition, for the enemy, who were doubtless in great need of them. He was sorry for the wounded, but duty stood first. They spiked all the guns, drew them on top of the magazine, and piled among them all the cartridges and other property that they could not take with them.

About two o'clock they silently moved out. During the day

we had lost in killed, wounded, and missing, nearly five hundred men, mostly prisoners, so that there were not more than five hundred in his column. He left a Sergeant, and five men, to blow up the magazine. I was to fix the time, which in no event was to be later than four o'clock. I had four surgeons, and about fifteen nurses, but only one or two horse-ambulances. We set to work diligently gathering up the wounded, but it was slow business, as we moved them to a Hotel a third of a mile distant near the Railroad. At half past three I withdrew to the Hotel with my men, and awaited results. The night before, I had only about an hours sleep, and the day had been the most trying of my life. When we reached the Hotel, all of whose ordinary occupants had fled with the other inhabitants; I threw myself upon a bed, thoroughly exhausted, and instantly fell asleep. I could not have slept long, when I was aroused by a shower of glass, and the window frame, which was in front of the bed. It was intensely dark, and the air was filled with sulphurous fumes.

In my confusion, and in trying to pull myself together, it flashed through my mind that I had been killed, and had come to consciousness, in the place where good people are not supposed to go. Presently I realized that it was only the explosion of the magazine, and that mercifully I was given another chance. As soon as daylight came I again went to the field. The explosion had been terrific, the magazine was composed of hewed log timbers about a foot square, covered with earth, five or six feet thick. Some of the heavy timbers had been carried a quarter of a mile. As I had anticipated, many of the wounded had been crushed by the debris. I carried a white flag, as soon as it was light, a few rebels rode out of the timber a half a mile away, and presently galloped down to me. They seemed surprised, and imagined that the noise of the explosion had been caused by our heavy guns. I wrote a note to General Price, requesting a guard for the hospital supplies, which I assured him would be needed by his wounded, much more than ours.

The news of the evacuation spread like wild fire, and in less than a half hour, they came swarming like a hungry horde into the village. Within an hour, every store in the place had been looted, and long before a guard came, all the hospital stores in the way of clothing, had been confiscated. In a short time

General Price and his staff came. They stopped at the Hotel where I had established myself for a few hours. The General expressed regret at my loss of the hospital stores, but excused his men who, as he said they were destitute of everything. When he realized that great suffering would ensue, unless immediate relief was had from some quarter, he consented with some reluctance, that I should be sent through the lines under a flag of truce, to seek assistance.

During the forenoon, our prisoners were marched into the town under a strong guard. They were more than one hundred in number. They had been robbed of their shoes, and most of their clothing and presented a very sorry sight. Several of them were wounded, among the rest, Major Wilson, of the 6th Cavalry. I requested and obtained permission, to visit them in the warehouse, where they were confined. Major Wilson had been wounded in the face and head, but not severely. He was barefooted and coatless. He had been commander of the post at Pilot Knob, and had been very active in his operations against the "Guerillas," all of whom had now joined Price's army. He told me that already several of his old enemies had seen him, and threatened him with death, and that he thoroughly believed that they would kill him. I cheered him up as much as possible, but believing that there might be some foundations for his fears I sent for Colonel Gunter, my old Fayetteville Rebel friend. To him I related what Major Wilson had said. He said there was not the slightest grounds for the major's fears, and that he was quite as safe as myself. That they had as much regard for prisoners of war as we had. I saw the major again before they were marched away, and told him what Colonel Gunter had said. I believe Colonel Gunter was entirely sincere in his belief, and am quite sure that he must have condemned the murder of Major Wilson, and six of his men, which occurred a few days afterwards, about twenty miles from Pilot Knob. For this dastardly outrage General Rosecrans ordered a like number of Rebel prisoners to be shot, in presence of troops at St. Louis. General Price disclaimed all knowledge of the murders, but he must have winked at this perpetration, and the bodies were found on the line of his march.

General Ewing's retreat, was as brilliant as his defense had been gallant. He expected to fall back on Mineral Point, about

twenty miles away, where he expected to find our line, and the Federal forces. He was ignorant of the fact that the day before the battle, General Price had detached Shelby's division, which marching west of Pilot Knob, had taken Mineral Point the same day. When resistance proved so obstinate, he had recalled Shelby to take part in the final assault. Shelby's command left Mineral Point the morning after the battle, so it happened that Ewing, and Shelby, were moving in opposite directions, on the same road. About ten o'clock in the morning Ewing's advance struck that of Shelby, and a skirmish ensued. Ewing had at that hour marched about fifteen miles. When Ewing's advance struck the enemy, his main command was at a point where a road branched off in a northwesterly direction, toward Rollo, distant about fifty miles. He at once turned his command on that road, and pushed ahead as rapidly as possible. Shelby in the meantime, not knowing what force was in front of him, formed a line of battle. It was a timbered region, and before Shelby discovered that there was no enemy in his front, and again got his force into marching column, Ewing had got fairly two hours start.

Ewing pressed forward as fast as possible, and by sundown had made fifteen additional miles; but the enemy were now close in his rear, and outnumbered him at least five to one. Here a fortunate conformation of the country, for the time being, saved him. The Rollo road, for a distance of more than thirty miles, runs on the backbone of a ridge, between two small streams, not more than a mile apart, and through a heavily timbered country, with a dense undergrowth. After he gained this ridge, which was about dark, he unlimbered his guns, and formed a strong rear guard. This checked the enemy, and both parties bivouacked for the night.

After four hours rest, Ewing resumed his wearied march, leaving his camp-fires burning, and a small rear guard. So he toiled on, the enemy not overtaking him until afternoon. He then kept up a continual skirmish in his rear, during the whole day, the enemy, from the nature of the ground, not being able to get around him. He was, as it were, marching through a lane, with the enemy behind him. After night fall he reached the end of the ridge, which terminated in an open prairie, and the railroad was still five miles distant. This he expected would be

the critical point where the enemy would get on his flanks and surmount him. He closed up his column, resolving to make as good a fight as he could, and moved into the open country. Much to his surprise, the enemy did not appear, and in a couple of hours he reached the railroad, at a small station about fifteen miles north of Rollo, having marched and fought, sixty-six miles, in about thirty-three hours.

Just as he reached the station, a train loaded with supplies for Rollo pulled in. He thought himself in great luck. Hastily loading his men, and guns, he started on the train for St. Louis, but as he approached the first station, it was seen to be in flames, then reversing the engine, he made towards Rollo, but found the first station in that direction, also on fire. This explained why he had not been attacked on the prairie. The enemy, on reaching the open ground, had divided their forces, and seized the road, both north and south of him. In short he was regularly trapped. He immediately ran the train to the station, from which he had started, and unloaded his troops.

Now all his men and officers, said they could endure no more, and that he must surrender, but he said no, that he would only be taken fighting. Near the station, there was a railroad-cut, about four hundred feet long, ranging from three to ten feet deep, and along side of this there had been collected a large number of railroad ties. He hastily barricaded the ends of the cut, built breastworks on the sides with the ties, and fed his men, from supplies found on the train. They had some hours rest before the enemy appeared. After two furious assaults, both of which were repelled, they were before night relieved by forces sent from Rollo.

This terminated one of the most brilliant episodes of the war, and no regularly trained officer could have done better than Ewing, who showed grit, ability and endurance. The battle of "Pilot Knob" thus virtually ended Price's campaign in Missouri; he was never able to reach St. Louis; he turned towards the west, hotly pursued by the Union forces, and in a few weeks was driven from the state, after a loss of three-fourths of his command. In a few weeks, I met a great number of Rebel officers, on their way to our prison on Johnson's Island; whose acquaintance I had made at Pilot Knob. They were not

as jubilant as at our previous meeting, where they had boasted that in a week, they would be dining in St. Louis.

General Ewing arrived in St. Louis in a few days after my return, and he and all his command were greatly feted as saviors of the city. After this thrilling experience I resumed my regular routine duties as Medical Director. Among other things I was appointed President of a Board to examine applicants for position as Surgeons, and assistant Surgeons in the army. My colleagues were two young assistant Surgeons of the regular army. I had a keen remembrance of the ordeal through which I had passed a few years before, but my associates, who were fresh from College, were disposed to be severe. I fully realized that it is much less disturbing to the nerves to ask, than to answer questions.

During the ensuing winter, after Sherman had reached the sea, we began to see the beginning of the end, and rejoiced accordingly. After Lee's forces surrendered, the sick released from Andersonville prison, were brought to Vicksburg by rail, where they might be transported to St. Louis by Steamer. The Government had one regular Hospital Steamer, the "Robt. C. Wood," which had been in service for a year or two, and was regularly fitted up for that purpose, but there were so many sick, that I was ordered to charter an additional one. I secured one of the large lower-river boats, the Steamer Baltic, fitted her up, and took personal charge of her. She could accommodate about six hundred patients. I made two trips to Vicksburg, and return. Those prisoners were a most pitiable sight, they were so emaciated that they could hardly make a shadow. Among other supplies, the Sanitary Commission furnished me with fifty kegs of beer. As soon as I got them aboard, I gave them beer freely, which kept them in a good humor during the trip.

When we reached St. Louis, many of their fathers and mothers, were there to meet them, and these meetings were pathetic in the extreme.

My last duty, in addition to my regular work, was serving on a Board of Officers, consisting of one member from each branch of the service, to select officers to remain in the regular army. I could then have secured a position as Surgeon in the army, but I had no inclination to do so, and was quite anxious to return to private life.

Upon the 31st of July, 1865, I was mustered out of the service, with the rank of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel. As valued memorials of the part, which it was my lot to have taken in the great contest, I am now in possession of three commissions, two signed by Abraham Lincoln, and one by Andrew Johnson.

As the years have passed by, it has been a source of constantly increasing satisfaction to me, that I entered the service of my country in the days of her stress in the Civil War. It enabled me to personally meet most of the great men, East and West, who rendered such inestimable service to their country, in her time of need, besides educating me, in the order, and discipline, so necessary in all the walks of life.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO CIVIL LIFE.

After almost four years of strenuous, and exciting life in the army, returning again to civil life, seemed very tame. I could not reconcile myself to the regular routine of a banking life. Previous to entering the army our bank had some business interest with Mr. John S. Wolf, a prominent R. R. contractor, and at the time I was mustered out, the C., B. & Q. R. R. was about to extend its line from Ottumwa to Clinton, Iowa, a distance of fifty miles. Mr. Wolf wished to bid on the work, which amounted to about a million dollars, but alone had not sufficient capital, and asked our bank to join him in the enterprise, which we did. The contract was secured in the name of Jno. S. Wolf & Co., and I left the bank, to look after its interests in the building of the road. I knew nothing of the business, save what little knowledge I had gained while Director of the road, that was built from Clinton to Cedar Rapids, before the war. Building a railroad, is very much like camping in an army; one lives in tents, shanties, or box cars, and is continually on the move, so the mode of life was not much different from what I had been accustomed to, for the past several years. The work was let in sections, for grading, to numerous sub-contractors, the building of the bridges, furnishing the ties, and laying the track, to others. It was the duty of the main contractors to travel constantly up and down the line, and see that the work was prosecuted with due diligence, to assist or stir up those who were laggard, and have a general supervision of the whole work. This kept me on the move all the time. I walked, rode on horseback, or drove a buggy, and generally covered from ten to twenty-five miles a day. I liked the work exceedingly. It was almost as exciting as army life. One had to contend with failures of sub-contractors, strikes of laborers, rain, floods and frosts, which are all calculated to keep a man up to concert pitch. We did all the work, and furnished all the material, except the rails, which the company delivered to us on cars, at the end of the track.

We began the work late in the fall of 1865, and finished it in December, 1866. We then took the contract from Chariton to Afton, another fifty miles, which we completed the next year. By that time I regarded myself as a competent Contractor, and severed my connection with the bank at Cedar Rapids. Then, in connection with Mr. Wolf and H. G. Angle, we organized a new firm, under the name of Wolf, Carpenter & Angle. The new firm secured the contract for building the extension of the C., B. & Q. from Afton to the Missouri River, a distance of 106 miles. We agreed to complete the contract in eighteen months, under a forfeiture of \$1,000 per day for every day we were behind time, with a bonus of the same amount for every day we were in advance. We finished twenty-seven days in advance and secured the bonus of \$27,000.

When we began the work in the fall of 1865, the country from Ottumwa to the Missouri river, was very sparsely settled, and none of the county seats, in the tier of the counties through which the road passed had more than five or six hundred people, and the wild prairie was only dotted here and there, by a lonely cabin. At this writing, 1907, there is a town, or village, every five or six miles, some containing several thousand people, the whole country is under a high state of cultivation, and the cabins are replaced by commodious farm houses.

Our contracts proved very remunerative, and when we finished the work, we had a surplus of about \$200,000. Times were flush, and we felt equal to almost any undertaking. A local company formed in Iowa, projected a railroad from Cedar Rapids, through Ottumwa, Iowa, to the Missouri state line, there to connect with the "North Missouri Railroad," thus forming a through line to St. Louis. Our company took the contract to build the line, from Cedar Rapids to the state line, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and began work in the fall of 1869. In the spring of 1870 we took another contract on a line to run from Hannibal, Mo., to intersect with the north Missouri line, north of the Missouri river, a distance of more than one hundred miles. This was a line backed up by local, and county subscriptions. We divided our forces, and began work on both lines. Things moved along well enough for about a year; then hard times began, the subscribers failed in their payments, and the counties could not sell their bonds. Having faith in the

people, and trusting for a change to the better, we unwisely kept on working, putting our own capital into the work, with the expectation of an early repayment. But the times grew worse, and finally the railroad companies failed, owing us nearly \$400,000.

Having all our available capital in the work, and a debt of over \$200,000, we were compelled to suspend. This was a sad ending of our brilliant prospects of a few years before. We sued the companies, obtained judgment, and sold out the work and franchises, which our company bought in, because no one else would bid. Thus we had on hand 130 miles of a graded, and partly bridged line of road, which was entirely unavailable.

Individually, I had taken the contract from our company, to build the bridges on one of the lines, and owed on the construction of the same, about \$15,000. My future outlook was not promising, for besides the individual indebtedness of \$15,000, I was holder for one-third of the company's debts. Although our money was gone, we still had our reputation, and a limited credit. Dissolving the old firm, Mr. Wolf and I secured two more contracts, one from the C. B. & Q. road to build a line twenty miles long, from Prophetstown to Fulton, Ill., and one from the North Western R. R. to build ten miles of road, north from Menominee, in the upper peninsula of Michigan. This work we accomplished in 1871, and I made enough money to pay one-third of my individual debt. Then Mr. Wolf and I dissolved partnership. The next year I secured the contract for double-tracking the Great Western R. R. of Canada, from Chatham to Glencoe, a distance of fifty miles. I executed the work during the year, and made a profit of about \$20,000, which enabled me to pay off all my individual indebtedness, and have a small working capital.

But I was still heavily handicapped, by my share of the old Company debt, and we were unable to get any company to take hold of the abandoned lines, in which our capital was sunk. About this time railroad building was stopped, over the whole country, and I found myself without a business, and with very little capital.

In 1866 I had moved my family from Cedar Rapids, where I had lived for eighteen years, to Ottumwa, Iowa, and like

"Micawber" waited for something to turn up. I was then forty-six years of age, and practically had to begin life anew.

While looking about for something to do, I met the parties who had built the gas works in Ottumwa, and several other towns in Iowa. They were still in the business, and after investigation, I became associated with them in obtaining a franchise to build, and operate gas works in LaSalle, Ill., and during the year 1872, the company built the gas-plant in that city. I thus made myself familiar with the construction, and operation of gas works. In 1873, I organized a company, and built the gas-works in Streator, Ill., in which I am still interested. In 1874-5 I organized, and built the gas works in Marshalltown, Iowa. In 1876, I took the contract from the city, and built the water-works in Marshalltown. In 1877 I organized a Company, and built the gas works in Appleton, Wisconsin.

In organizing the Company, and building the plants, I had but little pecuniary interest, I worked under a salary, and what share of the profits I received, was in the shape of stocks, in the various companies, which at that time had little value, but in the course of years made many moderate fortunes, to those who held them. It, however, gave me employment and kept hope alive for the future.

Soon after my removal to Ottumwa, about 1867, I organized, as a sort of a side issue, a company and built a toll bridge over the Des Moines river, at that place. That was a very good investment, and my share of the tolls, for several years, while I was struggling with the financial troubles, growing out of the railroad contract, kept the wolf from the door.

During all the years that I was engaged in the gas business, I never ceased struggling to find some railroad company that would take up the abandoned railroad line, thirty miles of which was graded, and fifteen miles bridged, which represented an outlay of \$300,000. At length in 1878, after the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company had finished their line to Cedar Rapids, they projected an extension, south to Ottumwa, and entered into negotiations with "Wolf, Carpenter & Co.," who owned the abandoned line, which they could utilize in their extension.

We had hoped that we might recover some of our lost capital, but railroad companies are remorseless; the best terms that we

could make, were that they would take our road, and pay our debts. Personally I was rejoiced at the consummation and felt, as "Christian" in the "Pilgrims' Progress" when he got rid of his pack. I was once more a free man. I spent the rest of 1878, and part of 1879, in assisting the C., M. & St. P. road in obtaining township contributions along the line, to aid them in its construction, and made speeches to the farmers, in every school-house, between Ottumwa and Cedar Rapids. At length the deal was closed.

Railroad construction had received a new impetus, and new lines were projected, and being constructed in various parts of the country. My attention was called to a branch of the New Orleans and Pacific R. R. to be constructed from Shreveport, to New Orleans, La. I was down there and looked over the line which for the most part traversed the swamps of Louisiana. I made a bid, and secured the contract for building all bridges, from Shreveport, to the Atchafalya river, over three hundred in number. To successfully carry out the contract required much more capital than I had; I therefore associated, as a partner, with the Hon. S. H. Mallory, a banker of Clinton, Iowa, who in former years had been sub-contractor under our firm, while building the C., B. & Q. road. During 1879 and 1880, we completed the contract, which was a very difficult, but also a fairly profitable one. In prosecuting the work, we found it necessary to buy a portable saw-mill, and in the division of the tools, and other property, I took the saw mill, as part of my share. In getting out the timber for bridges, I had become quite familiar with the lumber business, as well as with the timber resources of Louisiana, and Texas.

In 1881 in connection with John R. Jones, the owner of a large saw mill in Shreveport, La., we took the contract to furnish the ties, and bridge timbers, for the Mexican Central R. R. between El Paso del Norte, and Chihuahua, Old Mexico. We manufactured lumber in northern Louisiana, and eastern Texas, and transported it by rail, between six and seven hundred miles. We finished the contract, which was profitable, in the latter part of 1882. In prosecuting the work, I had become more familiar with the lumber business, and also with the great timber resources of Louisiana, especially as to cypress timber. The completion of the New Orleans & Pacific R. R., had opened up

Texas, as a market, and also where it touched the Mississippi river, made the north accessible. I believed that a large and lucrative business might be built up near any point where shipments could be made, west or north, either by river, or rail. Plaquemine, La., was so situated, and was connected with all the back swampy region, where the Cypress attains its greatest perfection, by a series of navigable bayous, aggregating several hundred miles in extent. I selected that place, and in connection with John S. and Elisha Ely, cousins of my wife, formed the "Carpenter-Ely Manf. Co." and built a shingle mill, with capacity of 150,000 shingles per day. My anticipations were realized, we found a ready market for our product in Texas at remunerative prices. After a few years I secured the interest of the Elys in the concern, and organized the "Cypress Shingle and Lumber Co.," of which I became President, and my son, R. W. Carpenter became Secretary. I made a trip to Muskegon, Michigan, and securing the services of a first class millwright, rebuilt and enlarged the structure, so as to include a saw-mill, as well as a shingle mill, all equipped throughout, with the most improved machinery. It had a daily capacity equal to, if not greater than any other in the south. The advantages of the locality attracted other lumbermen, and before I left, there were more than a dozen other mills on Plaquemine bayou. We found that with the greatly increased out-put, a new market must be found, and about the year 1885, I made a commercial trip to the north, where I found that I could sell our product profitably, in all the cities on the Ohio river, from Pittsburg to Cairo, and to the inland towns reached by rail in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, as also in all the country west of the Mississippi river. I believe I was the pioneer in opening this back region. The business increased from year to year, as did the lumber interests. Dozens of mills were built in various locations, and millions of dollars were invested in plants, and where a few years before it amounted to almost nothing, lumbering became one of the leading industries of Louisiana, and to this day it is still increasing.

About 1885 the "Southern Lumber and Shingle Association" was formed at New Orleans. Between thirty and forty mills located in gulf states were represented, and I was honored by being elected President, and the following year was re-elected,

for a second term. The object of the Association was to extend the trade of the southern lumber products.

In 1884 I secured a commodious house, and large grounds, which had been the home of a sugar planter, now deceased, in Plaquemine, fronting on the Mississippi river, with a commanding view up and down that immense stream, for three or four miles each way. To this I removed my family, and this was my residence until I left the country. There, every winter, my house was like a hotel; my children, my wife's and my own relatives, sought a resting place from the inclement northern climate, and made our house very cheerful. About a year afterwards my son, R. W. Carpenter, who had been Superintendent of the Marshalltown, Iowa, gas-works, resigned his position, married, and came to live with us. He soon acquired a thorough knowledge of the business, and in a few years assumed full control of the manufacturing department.

I spent my time in looking after the trade, and made semi-annual visits to our customers, extending from Pittsburg in the east, to Sioux City, and St. Louis in the west, and also to all the important towns and cities in Texas. That mode of life, to me was congenial, and I look back to it with pleasure.

In the spring of 1889, I met with the most serious trial of my life—my wife, to whom I had been married thirty-nine years died. Some years before she had been thrown from a carriage, in a runaway accident, and received an injury to the spine, which resulted in paralysis, and finally, after great suffering, terminated her life. To me, during almost forty years, she had been a loving companion and friend; she had brought up our children with great care and success, and managed our household with skill; while in every relation of life, she proved herself a most estimable woman. Only those who have passed through such an ordeal, can fully realize the feelings of a man, who late in life, is so afflicted. My son's wife then became the head of the household, and her bright intelligent, cheerful disposition, and executive ability, did much to fill up the gap in our family life. But another bereavement was in store for me; my son, who before leaving the north, had been greatly troubled with catarrhal affliction, began to decline in health, and developed symptoms of consumption.

I had him leave the mill, and spend several months in Texas.

He returned apparently improved, and again took charge of the mill, but he was imprudent, getting up at daylight to go to the mill, which was more than a mile distant from the house, and finally after exposure in a drenching rain, without changing clothing, superintended the setting of a machine in the mill. This exposure resulted in pneumonia, and his death followed in August, 1891.

Being our only son, it was on his account mainly, that I had entered into the lumber business, in order that I might give him a fair start in life. He had more than fulfilled all my expectations. He was intelligent and energetic, with great mechanical ingenuity, and a keen business instinct; he had in a great measure, taken all the hard work off my shoulders. He left a wife, and a little daughter, six years of age, who was the solace of my leisure hours. After his death, the mother returned with her daughter, to her family in New Jersey, and I was left alone in the large house, with the duties that my son had performed in the mill devolving upon me.

I was then sixty-five years of age, and the work devolving upon me was too much for a man of my years. I hired superintendents, but they did not prove very satisfactory, nor did I find among the stockholders of our Company, any one of sufficient capacity to take charge of the manufacturing department. The business, however, went along satisfactorily so far as dividends were concerned, but imposing more labor and worry upon me, than was agreeable. We had always carried a large insurance on the plant, at a pretty high rate, but late in 1892, on account of frequent fires among the mills, the insurance companies raised the rate to nine per cent. This we thought exorbitant, and after considerable discussion, concluded to build a complete system of water-works, so as to thoroughly protect the mill and lumber yard. We went to an expense of \$4,000 in-stalling steam pumps, water pipes, and hydrants covering the mill and adjacent yards. When completed we reduced our insurance from \$60,000 to \$5,000. In June, 1893, the mill took fire, from sparks among the saw dust, and in two hours, with half our lumber yard, was a mass of ruins.

This disaster marked another epoch in my life. We took an account of our stock, and financial condition. There remained enough assets on hand to pay our debts, and have a small surplus.

My individual loss was \$65,000. None of the stockholders were practical lumbermen, but they were desirous that we should rebuild and begin anew. I was sixty-seven years of age. My son, for whom I had worked to establish the business, was dead, and finding that I had enough remaining to afford me a very modest income, I decided to retire, believing that I had worked long enough, after having been for more than forty years, leading a most strenuous life. It required several months to close up the business, but early in 1894, it was accomplished, and bidding a final adieu to the South I came to Chicago, entirely free from business, to see what I could make of a life of leisure.

Wise old Sam Johnson said, that a great city, was the only satisfactory place of residence, for a lone man, of advanced years. There he could have the advantages of great libraries, could meet all manner of conditions of men, and live secluded, or might mingle with others, as he chose. It was the central point, which all my relatives, who were scattered about in the northwest, visited more or less frequently, and there, for the next four years I established my headquarters. I found plenty of old acquaintances there, and great libraries at my command. In short, my time passed very agreeably. I found that I could get along very comfortably on a small income, and at length came to believe that the burning of the mill, instead of being a calamity, had proved to be a blessing in disguise. I took very kindly to a life of leisure, so entirely devoid of business worries, and cares of all kinds. I spent the winter in Chicago, but as soon as spring opened, and the leaves came out, I left and went to Lancaster, Ohio, where I had many relatives, and spent a couple of months, mostly in the country, near the place where I was born. From Lancaster, Ohio, I went to Lancaster, Pa., the old resting place of our family, where I also spent a couple of months. At both places, I devoted a great deal of time to the examination of old records, and gathering statistics of family history.

After leaving Lancaster, Pa., I usually made short visits to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York, and then back to Chicago, reaching there in November. In this way I passed the time, from 1894, to 1898.

In the winter of the latter year, I had a severe attack of gripe. It continued until spring, and even then I did not gain strength. My physician advised that a sea voyage would do

me good. I went on my usual trip to Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and in August, sailed from New York, for Antwerp, in Belgium.

I was greatly recuperated by the sea voyage, in fact felt like a new man. I traveled leisurely to Cologne, and thence up the Rhine, to Mayence, and from there to Berne, Switzerland, where I remained a month, looking up the record of my ancestors who had left the country just 200 years before. From there, I proceeded to Florence, and thence to Rome, where I remained about a year. My stay was prolonged, because I there made the acquaintance of Mrs. Fanny M. Emerson, an English widow, with one child, a daughter, aged ten, who had been living in Rome, for some years. I had been a widower, for more than ten years, and had no thought of ever marrying again; but environment often has much to do with our actions. Being a stranger in a strange land, unable to speak the language, I found in Mrs. Emerson, a very agreeable person, who spoke four European languages, was every way pleasing, and thoroughly educated. It occurred to me, that my traveling would be greatly facilitated, by having such a companion. By assiduous efforts, on my part, she came to the same conclusion, and we were united in marriage, in May, 1900.

This was a very fortunate event in my life. During the summer we left Rome, and traveled through France, thence to England, where we paid a visit to my wife's mother, then residing in the village of Harlington, near Hounston Heath, about twelve miles from London. From there we proceeded to Oxford, and spent some time, looking through the University, and also visiting "Blenheim," the Palace of the Duke of Marlborough. Returning to London, we there spent seven or eight months. When spring opened, we returned to Paris, where we remained until October; then in Berne, Switzerland, where we passed the winter, and where, thanks to my wife's knowledge of the German language, I was able to locate the former residence of my ancestors, in the Commune of Wattenville, situate about eighteen miles southeast from Berne. In the spring, we returned to England, where after a short visit we sailed for America, arriving in Chicago in May, 1902, since which time our residence has been in this city.

After a long and arduous life, I am enjoying a happy, and

tranquil old age. My numerous relatives come occasionally, to Chicago, and I have the pleasure of meeting my children, as well as my brothers and sisters, two or three times a year. The world has dealt kindly with me, and I frankly confess, that I am in fact an optimist.

S. D. Carpenter

The Shields of the Zimmermanns of Zwitzerland.

In the Public Library of the city of Berne, are to be found copies of no less than sixteen shields, of the various families, and guilds of the Carpenters, in the different Cantons of the country. Several of these shields bear a star, indicating a military campaign: others bear a fleur-de-lis, indicating service under the French flag; and still others bear a crescent, indicating that the owner had fought in some war against the Turks.

The shield stamped on the cover of this book, consisting of three broad-axes, argent and or on sable, with the date 1448, is the insignia of the guild of Carpenters, in the town of Berne. The shield selected by Mrs. Catherine Carpenter Taylor, shows a fleur-de-lis, argent, star or on gules, with a yeoman gules, holding a fleur-de-lis, argent as crest. This shield is quite appropriate for the descendants of Henry Carpenter, propositus, since he saw service under the French flag, as detailed in this history.

A copy of this latter shield can be obtained on application to the publisher, George N. Kreider, M. D., Springfield, Illinois.

Physicians in the Carpenter Family.

The first immigrant, the propositus of this branch of the Carpenter family in America, was a physician and following in his lead, a large number of his descendants have become physicians, so that for a period of two hundred years, there has been a Dr. Carpenter, of this family, in America, and for almost the whole time, a Dr. Henry Carpenter.

Unfortunately the succession of physicians is about to expire, as there is no young Carpenter now practicing, or intending to begin the practice of medicine.

The following list is only a partial one, and the dates are probably not entirely correct.

1. DR. HENRY CARPENTER I, practiced in Pennsylvania from 1698, to 1747, excepting the six years spent in Switzerland.
2. DR. HENRY CARPENTER II, was probably the first American to graduate at a Continental Medical School, and practiced in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, from 1735, to the time of his death in 1777.
3. DR. HENRY CARPENTER III, practiced in Lancaster County from 1760, to 1818.
4. DR. JOHN CARPENTER, practiced in Lancaster County from 1762, to 1810.
5. DR. ABRAHAM CARPENTER, practiced in Lancaster County from 1780, to 1830.
6. DR. EMANUEL CARPENTER, practiced in Lancaster County from 1820, to 1850.
7. DR. PAUL CARPENTER practiced in Lancaster, Ohio, from 1832, to 1880.
8. DR. HENRY CARPENTER IV, practiced in Lancaster, Pennsylvania from 1841, to 1889.
9. DR. SEYMOUR D. CARPENTER graduated from University of Pennsylvania, in 1849, practiced in Iowa several years, serving as Surgeon during the Civil war, and is still living.
10. DR. HENRY W. CARPENTER of Lancaster, Ohio, practiced from 1858, through the Civil War, and is now retired.
11. DR. GEORGE PAUL CARPENTER has practiced in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, from 1869, up to the present time, 1907.

Genealogical Appendix.

THE KREIDER FAMILY.

The Kreider family having been so closely connected with the Carpenter family, for almost two centuries, and the researches of Colonel S. D. Carpenter into the genealogical history of the Carpenter family, having developed so much of the genealogy of the Kreider family; it was at first intended to issue the history of these two families in one volume. For several reasons, this has not been considered expedient; but there would seem to be no good reason why those branches of the Kreider family, descended from the union of Michael Kreider, and Susan, and Sarah Carpenter, daughters of Colonel Daniel Carpenter, should not be included in this appendix.

The probabilities are that the Kreiders, and the Carpenters, were acquainted in the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, before their migration to America, and it is certain that the first immigrants of these names, settled within a very short distance of each other, on the banks of the Conestoga Creek in Pennsylvania.*

The first named of this particular branch of Kreiders, was John Jacob, Sr., who took up 800 acres of land, on the banks of the Conestoga, about 1716. His son was John Jacob, Jr., who wrote a will dated 1744, leaving property to his only son, Michael, and a daughter Barbara. This will, written in German, is on file in the County Court House at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The records from the birth of Michael to the present time are reasonably complete. Many branches of the family spell the name Cryder.

The first intermarriage between the Kreider, and Carpenter families, was that of Michael Kreider, born July 25, 1742, and Susan Carpenter, born about 1744. On the death of Susan, Michael married Salome, her sister, who was born in 1753.

Daniel Kreider the son of Michael, and Susan, married his cousin, Salome Carpenter, daughter of Captain Daniel, and Mary Leas Carpenter. Their son Michael Zimmerman Kreider, married for his second wife, Mary Ann Carpenter, his cousin, and daughter of John, and Jane Murry Carpenter. The three marriages cover nearly a century of time.

*See map on page 18 for location of Kreider plantation.

DESCENDANTS OF HEINRICH ZIMMERMAN,
anglicised—HENRY CARPENTER,
AND SALOME RUFENER.

1. HENRY CARPENTER, b. 1673; d. 1747, 1748 or 1749; m. in Switzerland, Salome Rufener, b. 1675; d. 1742.

2. i. EMANUEL CARPENTER, b. in Switzerland, 1702; d. 1780; m. Caroline Line, b. 1701; d. 1785.

2. ii. GABRIEL CARPENTER, b. in Switzerland, 1704; d. 1767; m. Appolina Hermann, d. 1792.

2. iii. CHRISTIAN CARPENTER, b. 1707; unm. or if married nothing known of descendants.

2. iv. SALOME CARPENTER, b. 1709; d. 1736; m. John Wistar.

2. v. HENRY CARPENTER, b. 1714; d. 1773; m. Susannah Forney, d. 1785.

2. vi. DANIEL CARPENTER, b. 1716; d. 1764; m. Magdalena Forney.

2. vii. JACOB CARPENTER, b. 1719; d. 1792; m. (1) Elizabeth Herr; (2) Susan Miller; (3) Magdalena Kendrick; d. 1803.

2. viii. MARY CARPENTER, b. 1722; d. 1750; m. Daniel Fiere.

Children of

Emanuel Carpenter, and Caroline Line—Second Generation:

3. i. CATHERINE CARPENTER, b. 1736; m. (1) Frederick Yiser; (2) Col. Adam Reigert.

3. ii. BARBARA CARPENTER, b. 1738; m. Jacob Fiere.*

3. iii. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, b. 1740; m. John Groff, son of Hans Groff.*

3. iv. JACOB CARPENTER, b. 1741; d. 1797; m. (1) Maria Forney in 1764; b. 1749; d. 1790; (2) Anna Maria Youndt Carpenter, widow of Jacob, son of Gabriel, b. 1754; d. 1837.

3. v. EMANUEL CARPENTER, b. 1744; d. 1822; m. Mary Smith, d. 1823.

*Nothing known of descendants.

CATHERINE CARPENTER, b. 1736, daughter of Emanuel, oldest son, married (1st), Frederick Yiser; (2d) Col. Adam Reigert. He conducted the noted tavern, in Lancaster, Pa. Her grandson, Emanuel Carpenter Reigert, b. 1797, d. 1869, erected the Monument to the memory of his ancestors Emanuel Carpenter, and Caroline Line, mentioned in the text. The descendants of Col. Adam Reigert and Catherine Carpenter, are numerous in Lancaster County, Pa.

Children of

Jacob Carpenter, and Maria Forney—Third Generation:

4. i JACOB CARPENTER, m. (1) Catherine ——; (2) Polly Carpenter; b. 1778; d. 1832.
4. ii. EMANUEL CARPENTER, m. —— Fiere.
4. iii. CATHERINE CARPENTER, m. Michael Von Kennar.*
4. iv. SUSANNAH CARPENTER, m. Peter Ellmaker.

Susannah Carpenter, fourth generation, daughter of Jacob Carpenter, third generation, married Peter Ellmaker, and one of their sons was Honorable Jacob Ellmaker, of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, born at "Walnut Bottom," Leacock Tp., Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, February 2, 1787, grandson of 1st Judge Emanuel Carpenter. He was elected to Congress in 1814, and in the 27th year of his age. Was President of the 12th Judicial District of Pennsylvania in 1816, and Attorney-General of Pennsylvania in 1818. He was tendered the position of Secretary of War, by President James Monroe, but declined. In 1832 he was the candidate for Vice President of the United States, on the Anti-Masonic Ticket, with the Hon. Wm. Wirt. He died November 28, 1851.

Children of

Jacob Carpenter, and Polly Carpenter—Fourth Generation:

5. i. GEORGE CARPENTER, m. Anna Hermann.
5. ii. JACOB CARPENTER, m. —— Freyman.*
5. iii. POLLY CARPENTER, m. ——.*
5. iv. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, m. ——.*
5. v. EMANUEL CARPENTER, m. Fena Good.*
5. vi. GABRIEL CARPENTER, m. ——.*
5. vii. ISRAEL CARPENTER.*

*Nothing known of descendants.

Children of

George Carpenter, and Anna Hermann—Fifth Generation:

6. I. REUBEN CARPENTER, m. _____.*
6. II. GEORGE CARPENTER, m. _____.*
6. III. DAVID CARPENTER, m. _____.*
6. IV. ABSALOM CARPENTER, m. _____.*

Child of Reuben Carpenter—Sixth Generation:

7. I. HENRY CARPENTER.

Child of Henry Carpenter—Seventh Generation:

8. I. FRANCIS CARPENTER, of Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. This last is the "Carpenter," that is the oldest son, of the oldest son, directly descended from "Heinrich Zimmerman," the immigrant.

Children of

Judge Emanuel Carpenter, and Mary Smith—Third Generation:

4. I. SAMUEL CARPENTER, b. 1765; d. 1824; m. Catherine Weidler, b. 1765.
4. II. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, b. 1771, m. (1) John Carpenter; (2) Henry Shellenberger.
4. III. SUSANNAH CARPENTER, b. 1773; b. David Carpenter, grandson of Gabriel, b. 1768; d. 1848.
4. IV. NANCY CARPENTER, b. 1776; m. William Carpenter, grandson of Gabriel.
4. V. MARY CARPENTER, b. 1778; d. 1842; m. Christian Carpenter, grandson of Gabriel, b. 1768; d. 1839.
4. VI. SALOME CARPENTER, b. 1779; m. (1) David Shellenberger; (2) Isaac Koontz.
4. VII. EMANUEL CARPENTER, b. 1783; d. 1818; m. (1) Mary Shellenberger; (2) Mary Salome Hess.
4. VIII. REV. JOHN CARPENTER, b. 1785; unm.
4. IX. SEBASTIAN CARPENTER, b. 1787; m. Mary Gundy; moved from Fairfield County, Ohio, and descendants unknown.

*Nothing known of these families.

**Children of Mayor Samuel Carpenter, and Catherine Weidler—
Fourth Generation:**

5. I. MARY CARPENTER, b. 1788; m. Elisha Butler, of Chester County.*
5. II. REBECCA CARPENTER, b. 1789; m. Jacob Scherer.*
5. III. DR. EMANUEL WEIDLER CARPENTER, b. 1791; d. 1850; m. Sarah Sangston.
5. IV. REV. SAMUEL CARPENTER, b. 1794; d. 1870; m. Mary Salome Carpenter, nee Hess, widow of Emanuel.
5. V. MAYOR MICHAEL CARPENTER, b. 1796; d. 1861; m. Leah Bitner.

**Children of
Dr. Emanuel Weidler Carpenter, and Sarah Sangston—Fifth
Generation:**

6. I. SAMUEL S. CARPENTER, Cincinnati, O., b. 1823, d. 1889; m. (1) Louisa Carman; (2) Mary Macy.
6. II. DR. JAMES A. S. CARPENTER, m. Clementia Hopkins.
6. III. JOHN EDWIN CARPENTER, m. Anna Kieffer.
6. IV. EMANUEL WARNER CARPENTER, m. Ella E. Shaeffer.
6. V. LAWRENCE CHARLES CARPENTER, m. Emma Judge.
6. VI. CATHERINE MARIA CARPENTER, d. 1856.
6. VII. ANNA REBECCA CARPENTER, m. Chas. G. Siewers.
6. VIII. SUSANNAH ELIZABETH CARPENTER, m. Wm. Kieffer.
6. IX. SARAH FRANCES CARPENTER, m. Eugene P. Greider.
6. X. MARY STEVENS CARPENTER, m. Benjamin Z. Shreiner.

**Children of Samuel S. Carpenter, and (1) Louisa Carman, and
(2) Mary Macy—Sixth Generation:**

7. I. EDWIN JAMES CARPENTER, m. Mary A. Gilbert.
7. II. CHARLES S. CARPENTER, d. 1889.
7. III. SAMUEL WARNER CARPENTER, m. Jennie Smith.
7. IV. SARAH LOUISE CARPENTER, m. Peter E. Farrell.
7. V. FRANCIS GILES CARPENTER, m. Emma Barrett.
7. VI. JOHN CARPENTER, d. 1895.
7. VII. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, d. 1894.

Children of Second Wife, Mary Macy—Sixth Generation:

7. VIII. JESSIE CARPENTER, m. Geo. A. Blackman.
7. IX. PAUL CARPENTER, m. Elsie Ryckoff

*Nothing known of descendants.

Children of Reverend Samuel Carpenter, and Mary Salome Carpenter—Fifth Generation:

6. i. REBECCA CARPENTER, m. Charles Shaeffer.
6. ii. MARY CARPENTER, m. Rev. James Hervey Buchanan.
6. iii. LAURA CATHERINE CARPENTER, b. 1832; m. Dr. R. E. Finley, of Xenia, O.

Children of Mary Carpenter, and Rev. J. H. Buchanan—Sixth Generation:

7. i. SAMUEL A. BUCHANAN, Civil Engineer, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
7. ii. CHARLES BUCHANAN, Huntsville, O., unm.
7. iii. ROBERT FINLEY BUCHANAN, Dentist, Quincy, Ill.
7. iv. MARY BUCHANAN, m. Mark Wishart.

Children of Laura Carpenter, and Dr. R. E. Finley—Sixth Generation:

7. THREE SONS, and ONE DAUGHTER, died in infancy.
7. v. HERMAN HESS FINLEY, m. and has several children.

Children of Mayor Michael Carpenter, and Leah Bitner—Fifth Generation:

6. i. ISRAEL CARPENTER, m., Hummelstown, Pa.*
6. ii. EMMA CARPENTER, m. —— Smith.*

Children of Emanuel Carpenter, and (1) Mary Shellenberger, and (2) Mary Salome Hess—Fourth Generation:

5. i. EZRA CARPENTER, m. Sarah Rees, sister of Mrs. Dr. M. Z. Kreider.
5. ii. AUGUSTINE CARPENTER, m. ——. Descendants unknown.
5. iii. SAMUEL CARPENTER, m. ——. Descendants unknown.
5. iv. CATHERINE CARPENTER, m. James Cunningham, of Delaware, O., One son, Benjamin.
5. v. SARAH CARPENTER, daughter 2d wife, d. 1841; m. James McAbey.

*Nothing known of descendants.

**Children of
Ezra Carpenter, and Sarah Rees—Fifth Generation:**

6. I. DAVID CARPENTER, m. ——, Wyoming, Jones Co., Iowa. Names of children unknown.
6. II. CAPT. LEWIS CARPENTER, m. ——, Kansas City, Missouri. No children.

**Children of
Sarah Carpenter, and James McAboy—Fifth Generation:**

6. I. LOUISE McABOY, m. Thos. Slaughter, had two sons and two daughters. Live in Kansas.
6. II. MARY, m. (1) Wellington, (2) Dr. Gonzalez.

**Children of Salome Carpenter, and Isaac Koontz:
—Fourth Generation:**

- (1) David Shellenberger; (2) Isaac Koontz. No children, by first husband, by second, the following:
5. I. JULIA KOONTZ, m. Joab Shaeffer.*
5. II. SALOME KOONTZ, m. Martin Landis.
5. III. ISAAC KOONTZ, m. Priscilla Pearce.
5. IV. SAMUEL C. KOONTZ, m. Ara Pearce.
5. V. ANGELINE KOONTZ, m. Dr. Anthony Dennis.
5. VI. REBECCA KOONTZ, m. Thomas White.

**Children of Salome Koontz, and Martin Landis:
—Fifth Generation:**

6. I. JOHN LANDIS, m. ——.

Four daughters, names unknown.

**Children of Isaac Koontz, and Priscilla Pearce:
—Fifth Generation:**

6. I. SAMUEL KOONTZ, m. Julia Shaeffer.
6. II. FANNIE KOONTZ, m. Joshua Shaeffer.
6. III. GEORGE KOONTZ, m. Mattie McCoy.
6. IV. ALBERT KOONTZ, m. Emma Holden.
6. V. ISAAC CARPENTER KOONTZ, m. Lola Lewis.
6. VI. JOHN KOONTZ, m. Georgia Burgoon.

Children now live at Carthage, Missouri.

*Nothing known of descendants.

**Children of Samuel C. Koontz, and Ara Pearce:
—Fifth Generation:**

6. i. ELLA KOONTZ.*
6. ii. ALBERT KOONTZ, m. ——— Lee.*
6. iv. MARY KOONTZ.*
6. iii. SAMUEL KOONTZ.*
6. v. SON, name unknown.

**Children of Angeline Koontz, and Dr. Anthony Dennis:
—Fifth Generation:**

6. i. CHARLES DENNIS, m. ——— Griffith.*
6. ii. STELLA V. DENNIS, m. Prof. Wm. A. Kellerman, Columbus, O.
6. iii. SHERMAN DENNIS, m. ——— Middaugh.*
6. iv. WALDO DENNIS, m. Ellen M. White.*
6. v. FRANK DENNIS, m. ——— Ritchie.*

**Children of Stella V. Dennis, and Prof. Wm. A. Kellerman
—Sixth Generation:**

7. i. IVY KELLERMAN, unm.
7. ii. KARL KELLERMAN, m. Gertrude Hart.
7. iii. MAUDE KELLERMAN, unm.

**Children of Rebecca Koontz, and Thomas White:
—Fifth Generation:**

6. i. THOMAS WHITE, m. ———.*
6. ii. ALICE WHITE, m. St. Clair Pearce, two children, Harry, Mary.
6. iii. MARY WHITE, m. Daniel Tschapp, no children.
6. iv. OTIS WHITE, m. ———, two children.

**Child of
Salome Carpenter, and John Wistar—Second Generation:**

3. i. SALOME WISTAR, m. Dr. Chancellor, of Philadelphia; the Chancellors of Philadelphia, are descendants of his family.

After the death of his wife, Salome, John Wistar married again, and by his second wife, was the father of the celebrated Dr. Casper Wistar, of Philadelphia, Pa., who was the half-

*Nothing known of descendants.

brother of Salome Wistar. Salome Wistar inherited from her grandfather, Heinrich Zimmerman, 500 acres of land, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

2. vii. MARY CARPENTER, youngest daughter, married Daniel Fiere, in 1739, and died in 1750. They had three children, two dying unmarried. The surviving child, Mary Fiere, married her cousin, John Carpenter, son of Dr. Henry Carpenter, third son of Heinrich Zimmerman.

Children of

Gabriel Carpenter, and Apalonia Herman—Second Generation:

3. i. SALOME CARPENTER, b. 1727, m. George Line; descendants, if any, unknown.

3. ii. CHRISTIAN CARPENTER, b. 1729; d. 1800; m. Susan Herr, b. 1727; d. 1807.

3. iii. DANIEL CARPENTER, b. 1732; d. 1764; m. Mary Herr; one son, Gabriel.

3. iv. MARY CARPENTER, b. 1733; m. John Smith; descendants, if any, unknown.

3. v. JOHN CARPENTER, b. 1735; d. 1807; m. Elizabeth Scherer, b. 1749; d. 1811.

3. vi. SARAH CARPENTER, b. 1741; d. 1813; m. John Graybill, b. 1734; d. 1797.*

3. vii. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, b. 1743; m. George Eckert.*

3. viii. CATHERINE CARPENTER, b. 1745; m. Peter Eckert.*

3. ix. JACOB CARPENTER, b. 1748; d. 1784; m. Anna Maria Yountd, b. 1750; d. 1837. After his death, she married another, Jacob Carpenter, son of Emanuel.

Children of

Christian Carpenter, and Susan Herr—Third Generation:

4. i. JOEL CARPENTER, m. Margaret Kilheffer.

4. ii. DANIEL CARPENTER, b. 1765; d. 1839; unm.

4. iii. CATHERINE CARPENTER, m. Henry Carpenter, son of Henry. (See Henry.)

4. iv. COL. JACOB CARPENTER, b. 1754; d. 1823; unm. Colonel in Revolutionary War.

4. v. SALOME CARPENTER, unm.

4. vi. SUSAN CARPENTER, m. Jacob Forney. Note—One of their grandsons was the Hon. John W. Forney, a distinguished

*Nothing known of descendants.

Editor, and politician, of Pennsylvania, who was in his day, a very prominent man.

4. VII. JOHN CARPENTER, b. 1763; d. 1841; unm. First School-teacher in Earl Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

4. VIII. CHRISTIAN CARPENTER, b. 1768; d. 1839; m. Mary Carpenter; b. 1776; d. 1842; daughter of Emanuel II.

4. IX. MARY CARPENTER, m. Michael Cover.

Children of

Joel Carpenter, and Margaret Killheffer—Fourth Generation:

5. I. EPHRAIM CARPENTER, m. Julia Kline.
5. II. MILES CARPENTER, m. Mary Hubecker.
5. III. GILES CARPENTER, m. Jane McClintock.
5. IV. ALLEN CARPENTER, m. Susan Brenison.*
5. V. BRYAN CARPENTER, m. _____.
5. VI. CHARLES CARPENTER, m. Elizabeth Johnson.
5. VII. AARON CARPENTER, m. Rebecca Ashburn.
5. VIII. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, unm.
5. IX. SUSAN CARPENTER, m. ——— Leed.*
5. X. ESTHER CARPENTER, unm.
5. XI. SOPHIA CARPENTER, unm.

Children of

Ephraim Carpenter, and Julia Kline—Fifth Generation:

6. I... ELIZA CARPENTER, m. Chambers Holmes.*
6. II. HENRIETTA CARPENTER, m. Abram Killian.*
6. III. EPHRAIM CARPENTER, m. Hannah Rhodes.*
6. IV. MICHAEL CARPENTER.

Children of

Miles Carpenter, and Mary Hubecker—Fifth Generation:

6. I. DIANA CARPENTER, m. Jacob Sheets.*
6. II. URIAH CARPENTER, m. Henrietta Miller.*

Children of

Giles Carpenter, and Jane McClintock—Fifth Generation:

6. I. AMANDA CARPENTER, m. Solomon Weaver.*
6. II. MARGARET CARPENTER, m. Philip Lash.*

*Nothing known of descendants.

6. III. JAMES CARPENTER, m. Hetty Barton.*
6. IV. MARTHA CARPENTER, m. Isaac Beard.*
6. V. BELINDA CARPENTER, m. Amos Betters.*
6. VI. ALLEN CARPENTER, m. Ellen Fees.*
6. VII. ARABELLA CARPENTER, m. Adam Good.*
6. VIII. SAMUEL L. CARPENTER, m. Mary McCloud.
6. SAMUEL L. CARPENTER, of Brownstown, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a prominent business man of Lancaster County, who married Mary McLoud, has one child, Stella Carpenter, who married —— Shirk, they have one child, Samuel Carpenter Shirk.

Children of

Charles Carpenter, and Elizabeth Johnson—Fifth Generation:

6. I. GABRIELLA CARPENTER, m. (1) Samuel Mohler; (2) David Good.*
6. II. JANE A. CARPENTER, m. Rudy Hahn.*
6. III. MIRANDA CARPENTER, m. Christian Flick.*
6. IV. BUSHROD W. CARPENTER, m. Elizabeth Merrick.*
6. V. JOSEPHINE CARPENTER, m. Israel Disinger.*
6. VI. CORDIANA CARPENTER, m. David Harking.*
6. VII. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, m. David Moonshower.*
6. VIII. CATHERINE CARPENTER, m. W. A. Norton.*
6. IX. JOHNSON CARPENTER, unm.
6. X. AUGUSTUS CARPENTER, m. Cherry Kline.*

Children of

Aaron Carpenter, and Rebecca Ashburn—Fifth Generation:

6. I. LUCY CARPENTER, m. William Wernihold.
6. II. SUSAN CARPENTER, m. —— Leeds.
6. III. CATHERINE CARPENTER, m. —— Swartz.

Children of

Christian Carpenter, and Mary Carpenter—Fourth Generation:

5. I. LEVI CARPENTER, unm.
5. II. ISRAEL CARPENTER, unm.
5. III. GABRIEL CARPENTER, m. Matilda Connell.
5. IV. DR. PAUL CARPENTER, b. 1810; d. 1880; m. (1) Mary Cannon; (2) Mary Ann Fetter.

*Nothing known of descendants.

5. v. LUCY CARPENTER, m. Peter Eckert.*
5. vi. SARAH CARPENTER, m. John K. Reed.*
5. vii. WILLIAM CARPENTER, b. 1812; d. 1875; m. Caroline Eichler, b. 1824; d. 1892.
5. viii. FRANCIS CARPENTER, m. Josephine Woltz; one son, Francis.
5. ix. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, m. John Levering.

**Children of
Gabriel Carpenter, and Matilda Connell—Fifth Generation:**

6. i. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, m. Dr. King of Monongahela City, Pa.
6. ii. JOHN CARPENTER, unm.

**Children of
Dr. Paul Carpenter, and Mary Cannon—Fifth Generation:**

6. i. DR. HENRY W. CARPENTER, Lancaster, O., m. Kate Clark; no issue.
6. ii. ELLEN CARPENTER, m. W. J. Carty.

**Children of
Dr. Paul Carpenter, and Mary Ann Fetter—Fifth Generation:**

6. iii. DR. GEORGE P. CARPENTER, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
6. iv. JENNIE CARPENTER, m. De Long.
6. v. LAURA CARPENTER, unm.

**Children of
William Carpenter, and Caroline Eichler—Fifth Generation:**

6. i. ALBERT CARPENTER, m. Elizabeth Eckert.
6. ii. MARY CARPENTER, m. Henry McEconomy.
6. iii. CATHERINE CARPENTER, m. John J. McGrann.
6. iv. CAROLINE CARPENTER, m. Jacob Baer.
6. v. ELLEN CARPENTER, m. Col. Wm. R. Gerhart.
6. vi. EMMA CARPENTER, unm.
6. vii. WILLIAM CARPENTER, unm.
6. viii. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, unm.
6. ix. ISRAEL CARPENTER, unm.
6. x. STELLA CARPENTER, m. J. W. Nelson, Pittsburg, Pa.
6. xi. HENRY CARPENTER, m. Helen S. Wiley; no children.

*Nothing known of descendants.

6. xii. SALOME CARPENTER, unm.
6. xiii. PAUL CARPENTER, unm.
6. xiv. CHARLES CARPENTER, unm.
6. xv. ANNIE B. CARPENTER, unm.

Children of

John Carpenter, and Elizabeth Scherer—Third Generation:

4. i. JUDGE SAMUEL CARPENTER, b. 1763; d. 1821, unm.
4. ii. JOHN CARPENTER, b. 1766; d. 1815; m. Elizabeth Carpenter, daughter of Emanuel II.
4. iii. DAVID CARPENTER, b. 1768; d. 1847; m. Susannah Carpenter, b. 1773; d. 1840; daughter of Emanuel II.
4. iv. WILLIAM CARPENTER, b. 1779; d. 1824; m. Anna Carpenter, daughter of Emanuel II.
4. v. MARY CARPENTER, b. 1781; d. 1853; m. Jacob Merkel, b. 1773, Shiremanstown, Pa.

Children of

John Carpenter, and Elizabeth Carpenter—Fourth Generation:

5. i. ISRAEL CARPENTER, b. 1795; d; m. Susan Hess, b. 1797; d.
5. ii. DIANA CARPENTER, b. 1797; m. John Van Pearce.
5. iii. LUCY CARPENTER, unm.

After the death of John Carpenter, in 1815, his widow married Henry Shellenberger, by whom she had two sons, Edwin, and Henry Shellenberger.

Children of

Diana Carpenter, and John V. Pearce—Fifth Generation:

6. i. JOHN CARPENTER PEARCE, b. 1821; d. 1850; unm.
6. ii. JAMES PEARCE, b. 1824; d. 1851; unm.
6. iii. ALBINA PEARCE, unm.
6. iv. ELIZA PEARCE, m. ——— Swinehart; one son, John Swinchart.

Children of

Israel Carpenter, and Susan Hess—Fifth Generation:

After their marriage, lived at Bellepoint, Delaware County, Ohio; moved in 1835, to Shelby County, Illinois. She was a sister of Mrs. Henry Kreider, Mrs. Emanuel Kreider, and Mrs. Rev. Samuel Carpenter.

6. i. MARIA CARPENTER, b. 1817; m. David Freshwater, of Delaware County, Ohio; thirteen children.

6. ii. CATHERINE CARPENTER, b. 1819, m. (1) Wm. Walker; (2) —— Foshay.

6. iii. JOHN CARPENTER, b. 1821, unm.

6. iv. HENRY CARPENTER, b. 1823, m. Sarah Downs.

6. v. MARTHA ANN CARPENTER, b. 1825, unm.

6. vi. MICHAEL CARPENTER, b. 1827, m. Eliza Teasley.

6. vii. ISRAEL CARPENTER, b. 1829, died young.

6. viii. DIANA CARPENTER, b. 1831, m. Alfred Vigal.

6. ix. WILLIAM CARPENTER, b. 1833, died young.

6. x. WALTER SCOTT, b. 1835, m. (1) Ellen Brunk; (2) Laura A. Gravett.

6. xi. BALTHAZER CARPENTER, b. 1837, died young.

Children of

Catharine Carpenter, and Wm. Walker—Sixth Generation:

7. i. MINNIE WALKER, m.

7. ii. SYLVIA WALKER, m. —— Beach; three children; West Jefferson, Ohio.

7. iii. LEONORA WALKER, m. —— Milligan; no issue.

7. iv. DIANA WALKER.

Children of

Henry Carpenter, and Sarah Downs—Sixth Generation:

7. i. GEO. CARPENTER, m. —— McDonald; one child, Georgiana.

7. ii. JAMES WALTER CARPENTER, m. —— Jones, several children.

7. iii. ALEX. CARPENTER, m. ——, several children; live near Mexico, Mo.

7. iv. ALONZO CARPENTER, m. —— Bruner; three children, living.

7. v. NORA CARPENTER, m. —— Hebel, four children.

Children of

Michael Carpenter, and Eliza Teasley—Sixth Generation.

7. i. JOHN CARPENTER, m. Lydia Clarke; three children, Pearl, Lillie, and Bernice.

7. ii. THADDEUS CARPENTER, m. Nettie Jones, no children.
7. iii. LOUISA CARPENTER, d.
7. iv. CHARLES CARPENTER.
7. v. SUSAN CARPENTER, m. (1) James Craven, (2) Fred Baldwin; three children, Lucile, Georgiana, and Ola.
7. vi. ELLA CARPENTER, m. (1) Frank Jackson, one child. Goldie aMy; (2) Carlos Josson, a son Walter Harlan Josson.
7. vii. DIANA CARPENTER, m. Alfred Vigal, four children, Clara m. Jones, four children; Antonia m. Dodson, three children; Stephen m. May Matthew, no children; Minnie m. Vancil, three or four children.

Children of

Walter Scott Carpenter, and Ellen Brunk—Sixth Generation:

7. i. CHARLES CARPENTER.
7. ii. JACOB CARPENTER.
7. iii. GEORGE CARPENTER.
7. iv. KATIE CARPENTER, m. John Anderson, two children.

Children of

David Carpenter, and Susannah Carpenter—Fourth Generation:

5. i. MARIA CARPENTER, b. 1795; d. 1875; m. Andrew Pearce.
5. ii. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, b. 1796; m. William Cook.
5. iii. GABRIEL CARPENTER, b. 1801; d. 1881; m. (1) Catherine Pearce, b. 1802; d. 1847; (2) Maria Clifton.
5. iv. EZEKIEL CARPENTER, b. 1804; unm.
5. v. NEHEMIAH CARPENTER, b. 1808; m. Mary Johnston.

Children of

Maria Carpenter, and Andrew Pearce—Fifth Generation:

6. i. PRISCILLA PEARCE, m. Isaac Koontz, 6 children.
6. ii. SUSANNAH PEARCE, m. James McAboy, 3 children.
6. iii. REBECCA PEARCE, m. Dr. James Smith, 1 child.
6. iv. SALEM PEARCE, m. Laura Abbott, 3 children.
6. v. JOHN PEARCE, m. Cynthia Fuller, 2 children.
6. vi. JAMES PEARCE, m. —— Cormony, 5 children.

Children of

Elizabeth Carpenter, and William Cook—Fifth Generation:

6. I. SARAH COOK, m. —— Cornell.
6. II. MARY COOK, m. ——.
6. III. SUSAN COOK, m. Johnson Cook.
6. IV. CATHERINE COOK, m. John Lee.
6. V. MARIA COOK, m. John Fisher.
6. VI. WESLEY COOK, m.

Children of

Gabriel Carpenter, and Catherine Pearce—Fifth Generation:

6. I. SEYMOUR DAVID CARPENTER, b. 1826; m. (1) Sarah Weare, d.; (2) Fannie M. Emerson.
6. II. REBECCA CARPENTER, b. 1828; unm.
6. III. MARY CARPENTER, b. 1830; m. George Weare.
6. IV. EMANUEL CARPENTER, b. 1832; m. Catherine Sutherland.
6. V. SUSANNAH CARPENTER, b. 1834; m. Henry B. Stibbs,

Children of

Gabriel Carpenter, and Maria Clifton—Fifth Generation:

6. VI. JOHN CARPENTER, d. 1898, unm.
6. VII. TAYLOR CARPENTER, m. Maude Woodward.
6. VIII. GEORGE CARPENTER, m. 1893, Ada Salter.

Children of

Seymour D. Carpenter, and (1) Sarah Weare—Sixth Generation:

7. I. KATHERINE CARPENTER, m. J. Asbury Taylor.
7. II. MARY CARPENTER, m. Albert G. Harrow.
7. III. SARAH CARPENTER, m. Wm. D. Elliott; one boy, William Dalrymple Elliott.
7. IV. RALPH WEARE CARPENTER, m. Grace Harrod; one daughter, Edith Weare Carpenter.

Child of

Mary Carpenter, and Albert G. Harrow—Seventh Generation:

8. I. GRACE HARROW, m. J. Rudy Smith; one child, Natalie Smith.

Child of Susan Carpenter, and Henry B. Stibbs
—Sixth Generation:

7. i. MARY STIBBS, m. Albert Higley; one daughter, Prudence Higley.

Children of Emanuel B. Carpenter, and Catherine Sutherland—
Sixth Generation:

7. i. JOHN CARPENTER.
 7. ii. HENRY CARPENTER.
 7. iii. EDWARD CARPENTER.
 7. iv. ARCHIBALD CARPENTER.
 7. v. SEYMOUR DAVID CARPENTER.

Children of
Mary Carpenter, and George Weare—Sixth Generation:

7. i. HENRY GABRIEL WEARE, m. Jane Robinson.
 7. ii. SUSANNAH H. WEARE, unm.
 7. iii. KITTY CARPENTER, m. (1) John Herbert Nason;
 (2) Guy Cyrus Rich.
 7. iv. MARY ELY WEARE, m. Howard Gilpin Peirce.

Children of Kitty Carpenter Weare, and John Herbert Nason—
Seventh Generation:

8. i. MARY WEARE NASON, m. Paul Culver Howe.
 8. ii. KITTY BAILY NASON.
 8. iii. HENRY WEARE NASON.
 8. iv. GEORGE WEARE NASON.
 8. v. JOHN HERBERT NASON.

Children of Mary Ely Weare, and Howard Gilpin Peirce—
Seventh Generation:

8. i HOWARD GILPIN PEIRCE.
 8. ii. SUSANNA WEARE PEIRCE.
 8. iii. GEORGE ASHLEY PEIRCE.

Children of
William Carpenter, and Nancy Carpenter—Fourth Generation:

5. i. THOMAS CARPENTER, m. —— Wicizer.
 5. ii. EMANUEL CARPENTER, unm.
 5. iii. MARTHA CARPENTER, unm.
 5. iv. JOHN CARPENTER, m. ——.

5. v. MARIA CARPENTER, m. Isaiah Brooks.
All removed from Ohio, and descendants unknown

Children of
George Carpenter, and Ada Salter—Sixth Generation:

7. i. GEORGE KENYON CARPENTER.
7. ii. JOHN GABRIEL CARPENTER.
7. iii. AMY ANN CARPENTER.
7. iv. ADA BARTLETT CARPENTER.

Children of Nehemiah (Hama) Carpenter, and Mary Johnston—
Fifth Generation.

6. i. AMANDA CARPENTER, m. Norman Clark.*
6. ii. REBECCA CARPENTER, m. Daniel Canode.*
6. iii. JAMES S. CARPENTER, m. —— Klumph.*
6. iv. EZEKIEL CARPENTER, m. —— Crook.*
6. v. DAVID CARPENTER, m. —— Murritt.*
6. vi. KATE CARPENTER, m. —— McArthur.*
6. vii. PAUL CARPENTER, m. ——.*
6. viii. GABRIEL CARPENTER, m. ——.*
6. ix. MARIA CARPENTER, m. —— Hinson.*
6. x. ZACHARY CARPENTER, m. ——.*
6. xi. LOUISA CARPENTER.*
6. xii. MARY CARPENTER.*
6. xiii. SAMUEL CARPENTER, m. ——.*

All live in Kansas and Oklahoma.

Children of
Mary Carpenter, and Jacob Merkel—Fourth Generation:

5. LEVI MERKEL, b. 1803; d. 1876; m. Susan Martin.

Children of
Levi Merkel, and Susannah Martin—Fifth Generation:

6. i. DAVID RITTENHOUSE MERKEL, b. 1825; m. Sarah Jane Eberly.
6. ii. MARY CARPENTER MERKEL, b. 1841; m. Christian B. Niesly, b. 1834; d. 1888.
6. iii. BARBARA HESSING MERKEL, b. 1846; m. John B. Landis.

Nothing known of descendants.

6. iv. NAOMI SUSANNAH MERKEL, b. 1850; m. 1887, John C. Long, b. 1847.

6. v. JAMES WEIR MERKEL, b. 1853; d. 1886; m.

Children of David Rittenhouse Merkel, and Sarah Jane Eberly
—Sixth Generation:

7. i. ROMAINE MERKEL, m. Michael Wm. Jacobs.

Children of Romaine Merkel, and Michael Wm. Jacobs
—Seventh Generation:

8. i. MERKEL HENRY JACOBS, b. 1884.

8. ii. MICHAEL WM. JACOBS, b. 1886.

8. iii. SARAH JACOBS, b. 1888.

8. iv. GEORGE ROBERT JACOBS, b. 1890.

Children of Mary Carpenter Merkel, and Christian B. Niesly:
—Sixth Generation:

7. i. DR. C. M. NIESLEY, m. Caroline W. Reigart.

Children of

Dr. Charles Merkel Niesly, and Caroline W. Reigart:
—Seventh Generation:

8. i. CHARLES REIGART NIESLY, b. 1893.

8. ii. PAUL NIESLEY, b. 1895.

Children of Barbara Hessing Merkel, and Capt. John B. Landis:
—Sixth Generation:

7. i. NORMAN LANDIS, b. 1873.

7. ii. MERKEL LANDIS, b. 1875.

7. iii. NAOMI LANDIS, b. 1877.

7. iv. OLLIE LANDIS, b. 1881.

7. v. KENNETH LANDIS, b. 1885.

Child of Naomi Susannah Merkel, and John C. Long:
—Sixth Generation:

7. i. NAOMI MERKEL LONG, b. 1890.

Note. The Merkel family have been prominent in Cumberland Co., Pa., for more than a century. Jacob, who married Mary Carpenter, in 1798, was noted for his thrift and intelligence. He accumulated quite a respectable fortune. His son,

Levi, was a worthy descendant, and had the respect of all who knew him. He was a member of the Second Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania and was long a prominent banker, Cumberland County. He left all his children in comfortable circumstances. His eldest son David Rittenhouse Merkel occupies the old home place, several hundred acres in extent, where his grand father Jacob died. He is a highly educated and accomplished gentleman, who in reading and thought is entirely abreast of the age. His son-in-law, Michael Wm. Jacobs, is a prominent lawyer in Harrisburgh, Pa. The three daughters of Levi Merkel, residents of Cumberland Co., Mrs. Niesly, Mrs. Landis and Mrs. Long, are all superior women and a credit to their family. Mrs. Niesley's son Charles, is a prominent physician, practicing at Manhasset, Long Island, near New York City. Capt. John B. Landis, a civil war veteran, has long been a leading lawyer in Carlisle, where also Mr. Long is a respected citizen.

Children of

Jacob Carpenter, and Anna Maria Youndt—Third Generation:

4. I. GEORGE CARPENTER, b. 1773; d. 1798, unm.
4. II. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, b. 1775; m. Jacob Weidman.*
4. III. ANNA MARIA—NANCY—CARPENTER, b. 1777; m. George Eichelberger.*
4. IV. POLLY CARPENTER, b. 1778; d. 1832; m. Jacob Carpenter; grandson of Emanuel. See Emanuel.
4. V. JACOB CARPENTER, b. 1784; d. 1817; m. Rebecca Hollacher.*
4. VI. GABRIEL CARPENTER, b. 1781; d. 1807; m. ———.*

Children of

Jacob Carpenter, son of Jacob, son of Gabriel, and Rebecca Hollacher—Fourth Generation:

5. I. CHARLES CARPENTER, m. Harriet Heiser.
5. II. JACOB CARPENTER.
5. III. SAMUEL CARPENTER.
5. IV. JOHN CARPENTER, m. Anne Brittoo.
5. V. HARRIET CARPENTER.
5. VI. MARY CARPENTER, old Lady, who in 1899, lived near Carpenter's Graveyard, Earlville, Pa.

Children of

Dr. Henry Carpenter, and Susan Forney—Second Generation:

3. i. DR. JOHN CARPENTER, b. 1737; d. 1798; m. (1) Mary Fiere; (2) Susannah Hartmann, b. 1745; d. 1822.
3. ii. DR. HENRY CARPENTER, b. 1747; d. 1820; m. Catherine Carpenter, daughter of Christian, b. 1757; d. 1826.
3. iii. BARBARA CARPENTER, m. Jacob DeHoff.*
3. iv. SUSAN CARPENTER, m. (1) Christian Reigart; (2) Col. Thos. Edwards.*
3. v. MARY CARPENTER, m. John Smith.*
3. vi. ABRAHAM CARPENTER, m. Esther Hoffner.*
3. vii. SALOME CARPENTER, m. John Offner.*

Children of

Dr. John Carpenter, and Mary Fiere—Third Generation:

4. i. MARY CARPENTER, m. John Smith.
4. ii. ABRAHAM CARPENTER, b. 1759; d. 1815; m. Salome Smith, b. 1762; d. 1827.

Children of

Dr. John Carpenter, and Susannah Hartman:

4. iii. SUSAN CARPENTER, m. Frederick Yiser.
4. iv. SALOME CARPENTER, m. Joseph LeFevre.

Children of

Dr. Abraham Carpenter, and Salome Smith—

Fourth Generation:

5. i. HENRY A. CARPENTER, m. Jane Burroughs.
5. ii. DR. JOHN CARPENTER, m. Mary Gibbons.
5. iii. SUSANNAH CARPENTER, b. 1783; d. 1836; m. Wm. C. Frazer, b. 1776; d. 1838.
5. iv. MATILDA CARPENTER, m. Isaac Burroughs.
5. v. HARRIET CARPENTER, m. F. S. Burroughs.
5. vi. MARY CARPENTER, unm.

Children of

Susannah Carpenter, and William C. Frazer—Fifth Generation:

6. i. JUDGE REAH FRAZER, b. 1804; d. 1856.
6. ii. DR. ABRAHAM CARPENTER FRAZER, b. 1806; d. 1828.
6. iii. MARY CLARK FRAZER, b. 1808; d. 1830; m. Rev.

*Nothing known of descendants.

Jas. P. Wilson.

6. IV. LIEUT. WM. FRAZER, b. 1815.

CAPT. WILLIAM FRAZER, b. 1735; d. 1817, was Colonel of the "Delaware Light Horse," during the Revolution. He is buried in New Castle, Del. His wives, were Mary Clark, Mary O'Hara, and Mary Reah. His son, was Hon. Wm. Clark Frazer, b. 1776; d. 1838. Native of Kent County, Del.; was a graduate of Princeton in 1797. Read law in Lancaster, Pa., with Wm. Montgomery, admitted to practice in 1801. Practiced in New Castle, Del., until 1813, then settled in Lancaster, and practiced there until 1836, when he was appointed by President Jackson one of the Supreme Judges of Wisconsin, which office he filled until his death in 1838. As a lawyer and Judge, he was distinguished. His wife was Susannah Carpenter,* born 1783, died 1836, daughter of Abraham Carpenter, of "Carpenter Hall," and Salome Smith; and a granddaughter of John Carpenter, and Mary Fiere. His children were Col. Reah Frazer, born at "Carpenter Hall," Lancaster County, Pa., June 27, 1804, died in Lancaster County, Pa., Dec. 30, 1856. Abraham Carpenter Frazer, M. D., born New Castle, Feb. 6, 1806, graduated at University of Pennsylvania, 1825, died at "Carpenter Hall," in 1828. Mary Clark Frazer, born at New Castle, Del., Nov. 27, 1808, married Rev. James P. Wilson, April 7, 1830, died at Noshominy, Pa., a woman of great beauty, and fine culture. Lieut. Wm. Frazer, born at New Castle, Del., Nov. 21, 1815. Graduated from West Point 1836, and served with distinction in the Seminole war. Died at Lancaster, Pa., 1844. Reah Frazer married Abby Ann Steele of Harmony Hall, Lancaster County, Pa. She was born Aug. 9, 1821, and died May 20, 1887. Her father was Captain John Steele of the war of 1812, and his wife, Jane Porter Steele. She was a grand-daughter of William Porter, born 1750, died 1809, and Sarah Hamilton, born 1762, and died 1815. Her paternal grandfather, Gen. John Porter, served in the Revolutionary War, and was subsequently Collector of the Port of Philadelphia. The children of Col. Reah Frazer, and Abby Ann Frazer, are Susan Carpenter Frazer. Henry Carpenter Frazer of Pittsburgh, a civil engineer, died 1903. Reah Frazer Frazer, a paymaster in the U. S. Navy, since 1875, and J. P. Wilson Frazer, a merchant in Philadelphia, who died in 1905.

*Her portrait page 42.

Children of

Rhea Frazer, and Abby Ann Steele—Sixth Generation:

7. I. SUSAN CARPENTER FRAZER, unm.
7. II. HENRY CARPENTER FRAZER, d. 1903.
7. III. REAH FRAZER, m. Sallie Watterman.
7. IV. JAMES P. WILSON FRAZER, unm., d. 1905.

Children of

Salome Carpenter, and Joseph Lefevre—Fourth Generation:

5. I. SUSANNAH LEFEVRE, m. Jos. Lightner.*
5. II. JOHN C. LEFEVRE.
5. III. JOSEPH LEFEVRE.

Children of

Henry Carpenter, and Catherine Carpenter—Third Generation:

4. II. HENRY CARPENTER, m. Mary Ann Cooke.
4. III. DANIEL CARPENTER, merchant in Lancaster.
4. IV. MARY CARPENTER.
4. V. SUSANNAH CARPENTER, m. John McCleary.
4. VI. DR. JOHN CARPENTER, m. Massey Gibbons.
4. VII. ISAAC CARPENTER, b. 1783; d. 1838; m. Ann Garber, b. 1788; d. 1855.

Children of Henry Carpenter, and Mary Ann Cooke—Fourth Generation:

5. I. CATHERINE CARPENTER, unm.
5. II. JAMES CARPENTER, unm.
5. III. DR. HENRY CARPENTER, b. 1819; d. 1887; m. (1) Louise Mathiot; (2) Laura Miller; (3) Sarah Boardman.
5. IV. ANDREW JACKSON CARPENTER, m. —— Withers, one son Joseph.
5. V. ISAAC CARPENTER, no issue.
5. VI. ALEXANDER CARPENTER, no issue.
5. VII. LOUISA CARPENTER, unm.

Children of

Dr. Henry Carpenter, and Louise Mathiot—Fifth Generation:

6. I. MARY CARPENTER, m. C. Carpenter.
6. II. CATHERINE CARPENTER, m. Dr. Robert Bolenius.
6. III. SARAH CARPENTER, m. John Hubley.

Children of
Mary Carpenter, and Clay Carpenter—Sixth Generation:

- 7. I. ANNA LOUISA CARPENTER,
- 7. II. HENRY CARPENTER.

Children of Katherine Carpenter, and Dr. Robt. Bolenius—Sixth Generation:

- 7. I. EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS.
- 7. II. MARY CARPENTER BOLENIUS.
- 7. III. HENRY CARPENTER BOLENIUS.
- 7. IV. ADOLPHUS WILLIAM BOLENIUS.
- 7. V. KATHERINE CARPENTER BOLENIUS.

Children of
Sarah Carpenter, and John Hubley—Sixth Generation:

- 7. I. HENRY CARPENTER HUBLEY.
- 7. II. PAUL M. HUBLEY.
- 7. III. ROBERT BOLENIUS HUBLEY.
- 7. IV. JOHN A. HUBLEY.
- 7. V. SARAH HELEN HUBLEY.

Children of
Henry A. Carpenter, and Jane Burroughs—Fifth Generation:

- 6. I. ABRAHAM CARPENTER, m. Mary Weir.
- 6. II. *THOMAS H. CARPENTER, m. Anne Kilkenny.

Children of
Susannah Carpenter, and John McCleary—Fourth Generation:

- 5. I. CARPENTER McCLEARY.
- 5. II. JOSEPH McCLEARY.
- 5. III. DAUGHTER, m. Balthaser Rutter.

Children of
Dr. John Carpenter, and Massey Gibbons—Fifth Generation:

- 6. I. SALOME CARPENTER, b. 1803; m. Thomas Burroughs, b. 1801; d. 1871. They had sixteen children.

*First Lieutenant 17th Pennsylvania Infantry. Brevet Major March, 1865, for gallant services at the battle of Gettysburg. In regular army until retired.

Children of

Abraham Carpenter, and Esther Haffner—Third Generation:

4. i. HENRY CARPENTER.
4. ii. DR. ABRAHAM CARPENTER, physician, Lancaster, Pa.
4. iii. MARY CARPENTER, m. John Riley.
4. iv. ESTHER CARPENTER, unm.
4. v. REBECCA CARPENTER, m. Andrew Howlett.
4. vi. ELIZABETH CARPENTER; b. 1777; d. 1821; m. Jacob Weidler.
4. vii. SUSANNAH CARPENTER; b. 1781; d. 1842; m. John Withers.
4. viii. LEAH CARPENTER, m. Paul Johns.

**DESCENDANTS OF DANIEL CARPENTER, FIFTH SON OF
HEINRICH ZIMMERMANN, BORN ABOUT
THE YEAR 1716, DIED IN 1766.**

Children of

Daniel Carpenter, and Magdalena Forney—Second Generation:

3. i. MARY CARPENTER, b. 1738; m. Jeremiah Richards.*
3. ii. CHRISTIAN CARPENTER, b. 1740; m. Christina Christ.*
3. iii. SUSANNAH CARPENTER, b. 1742; d. 1776; m. Michael Kreider; b. 1742; d. 1816.
3. iv. SALOME CARPENTER, b. 1753; m. Michael Kreider, (2d wife); d. about 1820.
3. v. DANIEL CARPENTER, b. 1748; d. 1827; m. Mary Leas, b. 1755; d. 1828.
3. vi. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, b. 1752; m. Col. Curtis Grubb; two children; both died without issue.
3. vii. JOHN CARPENTER, b. 1754.*
3. viii. BENJAMIN CARPENTER, b. 1756.*

Children of

Captain Daniel Carpenter, and Mary Leas—Third Generation:

Date of Marriage, August 5, 1778.

4. i. SALOME CARPENTER, b. 1782; d. 1820; buried in cemetery at Huntingdon, Pa.; m. Daniel Kreider, her cousin.
4. ii. JOHN CARPENTER, b. 1783; m. Jane Murry; d. 1867.

*Nothing known of descendants.

4. III. MARY CARPENTER, b. 1787.
4. IV. MINERVA CARPENTER, b. 1789; d. 1814; buried in cemetery at Huntingdon; unm.
4. V. DANIEL CARPENTER, b. 1792; d. 1864; m. (1) Veronica Long; (2) Barbara Reeder.
4. VI. SAMUEL L. CARPENTER, b. 1795; d. 1876; m. Keziah Irvine; two children; d. in infancy.

Children of

John Carpenter, and Jane Murry—Fourth Generation:

5. I. MARY ANN CARPENTER, b. 1816; d. 1898; m. Dr. Michael Z. Kreider; b. 1803; d. 1855.
5. II. JEREMIAH MURRY CARPENTER, b. 1818; m. Eleanor McFadden.
5. III. JAMES M. CARPENTER, b. 1822; m. Mrs. Anna Burrell, nee Richardson.
5. IV. SATIAH CARPENTER, unm.; b. 1823; d. 1907.
5. V. CURTIS GRUBB and REBEKAH JANE, d. young.

Children of

Jeremiah Carpenter, and Eleanor McFadden—Fifth Generation:

6. I. MARY ELIZABETH CARPENTER, m. James McJunkin.
6. II. JOHN CARPENTER, m. Isabella M. Hermon.
6. III. JAMES MCFADDEN CARPENTER, m. Mary Knox.
6. IV. JEREMIAH M. CARPENTER, ——; died young.
6. JUDGE SAMUEL LEAS CARPENTER, m. Grace Boyd.
6. VI. BERTHA ELEANOR CARPENTER, m. Wm. F. McCracken.

Children of

John Carpenter, and Isabella M. Hermon—Sixth Generation:

7. I. SAMUEL E. H. CARPENTER.
7. II. MARTHA CARPENTER.
7. III. WILLIAM CARPENTER.

Children of

James McFadden Carpenter, and Mary Knox—Sixth Generation:

7. I. ALICE L. CARPENTER.
7. II. REBECCA KNOX CARPENTER.

- 7. III. BERTHA ELEANOR CARPENTER.
- 7. IV. JAMES MCFADDEN CARPENTER.

**Children of Hon. Samuel Leas Carpenter, and Grace Boyd—
Sixth Generation:**

- 7. I. JEREMIAH MURRY CARPENTER.
- 7. II. SAMUEL L. CARPENTER.
- 7. III. WM. BOYD CARPENTER.

**Children of Mary Elizabeth Carpenter, and James McJunkin—
Sixth Generation:**

- 7. I. WM. M. MCJUNKIN, m. Mrs. Jane Matchett, nee Wakefield.
- 7. II. ELEANOR C. MCJUNKIN.
- 7. III. WALTER LOWRIE MCJUNKIN.
- 7. IV. JAMES MCJUNKIN.
- 7. V. MARY ELIZABETH MCJUNKIN.
- 7. VI. REBECCA LOGAN MCJUNKIN.

Children of James Carpenter, and Mrs. Anna Burrell—nee Richardson—Fifth Generation:

- 6. I. JANE CARPENTER, m. James Armstrong.
- 6. II. SATIAH CARPENTER, unm.
- 6. III. JAMES M. CARPENTER.

**Children of
Daniel Carpenter, and Veronica Long—Fifth Generation:**

- 6. I. MARY KEZIA, b. 1822.
- 6. II. HENRY, b. 1824.
- 6. III. MARY ELIZABETH CARPENTER, b. 1826; Carpenter Station, Pa.
- 6. IV. LOUISA, b. 1828, m. —— Duff, Westmoreland County, Pa.
- 6. V. DANIEL, b. 1831.
- 6. VI. BARBARA CARPENTER, b. 1833.

**Children of
Daniel Carpenter, and Barbara Reeder—Fifth Generation:**

- 6. I. CATHERINE, b. 1836.
- 6. II. SAMUEL CARPENTER, b. 1838.

6. III. JOHN CARPENTER, b. 1839; m. Mary Fox.
6. IV. KEZIAH CARPENTER, b. 1841; m. John Spence.
6. V. DANIEL CARPENTER, b. 1842.
6. VI HENRY CARPENTER, b. 1844.
6. VII. ——, Twin of Henry.
6. VIII. BASIL CARPENTER, b. 1846.
6. IX. LIDA CARPENTER, b. 1849.
6. X. BARBARA CARPENTER, b. 1851.
6. XI. BENJAMIN CARPENTER, b. 1851.
6. XII. SARAH CARPENTER, b. 1853.
6. XIII. KERENHAPUCH CARPENTER, b. 1856.
6. XIV. SAMUEL CARPENTER, b. 1859.
6. XV. JOANNA CARPENTER, b. 1861; m. Wm. Dean, no issue.

The descendants of John, Benjamin, and Christian, children of Col. Daniel Carpenter, are not accounted for.

It is known that John, and Benjamin, served in the Revolutionary War.

Children of

Susanna Carpenter, and Michael Kreider—Third Generation:

4. I. ISRAEL KREIDER, b. 1764; d. 1845; m. Hannah Seivert.
4. II. JOHN KREIDER, b. 1766; d. 1846; m. Elizabeth.
4. III. MARY KREIDER, b. 1768; m. Hess.
4. IV. SARAH KREIDER, b. 1769; m.
4. V. DANIEL KREIDER, b. 1771; d. 1842; m. Salome Carpenter, b. 1782; d. 1820, his cousin.
4. VI. SUSAN KREIDER, b. 1773.

Children of

Salome Carpenter, and Michael Kreider—Third Generation:

4. I. EMANUEL KREIDER, b. 1777; d. 1844; m. Mary Eva Hess, b. 1788; d. 1861.
4. II. HENRY KREIDER, b. 1780; d. 1849; m. Mary Ann Hess, b. 1785; d. 1851.
4. III. MICHAEL KREIDER, b. 1782; died about 1830; m. Elizabeth Hess.
4. IV. JACOB KREIDER, b. 1784; d. 1845; m. Rebecca Downs.
4. V. DAVID KREIDER, b. 1786; d. 1842; m. Margaret Warren.

Children of
Salome Carpenter, and Daniel Kreider—Fourth Generation:

Date of marriage, August 8, 1802.

5. i. MICHAEL ZIMMERMAN KREIDER, b. 1803; d. 1855; m. (1) Sidney Ann Rees, b. 1798; d. 1843; (2) Mary Ann Carpenter, b. 1816; d. 1898.
5. ii. EDMUND FORNEY KREIDER, b. 1806; d. 1836; unm.
5. iii. JOHN LEAS KREIDER, b. 1808; d. 1834; unm.
5. iv. DANIEL YIZER KREIDER, b. 1811; d. 1837; unm.
5. v. SAMUEL CARPENTER KREIDER, b. 1816; d. 1880; m. Rebecca Weldy, b. 1821; d. 1901.

Children of Dr. Michael Zimmerman Kreider, and Sidney Ann Rees—Fifth Generation:

6. i. OLIVIA SALOME KREIDER, b. 1826; d. 1844; unm.
6. ii. ETHELBERT M. KREIDER, b. 1828; d. 1842; unm.
6. iii. LETITIA KREIDER, b. 1830; d. 1864; m. (1) Wm. Fielding; (2) Judge Wheeler. Children, Frank Fielding, Harry Kreider Wheeler.
6. iv. THALIA KREIDER, b. 1832; d. 1869; m. Thomas Lockhart; no issue.
6. v. EDMUND CICERO KREIDER, b. 1835; d. 1905; m. (1) Mary Gates, b. 1835; d. 1861; (2) Mary McDowell, b. 1842.

Children of Dr. Michael Z. Kreider, and Mary Ann Carpenter—
Fifth Generation:

6. vi. ETHRA JANE, b. 1847; d. 1905; m. H. M. Wynkoop; no issue.
6. vii. MICHAEL SERVETUS KREIDER, b. 1850; d. 1867; unm.

Children of
Edmund C. Kreider, and Mary Gates—Sixth Generation:

7. i. DR. GEORGE NOBLE KREIDER, b. 1856; m. Emma Pasfield, b. 1867.
7. ii. MIRIAM KREIDER, b. 1858, unm.

Children of

Edmund C. Kreider, and Mary McDowell—Sixth Generation:

7. III. JOHN McDOWELL KREIDER, b. 1868, m.; no children.

7. IV. PHOEBE JEFFERSON KREIDER, b. 1870; m. Emmett Y. Murray; no children.

7. V. EDMUND C. KREIDER, b. 1872, unm.

7. VI. WILLIAM JEFFERSON KREIDER, b. 1878; m. Nellie Hall, one child, Howard Kreider.

Children of Dr. George Noble Kreider, and Emma Pasfield—Seventh Generation:

8. I. GEORGE PASFIELD KREIDER, b. 1895.

8. II. MARY HATHAWAY KREIDER, b. 1896.

8. III. PAUL GATES KREIDER, b. 1898.

8. IV. EMMA JANE KREIDER, b. 1900.

8. V. SALOME CARPENTER KREIDER, b. 1907.

Children of

Jacob Carpenter, and Elizabeth Herr—Second Generation:

3. I. SARAH CARPENTER, m. (1) —— Herr; (2) John Miller.

3. II. SUSANNAH CARPENTER, m. Abraham Hains.

3. III. ELIZABETH CARPENTER, m. Miller.

3. IV. MARY CARPENTER, m. Benjamin Elliott, of Huntingdon, Pa., and was his first wife. His third wife was Susan Hains, daughter Abraham, and Susannah Hains.

Children of

Jacob Carpenter, and Susan Miller—Second Generation:

3. V. MARTHA CARPENTER, unm. d. at Mannheim, Pa.

3. VI. ESTHER, OR HETTY CARPENTER, unm., died at Mannheim, Pa.

3. VII. CATHERINE CARPENTER.

3. VIII. JOHN CARPENTER; b. 1770; d. 1835; kept a Botanical Garden, near Lancaster; unborn at time of father's death.

Children of

Jacob Carpenter, and Magdalena Kendrick—Second Generation:

3. IX. HENRY CARPENTER, m. —— Richards.

3. x.—JACOB CARPENTER, lawyer in Lancaster, m. Catherine Martin. This Jacob was a distinguished lawyer; was Treasurer of Pennsylvania; for three terms; and Judge of Orphans Court.

Children of

Mary Carpenter, and Benj. Elliott—Third Generation:

4. i. MARY ELLIOTT, b. 1780; d. 1857; m. Hon. Robert Allison, b. 1777; d. 1840, Huntingdon, Pa.
4. ii. MARTHA ELLIOTT, b. 1782; m. David McMurtrie.
4. iii. JAMES CARPENTER, b. 1784; died young.

Children of

Mary Elliott, and Robert Allison—Fourth Generation:

5. i. MARY ALLISON, b. 1803; m. Dr. John H. Dorsey.
5. ii. ELIZABETH ALLISON, b. 1805; m. Benjamin Miller.
5. iii. CATHERINE ALLISON, b. 1810; m. Alexander Groni.
5. iv. JOHN CRAIG ALLISON.
5. v. ROBERT WILKIN ALLISON.
5. vi. WM. ELLIOTT ALLISON.
5. vii. LYDIA REBECCA ALLISON, b. 1816; m. Wm. P. Orbison, b. 1814.
5. viii. NANCY DAVIDSON ALLISON, m. Rev. W. R. Birmingham.

**Children of Lydia Rebecca Allison, and William P. Orbison—
Fifth Generation:**

6. i. WM. ALLISON ORBISON, b. 1842; m. Mary W. Hurd, five daughters.
6. ii. MARY ELLIOTT ORBISON, unm.
6. iii. ELLEN HARRIS ORBISON, unm.
6. iv. ROBERT A. ORBISON, b. 1849; m. J. Estelle Gregory, two children.

Children of Robt. A. Orbison, and J. Estelle Gregory:

7. i. ALLISON ESTELLE ORBISON.
7. ii. VIRGINIA GREGORY ORBISON.

DESCENDANTS OF MARTHA ELLIOTT, AND DAVID
McMURTRIE.

Children of

Martha Elliott, and David McMurtrie—Fourth Generation:

5. I. ANNA McMURTRIE, m. (1) Edward Patton, (2) Thomas Jaskson.
5. II. MARY McMURTRIE, b. 1800, m. James Gwin.
5. III. ELLEN McMURTRIE, b. 1802; m. Matthew Gregg.
5. IV. DAVID McMURTRIE, b. 1904; m. Martha McConnell.
5. V. DR. BENJAMIN McMURTRIE, b. 1806; m. Sarah Harriet Orbison.
5. VI. ROBERT ALLION McMURTRIE, b. 1811; m. Mrs. Maria Dennison.
5. VII. MARTHA McMURTRIE, b. 1814; m. James McCahon.
5. VIII. WILLIAM McMURTRIE, b. 1817; m. M. Margaret Whittaker.

Child of

Mary McMurtrie, and James Gwin—Fifth Generation:

6. I. DAVID P. GWIN, b. 1834; m. Louise Cunningham, whose children were James Gwin, dead, and Mary Gwin, living in Huntingdon, Pa.

Children of

Ellen McMurtrie, and Matthew Gregg—Fifth Generation:

6. II. DAVID McMURTRIE GREGG, b. 1833; m. Ellen Sheaff; was Major General of cavalry in U. S. Army during the War of the Rebellion, and elected Auditor General of Pennsylvania, in 1891.
6. III. MARY GREGG, m. G. Dorsey Green.
6. IV. GEORGE GREGG.
6. V. ELLEN GREGG.
6. VI. HENRY H. GREGG, b. 1860; m., and lives in Joplin, Missouri.
6. VII. THOMAS J. GREGG, m. Bessie McKnight.

Children of William McMurtrie, and Margaret Whittaker—
Fifth Generation:

6. I. MARTHA McMURTRIE, m. Hon. Robert M. Speer.
6. II. EDWARD STEWART McMURTRIE, b. 1842.
6. III. ARTHUR McMURTRIE, b. 1844.
- .6. IV. ELIZABETH McMURTRIE, m. Caleb North.
6. V. DAVID ELLIOTT McMURTRIE, b. 1849.
6. VI. MARY McMURTRIE, dead.
6. VII. MARGARET McMURTRIE, dead.
6. VIII. CLARA McMURTRIE, lives in Huntingdon, Pa.



GABRIEL CARPENTER.

IN MEMORIAM.

Gabriel Carpenter died at his residence, near the city, Thursday, March the 10th, 1881. He was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, September 11th, 1801. In his infancy, his parents moved to Fairfield County, Ohio, where he resided until his removal to Cedar Rapids, in April, 1852. He has resided here continually since that time, a period of nearly twenty-nine years, and was one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens. During his long residence here, he contributed largely to the material interests of our city, and ever took an active interest in all that pertained to its prosperity. Purchasing land contiguous to the original city plat, he laid out several additions to the city, which he lived to see thickly populated, and teeming with business activity. He also built several dwellings and business houses in different parts of the city, the most notable among which is the "Carpenter's Block," corner of Eagle and Commercial streets, which takes rank with the best business blocks in the city. He was, for a time, a director in the First National Bank, a stock-holder in the Cedar Rapids Water Company, and was the first president of the Marshalltown Gas Company. He was a communicant of the Episcopal Church for nearly a quarter of a century, a vestryman for many a year, and a consistent Christian, and an active member and liberal supporter of his church. He was a quiet, unobtrusive, business man, ever ready to take part in all business enterprises, calculated to advance the business interests of our city, and to contribute fully and freely, his share of material aid in sustaining and forwarding our public affairs. Any project calculated to further the business interests of Cedar Rapids, could always confidently depend upon Gabriel Carpenter's influence and support. While he has perhaps not been so prominent a character in the history of our city, as others, owing to his quiet and unobtrusive manner, but few men have done more to make Cedar Rapids what it is to-day than he.

His death leaves a feeling of sorrow, as real as it is widespread, throughout the community.

His remains were looked upon by a large number of relatives and friends, at his late residence, on Sunday last, at half-past one o'clock p. m., after which the funeral services were held in Grace Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. Ringold, Rector of the church. A large number of Free-Masons, of which he was a member, joined the funeral procession, and conducted the burial services at the grave.

The surviving members of his family are, Seymour D. Carpenter, Rebecca Carpenter, Mrs. Mary Carpenter Weare, E. Brough Carpenter, and Mrs. Susanna Carpenter Stibbs, children of his first wife; Catherine Pearce, who died in 1847. Delia Carpenter, John Carpenter, Taylor Carpenter, and George P. Carpenter, by his second wife, Maria Clifton; also his step-daughters, Anna W. Carpenter, and Mrs. Harriet W. Reed.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS, HE PASSES AWAY AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS. A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, AND HIS GREAT RECORD AS A PRACTITIONER.

DR. HENRY CARPENTER, the head of his profession in Lancaster County, died at his home, No. 30 South Queen Street, June 26, 1887, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was stricken with paralysis early in April, but was then only slightly affected, and had so far recovered, in the latter part of May, that he was able to appear on the streets in his carriage. Just as he seemed to be on the fair road to complete recovery, however, a second stroke paralyzed his left side. On Saturday evening last, he had so far recovered that he was discussing the advisability of going down stairs; but on Sunday morning he received the third, and most severe stroke of all, which resulted fatally.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Dr. Henry Carpenter was born in the house, on South Queen street, in which he lived all his life, and in which he died on December 10, 1819. He came from a race of physicians. The hanging lantern dated 1698, now in his possession, was brought over here by his paternal ancestor, Dr. Henry Carpenter (Zim-

merman) who came to Germantown, from Switzerland, in that year, and moved to West-Earl in 1717. When the patents were issued for the land selected by Heinrich Zimmerman, the clerk at Philadelphia, evidently wishing to render his name conformable to the tongue of his adopted government, anglicized the name to "Carpenter," and thus it happened that the Zimmermans, became the Carpenters. The first Dr. Carpenter farmed his fields, and physicked his neighbors and transmitted his professional talents to posterity. His son, Emanuel, was the father of that Emanuel, Jr., who represented this country in the Legislature in 1777, '80, '84, '85 and '86; and another son, Dr. Henry, had a boy Jacob, who was a Member of the Legislature, State Treasurer, and Clerk of the Orphans' Court. His son, Henry, was the grand-father, and a grand-son of the same name was the father of the Dr. Henry Carpenter, known to this generation of Lancastrians. On his mother's side, Dr. Carpenter was the grand-son of David Cook, and the great grand-son of Bartram Galbraith, Surveyor General of Pennsylvania. There were a number of physicians in that family, too, so the Doctor comes to his taste for politics, as well as his talents for medicine, by inheritance. The family is one of very extensive connection, likewise among the land-owners and intelligent farmers of our county. Each succeeding generation had a physician, so that coming down to the present, we find that Dr. Henry Carpenter, was the fifth physician in regular step, with one exception, they were always the oldest son, and all named Henry. This exception proved to be the father of the subject of this sketch, whose proper business was that of surveyor and conveyancer, though for a short time he was engaged in the mercantile business in this city.

The subject of this sketch received his preliminary education in the select schools of this city and at the Lancaster Academy, and afterwards studied classics under a noted tutor. On the first of June, 1836, he began the study of medicine under Dr. Samuel Humes, in whose office he remained for five years. In 1839, he went to lectures, but was undecided which college he would attend. This same year, dissension arose in the faculty of Jefferson Medical College, and several of the professors withdrew and assisted in organizing the institution known as the Pennsylvania Medical College.

PUTTING A COLLEGE ON ITS FEET.

Dr. Carpenter was one among seven students from this county, who went to the city for the purpose of attending lectures this season, and like him, they were all equally undecided. After hearing the different professors at both the Jefferson College, and the University of Pennsylvania, they all met in Henry Carpenter's room for the purpose of coming to a conclusion. Various opinions were expressed; when at length Henry Carpenter intimated his preference for the Pennsylvania Medical College, on the ground that as the college was just about being organized, the faculty would naturally manifest a personal interest in the success of their students, in order that a reputation might be established for the college; and moreover, as the class would in all probability be small, they would have a decided advantage at clinics. These suggestions were favorably received, and the following morning they all matriculated, Henry Carpenter heading the list. They were the first matriculates, and Dr. Calhoun, the Dean, received them so cordially that of one accord they all set to work to solicit students for the new institution, and as a result of their industry within three days, there were seventy names recorded; the entire registration for the term amounted to one hundred. Of these seven students, there is but one survivor, Dr. J. Augustus Ehler, of this city.

Dr. Carpenter graduated in February, 1841, when he returned to Lancaster, and began practice in the office which he occupied during all of his practice, and which his father formerly occupied as conveyancer. When he began practice however, he had already acquired considerable practical experience, as his preceptor was inclined from the beginning to show him favor in this respect, and at the same time, it enabled him to lighten his own professional labors.

A SKILLFUL PHYSICIAN.

Finally he succeeded to the large practice of his preceptor having made an enviable reputation by his skillful treatment of several important cases, and he continued in active practice until stricken by his last illness, an acknowledged skillful physician and surgeon, among the foremost of the State. He was one of the founders of the Lancaster County Medical Society, in 1844, secretary from its organization for many years and its

President in 1855. He was Secretary and Vice-President of the State Medical Society, and one of the Board of Censors for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. He was a man of mechanical genius—it was once said that in his becoming a physician, a good blacksmith was spoiled—and made all the appliances necessary to the treatment of fractures and dislocations and often drew the plans for the construction of his instruments. After he was fully started in his profession, he discovered that the forceps, then in use those of Hayden, Smellie, and Baudelocque, were not all that could be desired, and, in 1843, he drew plans for forceps that were manufactured for him in Philadelphia, by Mr. Gemrig, and which he used for forty-four years; in no case did he fail to effect delivery when they were once applied. His early training rather cultivated a taste for obstetrics, and while he had no specialty, he nevertheless had a very large obstetrical experience, those in his own individual practice together with consultation, amounting to nearly 5,500 cases. His experience in gynecology was equally large, embracing many major operations necessary for the treatment of uterine affections. While Dr. Carpenter devoted much time to obstetrics and gynecology, he was a practical surgeon in the most general acceptation of the term, having operated extensively in almost every affection which calls for surgical interference. Tracheotomy, he performed twelve times, for the removal of foreign bodies. He was never connected with any of our public hospitals, and therefore his extensive experience in operating for strangulated hernia seems the more remarkable. Up to July, 1871, the ledger shows that he had 246 cases, and these embrace every variety of this affection. One of the most brilliant operations he ever performed was the ligation of the gluteal artery, and so far as we have been able to discover, there is no record of this having been done before in the State.

SERVICES DURING THE WAR.

Dr. Carpenter responded to a special call from the Surgeon-General during the late rebellion, on two different occasions; the first time he was placed in charge of the "Eckington Hospital," at Washington, and on the second occasion at Hagerstown. He was also surgeon to the old Jackson Rifle Company, quite famous in its day, and which in 1844, was called into active service during

the riots of Philadelphia. It is also very worthy of notice as a historical fact, that he attended ex-President James Buchanan, and the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, respectively, for many years, and in their last illness. He was reserved and conservative, and unfortunately so for the profession, for many of his operations deserved the notice of the public prints, but failed to get there merely because of his retiring disposition. His conservatism was manifest in all his operations; preferring rather to withhold the knife, if success was doubtful, than to jeopardize life. In diagnosis, treatment, surgery and every branch of medicine, he was distinguished, and the demands upon his time by brother physicians who desired his advice in consultation was unending. Therefore his death leaves a void in the profession that it will be hard to fill.

HIS MEDICAL STUDENTS.

Following is a list of the young men who have read medicine with Dr. Carpenter: Alex M. Carpenter, Jacob C. Brubaker, Jacob R. Johns, David G. Resh, John F. Huber, Andrew I. Carpenter, E. W. Brenneman, James A. S. Carpenter, Joseph Downey, Samuel B. Cleary, Geo. A. King, Wm. M. Barr, Jacob H. LeFevre, George D. King, Abraham Hirsh, Martin Slaymaker, Martin Ringwalt, Wm. C. Baker, Robert M. Bolenius, Franklin Ziegler, and Walter Boardman.

A MAN OF AFFAIRS.

But while a leader in his profession, Dr. Carpenter took a large interest in all public affairs. He was active in polities as a Democrat, and he represented his party in Councils for many years. He was President of Select Council for nearly twenty years, and of Common Council for several years; a member of the School-Board for thirty years; a director of the Lancaster Gas Company; and of the Lancaster Fire Insurance Company, and a director of the Conestoga Steam Mills Company, for a long time, and one of the principal owners for many years after their sale. He was also one of the company that built and owns No. 4 Cotton Mill, and one of the originators of the Conestoga Turnpike Company, of which he was President from its organization. Dr. Carpenter was always interested in railroad affairs. He was a director of the Lancaster and Quarryville Narrow Gauge Railroad; a director and treasurer of the Delaware River

and Lancaster Railroad; director and assistant treasurer of the National Railroad (now the Bound Brook) and president and director of the Hamilton Land Association of New Jersey. He was a director of the Lancaster Cremation and Funeral Reform Association, and a director of the Lancaster Watch Company.

One of the last letters Dr. Carpenter received was dated June 24, from the secretary of the Faculty of Medico Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, tendering the appointment as member of the Board of Censors from this county, and accepted the appointment.

Dr. Carpenter was prominent in Masonic circles. He was made a Mason on May 14, 1856, and was Past-Master of Lodge No. 43, F. & A. M.; Past-High-Priest of Chapter No. 43, R. A. M.; Member of Goodwin Council, No. 19, R. S. E. & S. M.; Past-Commander of Lancaster Commandery No. 13, K. T.; a member of Lancaster Lodge of Perfection 14, A. A. S. R., and at the time of his death was one of the trustees of that lodge.

He was married in 1846, to Anna Louise, daughter of ex-Mayor John Mathiot, who died in 1863, leaving three daughters who still survive. They are Mary E., who is married to C. C. Carpenter, of the Examiner; Katie M., who is married to Dr. R. M. Bolenius, and Sallie P., who is married to John E. Hubley, of the First National Bank. His second wife, Laura W., daughter of Martin Miller, of Oil City, died in 1871. On May 8, 1877, he was married to Sarah A., widow of the late Harris Boardman, of this city, and daughter of Hon. Benj. Billings, of Connecticut, who survives him, with her three sons, Dr. Walter Boardman, Arthur, of the firm of Rupley & Boardman, and Harry A. Boardman.

SAMUEL SANGSTON CARPENTER.

A MEMBER OF THE CINCINNATI BAR.

Samuel Sangston Carpenter, was a son of Dr. Emanuel Weidler, and Sarah Sangston Carpenter; and grand-son of Mayor Samuel Carpenter, of Lancaster, Penn., who held that office at the time of his death. He was a grand-son, three times removed, of Heinrich Zimmerman, who emigrated from the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, to America, about the year 1700, and located in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Upon issuing a land-patent to "Zimmerman" Governor Penn, in accordance with his custom, translated the name Zimmerman, into "Carpenter"—its equivalent in English.

To this day the family is known by the name "Zimmerman" amongst the Pennsylvania Germans, who still retain, to a great extent, their language, manners, and customs. Emanuel Carpenter, a son of Heinrich Zimmerman "Carpenter," was a noted man in his day, a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, for seventeen years, and for many years a Judge of the County Court.

Samuel S. Carpenter was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, January 22, 1823. With an Academic education, at the age of eighteen years, he commenced the study of law, in the office of Emanuel C. Reigart, Esq., and was admitted to the bar in November, 1843. In December following, he removed to Cincinnati, and entered upon the practice of his profession, which he continued for many years.

In the year 1849, he was appointed United States Commissioner, by the United States Circuit Court. In attention to his duties in that office, subsequent to the passage of the Fugitive-Slave-Law, he had a most strenuous, and remarkable experience, the account of which as published at the time, served to make Mr. Carpenter one of the marked men of his time.

In a certain case before him at the time, his decision has become historic.

In the Cincinnati Gazette, of June 15th, 1854, he published an opinion, stating at length his views upon the constitutionality of the "Fugitive Slave Law," which were, substantially, that Commissioners were not courts, within the terms and meaning of the Constitution, not having the requisites of courts, and therefore could not exercise the judicial powers conferred upon them; the final decision of the question of a man's freedom or slavery for life, without appeal, being in his opinion, the exercise of judicial power in the highest sense.

Mr. Carpenter was the first United States Commissioner to decline to execute the obnoxious law. He did not resign his office, but as a result of his decision, thus acting up to his convictions, was the loss of his business as Commissioner, which then constituted a considerable portion of his professional income.

The "Fugitive Slave Law" was the fore-runner of the war for the Union. His was heroism of a high order, to withstand public opinion, and the admonitions of a federal judge.

Reared in the school of Thaddeus Stevens, and believing in the inalienable rights of all men, regardless of nationality or color, he could do nothing more, and would do nothing less than to stand up to his convictions. As a lawyer Mr. Carpenter's reputation is that of a wise and safe counsellor. No member of the Cincinnati bar is more trustworthy, no attorney is more faithful to the interests of his clients.

Biographical Cyclopaedia of Ohio—Historical Sketch.

REVEREND SAMUEL CARPENTER.

In his History of the Western States, the late Dr. J. A. Smith of Chicago, in speaking of the early work of Baptist preachers in Ohio, says: "The work done in the field during this nascent period of Baptist growth was almost wholly by volunteers in the service, to whom scarcely anything was of less moment, or by them less expected, than special compensation, or appointment from any source. Their means of support they found very much as other pioneers did, in creating for themselves homes and farms, in the wilderness, with patient acceptance of whatever vicissitude might fall to their lot. Intent upon their work, they gave little thought to the fact that a time might come when history would dearly prize every faded leaf of record which should afford glimpses of their story."

A few such glimpses are afforded in the life of REVEREND SAMUEL CARPENTER of Lancaster, Ohio. Born in Earl township, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania, July 18th, 1794. From this place, his father Samuel, thirteen years later, desiring better facilities for the education of his children, than a country neighborhood afforded, removed to the city of Lancaster, in the same county, where he afterwards became a magistrate and mayor of the city. Diligently improving the advantages there afforded, he secured what was for that early day, a pretty liberal education, devoting himself especially to mathematical studies, and civil engineering, in which profession he became eminent, in the then new state of Ohio, to which place he removed about the year 1816 and where he was employed as Engineer in charge of Public Works. His home was in Lancaster, up to the time of his death.

While engaged in his work, in varied activities, for the maintenance of his family, he was also occupied in the work of gospel ministry, in connection with the order of the old Regular Baptists. Referring to his life, in a recent letter, his daughter Mrs. Laura Carpenter Finley, of Xenia Ohio, writes most interestingly, and with such an inherited grace of expression, as to properly give her communication a place in these pages, as follows:

“When I think of the financial trouble, brought on by no fault of his own, that my father struggled through; of his busy life as an engineer, and his work as a preacher of the gospel, his fine face and figure, the smile that lighted his usually grave face like sunshine, his versatility, his conversation always entertaining and instructive, his tenderness as a husband and father, the simple dignity that marked all he said and did; I sum it all up in a single phrase, he was one of “Nature’s noblemen.”

“Speaking of my father’s sermons I thought the record was over a thousand. I have since looked up the old books. He was converted while engaged as a surveyor in the wilds of Michigan, and like Paul, said “Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.” His first sermon is dated June 12, 1824, Lancaster church. The last one July 24, 1870. He died on the 19th day of August, 1870, less than one month after that. The same Register shows that during his ministry he preached 2094 sermons, in forty years, and never received forty dollars for his services as a minister. This was one man’s work in the ministry, while at the same time he was employed in public business, building the Ohio canal, the Steubenville and Indiana Rail-Road, &c. No other foot ever stood in the old pulpit. The church he had preached in for over forty years, was burned down one month after his death.”

In addition to the above record of his life, and work, the following is copied from the Lancaster, Ohio, Gazette, of 1870. “REVEREND SAMUEL CARPENTER departed this life on Friday, August 19, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. To eulogize such a life, would be a needless service to those who knew him, and saw him in his daily duties. His conduct in all phases was squared by the strictest rules of propriety, and by the highest regard for the feelings of others.

“He was alike laborious in religious, and in professional service as a civil engineer, and in every way sought to disseminate truth. His personal presence showed him to be a man of supe-

rior intellect, and varied acquirements. His features were regular, indicative of manly beauty, and lighted by eyes of wonderful penetration. In the presence of his family, and friends, his countenance was beaming and radiant, but with strangers it was staid, and solemn.

In later years, when the strenuous duties of life were past; he found special enjoyment in beautifying the grounds that surrounded his home with the earliest and choicest of flowers, and the substantial fruits of the mellowing autumn.

“In things not demonstrable, a sceptic, except in the fields of religious inquiry; he bowed his intellect to the word of God, and by faith, solved the problem of man’s accountability, and of the life immortal, of which he never had a doubt. As he lived a Christian life, he died a Christian’s death. The last intelligent utterance was the culmination of all—“Trust in God, he will never forsake you.” His long residence in this community furnishes a story, which reflects the highest honor upon his memory.”

A rose colored Scotch granite monument in Elmwood cemetery Lancaster, Ohio, marks the last resting place of himself and wife.

THE OLD HOME-CLOCK.

BY LAURA CARPENTER FINLEY.

Tick, tock—tick, tock,
Softly repeats the old home-clock,
To that rhythmic beat, with noiseless feet,
The years turn back; memory sweet
Yields from her store the days “Lang Syne,”
When youth, and joy, and hope were mine.

Tick, tock—tick, tock,
Sweet is the spell you weave, old clock;
With happy eyes my spirit sees
The dear old home among the trees;
The fearless robin stops to pour
His glad song at the open door;
The garden lillies, tall and fair,
With fragrance freight the soft June air;
The slant sun shimmers through the leaves,
Powders with gold the vine clad eaves,
And stoops into the long wide hall,
Where as of old, so quaint and tall,
You stand like faithful sentinel,
Repeating still, “All’s well,” “All’s well.”

The sights, the sounds, the birds, the flowers,
The joys of careless happy hours,
The rippling laugh, the scented air,
The twilight soft, the voice of prayer,
All sweetest things of home seem bound
In memory by a thread of sound,
That pulses in the low tick tock
Of my long treasured old home-clock.

Tick, tock—tick, tock,
 Deepen the spell you weave, old clock;
 In the dreamy hum my spirit lies,
 Tranced as with airs from Paradise,
 Mine again are the joys of home;
 Father, mother and sisters come
 With love words on their smiling lips;
 My famished heart the nectar sips;
 Love's fond demand for love swift brings
 Return of love from love's deep springs
 That welled beside the old hearth-stone,
 Oh home! sweet home! My heart has grown
 With miser greed to count the store
 That memory brings from days of yore.

Tick, tock—tick, tock,
 Unwearied still the old home-clock
 Tells the hours with silvery chime
 Steadily off the dial of Time,
 With patient stroke the pendulum
 Swings back and forth, years go and come.
 Tears of sorrow, joys honey sweet,
 Alike have fled with that soft beat.
 But one is left, ah me; ah me!
 That gathered neatn the old roof-tree;
 But one is left. The old home-clock,
 That marked her birth with gay tick tock,
 Loyal still to the life long trust,
 Will tell the hour, when “dust to dust”
 Spoken low o'er the shrouded clay,
 Proclaims the dawn of endless day.

Xenia, O., June 4, 1904.

“The oldest thing I have, is the old clock, which went into the house in 1822 and remained there until my mother's death in October 1872. When, she having willed it to me, it was brought here to my home, where it has done duty ever since. It is mahogany cased and very handsome. For eighty five years the old clock, has

‘Told the hours with silvery chime,
 Steadily off the dial of time.’”

MRS. MARY ANN KREIDER.

FROM THE MASONIC REVIEW, OF CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1898.

Mrs. Mary Ann Carpenter Kreider, relict of Dr. Michael Z. Kreider, of Lancaster, Ohio, departed this life in Lancaster, on the 11th day of December, 1898, in the eighty-third year of her age. The announcement of her decease was sad news, to the many friends of the venerable woman. Born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, she there grew up to womanhood, and was married to Dr. Kreider, at her old home, in that State, on the 15th day of November, 1844.

In due time, with her husband, she removed to Lancaster, where he had previously located, in the practice of his profession. She was his second wife, and by her many amiable qualities of mind and heart, soon won the affection, and love, of her husband's household, and the esteem of the people of her adopted town. She loved her home, and her family, with an affection that was fully reciprocated by all her family, up to the time of her death. Especially was this the case with her step-son, Edmund C. Kreider, of Jacksonville, Illinois, whose love for, and devotion to her, could not have been greater, for an own mother.

Dr. Kreider preceded his wife, to the life immortal, forty-three years, but is still well remembered, by the older citizens of Lancaster. During his life, he was one of the most prominent men of his time, when Lancaster numbered among its citizens, many of the foremost men of the nation. Eminent in his profession, he took an active part in public affairs, and was prominent in Masonic circles, holding many positions of honor, and trust, in the order.

He was active in every movement, for the benefit of the craft, and was the first grand-commander of the grand-commandery of the Knights-Templars, of Ohio.

He was known throughout the Masonic world, as one among giants of the order; and the death of his widow will be mourned by every Mason in the land.

HON. JAMES McF. CARPENTER.

JAMES MCFADDEN CARPENTER, was born in Murrysville, Pa., January 30, 1850, son of Jeremiah Murry Carpenter, and Eleanor, daughter of Margaret Stewart McFadden.

His paternal grandfather was John Carpenter, whose wife was Jane Murry, daughter of Jeremiah Murry, the founder of Murryville, Westmoreland Co., Pa. He was reared on a farm in Plum Tp., in Westmoreland Co., and attended the Common Schools between the ages of sixteen, and twenty-one; he was a student of the Murryville Academy, and at intervals, taught school for four years. In 1872 he came to Pittsburg, where he practiced surveying, and engineering, with James H. McRoberts, and studied law, first with Hopkins & Lazear, then with Thos. C. Lazear, of the same firm. He was admitted to the bar in October, 1874, and has ever since been engaged in the practice. He was married June 25, 1876, to Mary H., daughter of John L. and Rebecca H. Knox, deceased. Mr. Carpenter's success has been wholly due to his own energy, and perseverance. He did not inherit a fortune, and has held no official position. He is a democrat, with decidedly independent views, and has been an elder in the Presbyterian church, since 1881.

From history of Allegheny County, Pa.

Copy of Autograph letter from Joseph Reed, member of the Council of Safety of Pennsylvania, and signer of the Declaration of Independence, to Lieut.-Col. Jacob Carpenter, of the Lancaster County Militia.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 3, 1781.

SIR:

Having been just informed that your Battallion is arrived in respectable strength, but without arms, I have endeavored to procure a supply here, but find it to be impracticable for some time on account of the large issue last week. The intelligence from the enemy being also much more favorable, the Council have concluded not to insist upon your remaining absent from your family and business, especially as the election is approaching, at which you will probably choose to attend. You therefore have my permission to return, but not consider yourselves as dis-

charged, inasmuch as your services may be indispensably necessary if the Enemy should advance from New York. You will therefore direct all under your command to be in readiness at a short warning. And I must now desire you to communicate to the officers & men, & accept yourself my thanks for your zeal and services on this occasion. Should you be again called I hope we shall have arms prepared, but would also wish that those who have arms would bring them for which they will be allowed.

I am Sir

Your obedt Humble Serv,

Jos. REED.

Jacob Carpenter

Lt. Col. Lancaster
County Militia.

Copied from original, by Miss Emily Carpenter, Sept. 10, 1896.

COPY OF LETTER FROM D. M'MURTRIE.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Dec. 7, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR:

I spent three hours with old Aunt Allison last evening. She thinks her recollection of her Grandfather Jacob Carpenter's family is correct. She says she remembers old Abraham Carpenter was treated very kindly by her uncle Jacob Carpenter, when in Lancaster, some forty-five years ago. Thinks that her father got his wife at a place called Manheim, in Lancaster County, and that Martha, and Hetty remained there old maids.

Aunt Allison would be very much pleased to see yourself or Mr. Frazer. You would have a long talk.

Yours with respect,

D. McMURTRIE.

Wm. Carpenter, Esq.
Lancaster.

Copied by S. D. Carpenter from original at Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 9, 1896.

MEMORANDUM.

“Old JACOB CARPENTER, youngest son of the emigrant HENRY CARPENTER, was father of the following family:

SUSANNA CARPENTER, married Abraham Harris.

ELIZABETH CARPENTER, married John Fiere.

MARY CARPENTER, married Benjamin Elliott.

MARTHA CARPENTER, unmarried.

HETTY CARPENTER, unmarried.

MARY ELLIOTT was the mother of Mrs. Allison, and Mrs. McMurtrie, in this county. Sarah Carpenter’s first husband was Mr. Han; second husband, John Miller. My mother was named for her aunt Martha, who never married. Hetty Carpenter never married. There were three brothers, Jacob, John and Martin. Jacob was a lawyer in Lancaster. Aunt Allison was named Mary, after her mother. Michael Kreider married Susanna Carpenter, and had children. She then died, and he married her sister Salome; the names of the children by Susanna, were Israel, Daniel, John and Susanna; he had children by his second wife. These folks were cousins to my grandmother, Mary Elliott. Daniel Carpenter lived in this place, a number of years. Aunt Allison is under the impression that Daniel Kreider married a daughter of Capt. Daniel Carpenter. We find Carpenter on several head-stones in our graveyard.”

This is a copy of the paper enclosed in the preceding letter of Maj. D. McMurtrie of Huntingdon, Pa., written to Wm. Carpenter, Esq., of Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 7, 1850. S. D. C.

The Aunt Allison referred to, was the daughter of Mary Carpenter, daughter of Jacob Carpenter, the youngest son of the emigrant, who married Benjamin Elliott. She married a man named Robert Allison. Daniel Kreider spoken of, was the father of Dr. M. Z. Kreider of Lancaster, Ohio.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER WRITTEN BY SAMUEL CARPENTER, MAYOR OF LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA, TO HIS SON, SAMUEL CARPENTER, JR., OF LANCASTER, OHIO, AUDITOR OF FAIRFIELD COUNTY.

“LANCASTER, Pa., March 10, 1821.

“DEAR SON:

“Yours of the 26th ultimo, this morning was handed to me, by the letter carrier. I am happy to learn that you were all well at that time, and God grant, that you may all long continue

so. We are all well at present, I myself enjoy good health, thanks be to God for his mercy.

“Your hopes of my coming to pay you a visit, at present, are entirely frustrated, by being informed that I was appointed by the Governor, an Alderman of the city council. That alone would not have stopped me, from paying you a visit, but my fellow-citizens did not think proper to stop here. On the 13th day of February last, the day appointed by law, to elect the Mayor of the city, the councils met, twenty-two in number (the Select and Common-Council of twenty-four members, two were absent), and elected me, the Mayor of the city for one year. The Mayor is elected annually on the 2d. Tuesday in February. Out of the twenty-two votes, I had twenty, for that office. Our citizens became dissatisfied with the former Mayor, and had petitions in circulation, to repeal the city charter. My friends prevailed on me to resign the office of Justice of the Peace, and accept of the appointment of an Alderman. Judge Smith obtained the change, with the Governor; he waited on him personally, at Harrisburg. The Governor accepted of my resignation, and granted me the commission of Alderman, the same day, and Judge Smith in person, the same evening, handed the commission to me. I was instantly sworn into office, and was not stopped an hour, from acting as a Justice of the Peace. A Justice of the Peace, and an Alderman, have equal honor, and all the same offices, only that a Justice of the Peace, cannot be elected Mayor. I feel happy in having it in my power to state to you in truth (nor would I state it to you, were you not my son, for fear of being announced a braggadocio), that on the success of my election, the people became reconciled, and withdrew their petitions to the Legislature, for the repeal of the City Charter. This latter circumstance, connected with others, will at least for one year, prevent me from paying you a visit. The Mayor of the city should be very attentive to his office, and not leave it for one day, much less for a month. Another circumstance to make my journey to your country dangerous is, that I am not used to any exercise, nor exposing myself to heat nor cold. On Thursday last, I was desired to go two miles in the country, to take a deposition of an old man, that could not come to court, to give his evidence. An elegant horse, saddle, and bridle, was brought to my door with a man on another horse, to

escort me. We went on very pleasant, for nearly a mile, when the horse took fright; and upon a high bank fell, and left me prostrate on my back. However, I was not in the least hurted. The horse run away, and left me. As the court was then in session, and going on with the trial of the cause, where the deposition was to be read as evidence, I walked out home again, which made me very tired, and I am not over it yet. I had not been on horseback for more than three years, and at that time I rode about eight miles one day, and came home the third day, when I was laid up for four or five days, before I got over it, and could not go faster than a walk, which induces me to belief that I could not travel on horseback to your country. It would certainly kill me.* If I do go, I will go in a wagon, and of those kind which we call Dearborn."

From another letter dated Nov. 25, 1821, the following quotation:

"I shall dwell on the subject of your official situation, and your duties therein. As you now have gained the confidence of your fellow citizens, and they have elected you (in opposition to the nomination of the Legislature of your State), the Auditor of Fairfield County, it becomes your duty, not to betray the confidence reposed in you, but to execute that post, and trust, with fidelity and correctness, of which I have reason to hope, from my own knowledge of you, as well as the informations I frequently get from other sources, that you will perform your official duties, to the satisfaction of your constituents, as well as to the reconciliation of your own conscience. You are now in a fair way to assure, and make safe, the confidence of your fellow citizens. To become useful in society, and gain the good will of your fellow-men, is an independent fortune, not only to a man himself, but to his posterity; provided his posterity walk on the path of virtue, honesty, and veracity; because the good acts, and honorable and useful deportment of their ancestors, will be remembered, and confidence will be placed in posterity, if their own conduct is deserving. I do not wish you to neglect your duties on my account, because it does not at this time appear necessary, and if it should become necessary, I have no doubt, but what you would forsake your all, and fly to my assistance.

"Accept to yourself, and remember to your wife, and all our

*Mr. Carpenter was a very fleshy man.

inquiring relatives, and friends, my kind love, and respect, and more especially to my dear aged parents. I recommend you all to the protection, of the Almighty Dispenser of all good, and especially your two dear sons, who I very much wish to see, before I am called to leave this vale of trouble and afflictions.

“I remain, your sincerely affectionate Father,

“SAMUEL CARPENTER.”

LETTER DESCRIBING THE APOPLEXY OF MRS. ELIZABETH CARPENTER WHICH OCCURRED ON THE JOURNEY TO OHIO.

BEDFORD COUNTY, THREE MILES ABOVE
BEDFORDTOWN, ON THE STATE-ROAD,
AT ROBERT SMITH'S TAVERN, June
6th, 1802.

DEAR BROTHERINLAW AND SISTER:

This is to inform you that mother was struck with the palsy on Sunday the 23d of May last, in the evening a little before sun set, at the Crossing of Junietta about 18 mile from this place. We got there about an hour before sun set, mother was as hearty as ever I seen her when we arrived there—after we were there some time, mother went to the spring with the coffee kettle and fetcht it full of water up to within a rod of the house, where she fell with the kettle; I stood at the door of the house (Millers Tavern it was) and thought she had fell accidently, though when she did not get up imidiately, I stept up to her and lifted her up, as soon as she was up she took the tea kettle again and appeared as if she was laughing walking to the door steps where she fell again. I seen then that something was the matter with her I stept up to her and got some of the rest to help me to carry her on a bed in the house she looked pail and could not speak any, we thought she was fainted and David bled her in her right arm immidiately. we also wet her face with vinegar, but we soon found that she had lost the use of her right arm and leg for she could not move neither of them nor could not speak plainly so that a body could understand her. we gave her tea that night and set up the whole night we also gave her some of the medicine we had got of the Swizer Doctor in Lancaster. She would not eat anything that night. Next morning which was a Monday, she eat some butter and drank

a little coffeeee, but could speak very few words that a body could understand. I enquired then for the best doctor I was told there was none nearer than Bedford town which was 14 miles, the people told me that he was a skillful doctor and had studit on that disorder the palsy more then any thing else, but he had quit practicing but they allowed on this occasion he would give medicine and directions how to use them. I wrote a letter then to him & stated every circumstance how it happened and how she was at that time, and sent John Rowland with it to the Doctor in Bedford which was 14 miles Anderson is the Doctors name. Rowland returned the same evening with medicine and direction how to use them. the Doctor ordered to put her in the hot bath & keep her in it about ten minutes and then lay five blistering plasters on her, that is one on her neck one on her shoulder one on her arm one on her thigh and one on her leg, which we did a Monday evening immidiately after Rowland came , the Doctor also sent peppermint & bark in wine, he ordered us to give her 15 drops of the peppermint every hour and a half a wine glass full of the barks in wine every hour, and also directed to give her half a tea spoon full of mustard seed twice a day and every now and then a little horse radish, the drops she took midling regular of the wine she would not take much, she also took some mustard seed but no horse radish of any amount. the drops I am well satisfied gave her great relieve for a Tuesday morning she could speak tolerable well again and would move her arm and leg a little again, we then started from there and come to this place. Robert Smiths who is married to David Line's sister which is 19 miles from where mother took sick, here mother and I stayed since Father and all the rest started from here Thursday the 27th of May in the morning Father got better every day from Chambers-town to this place he was quite well when he left this. I hear almost every day from them, by travelers coming this way they are going on very well, for the roads are very good, there has been no rain of any amount all the way to Hockhocking, I am informed so by travelers. they will get out this week. I have wrote to them today by the post to come back as quick as possible with the stage to fetch mother she has got so that she has some use of her leg and arm again and can talk as well again as she could before she took sick, she can also walk if I lead her, so that I expect in a few weeks she will be able to walk her-

self, and again that time the stage will come— what kept her weak I had her three times in the hot bath since we come here, that is in a hogshet full of warm water her whole body, & the blisters I mentioned before draw amazing for the sore part must be dressed every evening and morning with planting leives or cabage leives, but we commonly use planting leives as no cabage is to be had yet. Mrs Smith doth that every morning & evening She is very kind everything mother wants she can get, and that any time day or night Mrs Smith will make it for her immidately Indeed if she had taken sick at home she would not have been better nursed then here, and I doubt whether as well for there is nothing wanting here. I would have wrote to you sooner but mother still desired of me not to write till she was better again and on considering I thought myself it was better not, for the news would not reach you before a few weeks and by that time I could give you more satisfaction of her being better of worse. You can now rely on what I write here she is mending this few days very fast, she can eat hearty again & learns to walk every day better I hope by the help of God & the use of medicine she will be restored to her former health again in a short tim. the Doctor said her complaint originated from a want of vital heat in her body which stops the circulation of the blod which is generally felt by old people therefore he recommends the hot bath and gives warm medicine and also orders her arm & leg to be well rubt with flannel which he says will bring on a glow of heat again by degrees and bring the blood in circulation, here you have the truth and nothing but the truth let people say now what they will do not listen to them for one will tell you this and another that, and would make you run distracted. I shall write you another letter in about 18 days from this date for again that time I expect the stage will be here to fetch mother you may look in the post office about the beginning of July next, I am with great esteem
your most obdient

Se—

SAM CARPENTER.

NOTE—The above letter is from Samuel, the son of John and Elizabeth Scherer Carpenter. He was later Judge of the Fairfield County Court.

SKETCH OF HON. SAMUEL CARPENTER, WRITTEN BY HIS SON,
REV. SAMUEL CARPENTER, IN 1870.

“Samuel Carpenter Esq., Mayor of the City of Lancaster Pennsylvania, was born Nov. 11, 1765, married Catherine Weidler, daughter of Michael Weidler, born December 25, 1765, the date of the marriage being June 1, 1786. Samuel was the eldest son of Emanuel Carpenter of Earl Twp., Lancaster County on the banks of the Conestoga, where all his family were born, and where he had ten children, four sons Samuel, Emanuel, Sebastian, and John, and six daughters, Mary, Elizabeth, Susannah, Nancy, Sarah, and Catherine. All lived to maturity save Catherine. In 1800 Emanuel left his residence on the Conestoga, and with a larger portion of his family, most of whom had now themselves become the heads of young and rising families, removed, and took up ground, in the Northwest territory, which afterwards became Lancaster, Fairfield County, Ohio. Emanuel’s father was also Emanuel, and was the man to whom the traditions of his time assigned no common nor ordinary character, but on the contrary, that of a man of strong mind, of a pure and high order of integrity, and prominence, and commanding influence in his day, and generation.

Samuel Carpenter, the subject of this memoir, with one of his sisters Mary, married to Christian Carpenter remained, and he never removed to the west, while Susannah, the wife of David Carpenter, remained for a time, and then they also moved to Ohio. Samuel owned, and occupied, a farm in Earl township, Lancaster County, and continued in the occupation of a farmer until April, 1807. Having now around him a rising family of children, the first born named Michael, born in 1787, having died in infancy, there remained living two daughters Mary, born May 5, 1788, and Rebecca born Nov. 9, 1789, and three sons, Emanuel, born Aug. 22, 1791, Samuel born July 18, 1794, and Michael born Sept. 22, 1796, who needed better facilities for schooling than were offered by a country neighborhood, he located his residence in the city of Lancaster. Here the first few years of his time he spent in the occupation of an inn-keeper. The city of Lancaster being at that time the seat of government of the State of Pennsylvania, necessarily became the resort of many strangers, including members of the legislature when in session, together with numbers of others, who were thrown

thither upon business with the public officers, and especially at that date, the land officers. For the accommodation of these, both men and horses, traveling at that time being done almost entirely on horseback, and that also of the nearer neighborhood, a class of respectable Public Inns was kept, of which his was one.

In after days, he became one of the magistrates, and soon after this, the Mayor of the city of Lancaster. In this office he continued a long time, almost interruptedly, until near the time of his death which took place on the —— day of —— in the year 1824 in the 59th year of his age.

He was not of a tall stature, but of medium height, and quite corpulent, with a tendency to apoplexy, which finally was the cause of his death. He was a good and judicious officer. An honest, and upright man, of kind and sympathizing feelings, affable in conversation and manners, and quite social in his habits, and was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

His family, after the appearance at first, of some indecision as to their future residence, and some wavering and moving about, on the part of some of the family, finally settled, and with the exception of one of the sons Samuel, spent their days, in and about the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. (Rev. Samuel Jr., at an early day made his way to the State of Ohio, where he lived until his 77th year, the last survivor of the family.)* Samuel Jr., spent his days as a civil engineer in charge of the construction of some of the public works, such as canals, turnpike roads and roadways of Ohio. He was also occupied a part of the time in the capacity of a minister of the gospel in connection with the order of the old regular Baptists. The elder sons, Emanuel, and Michael, resided in the city of Lancaster, Penn. Emanuel was by occupation a manufacturer of planes, and joiners and carpenter's tools; and was a very popular and useful man in that occupation. He gave some attention to the practice of medicine. He was not a regularly educated and bred physician, but was of a kind and sympathising temperament and disposition. A good and attentive nurse for the suffering and afflicted, and was doubtless by this led into the administration, and practice of medicine himself.

The younger son of Michael, seemed to be destined to occupy the place occupied by his father, that of Mayor of Lancaster. He was in early life a mechanic, a turner by occupation. From

*NOTE—The sentence in parenthesis was supplied by the Editor.

this he turned his attention to another in which he met with pecuniary reverses and now turning away from this also, he gave his attention to the writing of deeds of conveyance, and other instruments of writing and became by profession a conveyancer. Here his business qualities became more fully known, and he was selected by the citizens to fill the office of Mayor of the City. He was elected to that position in the year 1843, and continued to occupy it for nine consecutive years, or until 1852. He was a man of medium stature, not corpulent like his father, but on the contrary, rather spare. He was not of robust constitution. He was of a kind and gentle, yet grave and sober temperament, sober and solid thought. His countenance and expression were calculated to inspire confidence and respect. He was a man of a high order of integrity, and moral worth, and believed to be a devoted Christian. Of sober, and industrious habits, devoting himself closely, and constantly to business, until he was overtaken by pulmonary consumption, which caused his death, Aug. 5, 1861 in the 65th year of his age."

MEMORIAL.

"The death of Dr. PAUL CARPENTER, at his residence on Chestnut street, Oct. 18th, 1880, leaves a void in his family, and in this community which cannot be filled.

He was born in Lancaster, Pa., on the 10th. of May, 1810. At the age of nineteen years, he came to this place, where for a time he engaged in teaching, meanwhile pursuing the study of medicine, with the late Dr. Robert McNeil. He graduated in the Cincinnati Medical College, about the year of 1832, settling in Lancaster immediately thereafter, where for forty-eight years, he practiced his profession, with a success rarely equaled. He loved his calling, and never combined with it any other branch of business. He was twice married, and leaves one son, and one daughter, by each marriage, and seven grand children. Dr. Carpenter, soon after settling in Lancaster, identified himself with the Masonic fraternity, of which body he was for more than forty years a highly honored member, and was Eminent Commander for 11 years. His funeral was conducted under the auspices of the Knights Templar; the religious services, with eulogy, was by Rev. Dr. Boyd, of the Presbyterian Church. As a business man he was honest, and faithful to a degree practiced by a few. He seldom made a promise to pay, but when he did, it was always met at maturity.

He was a most devoted husband and father; he seemed to live for the good of his children. He never withheld a charity, where charity was needed. In friendship, he was warm, true and reliable.

My acquaintance with Dr. Carpenter began in the spring of 1839, and continued, without interruption, to the day of his death. I have had therefore, ample opportunities for knowing his worth. There were occasions between us, however, that ordinarily would have issued in coolness, if not estrangement, but it was easy to throw them aside, because behind them, there was a good and true heart.

I speak then of Dr. Paul Carpenter, and of his life and character, from a thorough conviction both of the truth, and justice of what I say, and it justifies me in testifying that in my long familiarity with men, I never had a truer, or better friend, or one in whom I could more implicitly confide.

X." (Dr. H. Scott)

RESOLUTIONS

Passed by Lancaster Lodge No. 57, F. & A. M. at their regular meeting held Nov. 16, 1880, A. L. 5880.

"To the Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Brethren, of Lancaster Lodge No. 57, F. & A. M.

The Undersigned Memorial Committee, appointed on the death of Bro. Paul Carpenter, respectfully submit the following report.

The announcement of the sudden death of our distinguished brother, comes to us ladened with a heavy sorrow.

A great Masonic light amongst us, has been extinguished forever.

A skillful craftsman, a master workman has fallen in our midst.

...On his brow rested the crown of Masonic eminence, as by common consent, for very few of the craft ever acquired so accurate and so complete a knowledge of the ritual of masonry throughout, as did he. In fact he had no peer, and no equal among us.

The science of masonry with him, was a life study. He was familiar with the subject, in all its details. In geometry, as the basis of our Masonic science, he made himself proficient, and in Masonic Jurisprudence, whether in the ancient fundamental, or the modern statutory law of the order, he was also well versed. He was true to the order, and to the facts, doctrines and laws of historic masonry. He never suffered one of its ancient landmarks to be removed; but preserved and guarded our institution with sedulous care, against the doctrines and spirit of innovation.

In the practice of Masonic virtues, his heart responded with the warm sentiments of a true masonic charity, for he fed the hungry, succored the needy, and bound up the wounds of the afflicted.

The mallet of death has called him from his labors. His work is done. The trowel, the compass, and the square, he has laid aside. His life is outlined in one moral, and masonic trestle board. We honor and cherish his memory, and our past esteem for him, shall live, and be known in the practice of his many virtues.

Resolved, Therefore, that the Lodge, in memorial of his death, extend to our distinguished, and honored brother, the usual and customary tribute of respect.

Resolved, That in testimony of our sincere condolence, a copy of this report be transmitted to the family of the deceased, signed by our Secretary, with the seal of the Lodge attached.

Resolved, That this report be entered upon the minutes of the Lodge.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Signed VIRGIL E. SHAW,
H. G. GRANT,
C. W. MATTHEWS,
Committee.

Hall of Lancaster Lodge No. 57, F. & A. M.

Lancaster, O., March 7, 1881.

I certify that the foregoing is a true copy taken from the records of our lodge.

C. W. MATTHEWS, *Secy.*

TRIBUTE TO
DR. GEORGE PAUL CARPENTER.

With the genealogical facts, and dates otherwise given, it is possible to write this sketch, from a purely personal standpoint; to draw a portrait of the man, as he appears to those who know him best. Yet a few facts are necessary to be given, that we may, first understand the influences, and events, which have made our subject what he is. And among those influences, who shall estimate value of home life, and culture, refinement, and real piety? Who can give proper value to the father's influence, virile yet genial, broad-minded yet devout; the mother's quiet love, and faith, and tenderness of soul?

It was in such a home that the boy's character was formed. To its teachings there was joined the training of the local schools. His father's profession was that which he chose, when the time for decision arrived. He entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware Ohio, and graduated from that institution June 29, 1865. He afterwards commenced the study of medicine, first in his father's office, then in the Medical College of Ohio, from which he graduated as a practitioner, March 2, 1868.

He immediately sought a location in the west, and fate, or good fortune, directed him to the then little town of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, which place he reached, and chose as his abiding place, on April 4, 1868. Into the life of the struggling town, he entered with all the energy of his clean young manhood. He had learned in the old home, to be thorough, and the possession of this quality of thoroughness, was soon recognized by those with whom he came in contact. In his profession he speedily attained success, and in all other lines into which his activities led, there was hard, and well directed work, and full measure of accomplishment. He can have but few regrets, as he looks back upon the years, and reviews his own actions, and their results. In the town where his whole active life has been spent, there has been a wonderful growth, and the men who made possible its prosperity, have also grown, in more than years, and possessions. Here the character of our subject, has

ripened with passing time and experience, has grown stronger, as joys and sorrows gave the needed sunshine, or the chill, until at last it has made him the genial, lovable man, whose kindness of head, and heart, and hand, is known in fullest measure, to those whom sorrow and misfortune have visited.

There are no closer, or more confidential relations among men, than those existing between the high souled physician, and the families with which he becomes familiar in his professional life. The test is great, and happy indeed that man who answers to its full requirements. It is from such experience, that the present writer speaks, and with a knowledge gained in many a pleasant, many an anxious hour. Aye, and again in hours when the black-winged angel had shadowed all the lights within the home. We have hailed him in the sunnier times, as the friend who came with smile, and brightening presence, to whom the children flocked with the sure instinct of the young. We have heard his step with relief, when there was anxiety and pain in the household. Still the same cheery presence, but now a sterner mood was mingled, as one who sought out an enemy in the home of his friend, and fought it afterwards, with all the resources of science and of soul. And again when disease had conquered, and all of mortal help was vain, the physician became the truest, kindliest, most sympathetic of friends, seeking to lighten the blow that human skill could not avert. Such is the true physician, one who has God's commission to heal hearts; as well as diplomas, which are his credentials for the cure of physical ills. It is because in hundreds of homes, Dr. Carpenter has thus been physician, friend, consoler and adviser, that he is so well beloved. It speaks well for any man, when children know him well, and run to meet him with pleasure. On the city streets, or along the country roads, the little ones call to him, to court his pleasant recognition, and smile in reply. His unfailing delight, each year, is in remembering, at the Christmas-time, a host of little ones. The portrait, even as we write, shifts to the changing light of thought, and seems but poorly drawn. Yet when the doctor shall have made his last visit, shall have soothed and relieved for the last time, some suffering one, and shall himself have entered into rest, those whom he has cheered and comforted, whether young or old, shall hold his memory ever, as a man who made of duty, a work of loving kindness. *Joseph E. Morcombe.*

DR. M. Z. KREIDER.

DR. M. Z. KREIDER having been so nearly a "Carpenter" by having a Carpenter for his mother, grand-mother, and wife, we believe it no great deviation from the design of this work, to give place to his, among other obituaries, of this appendix.

From the Lancaster Gazette, of July 26, 1855.

At his residence, in the city of Lancaster, Ohio, Michael Z. Kreider, M. D., departed this life, July 20th, 1855, aged 52 years. Dr. Kreider has long occupied a very conspicuous position in this community. He was regarded as a man highly skilled in his profession, both as a physician, and surgeon, ever having the best good of his fellow citizens, and of the race, always at heart.

Conspicuous alike for his commanding talents, his large and comprehensive views, and noble bearing, the purity and correctness of his purposes and acts, rendered him a marked member of this community, in which he had so long resided, and so well performed his part, in every relation of life.

As a man, he was urbane in deportment, courteous in manner, generous in his sympathies, and warm and social in his friendships.

He filled many important offices, with credit to himself, and to the advantage of his fellow citizens. As a Mason, he stood deservedly high, having filled the office of Grand-Master of the Grand-Lodge of the state of Ohio, with distinguished honor and ability.

Among his estimable qualities, one memorable trait was the truly Christian development exhibited in the law of love. In his intercourse with his fellow citizens, he did to others as he wished them to do to him; possessing a confiding mind, thinking well of every one, and never known to speak in unbecoming terms of any one. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and died with full confidence in the divine authenticity of the Christian religion, and with an ardent hope of a blessed immortality. Peace to his ashes.



JEREMIAH MURRY CARPENTER.

JEREMIAH MURRY CARPENTER, farmer, was born at Hamilton's Mills, Westmoreland county, Penn., January 8, 1818, son of John, and Jane Murry Carpenter. His father was born in Baltimore, Md., and his mother was a native of Westmoreland Co. His father was an attorney, in Huntingdon, Penn., but moved to Westmoreland Co., in 1823, and died soon after.

His grandfather served as a Captain, in the Revolutionary War; his great-grandfather, was DANIEL CARPENTER, who was the son of Henry Carpenter, who came from Switzerland, to Pennsylvania, in 1698.

Jeremiah Murry Carpenter, received his education at Murrysville, and spent his youth there, until he was seventeen years of age. He then removed to Ohio, and engaged in the mercantile business, and was engaged in the same business in Murrysville until 1852. At that date, he removed to his mother's farm in Plum township, where he resided until his death.

In December, 1842, he married Ellen McFadden, of West Middletown, Washington county, Penn. Six children were born to them.

MARY ELIZABETH, who married James McJunkin.

JOHN CARPENTER.

JAMES MCFADDEN CARPENTER, attorney, of Pittsburg, Penn.

SAMUEL L. CARPENTER, lawyer, now judge on the bench, in Denver, Colorado.

BERTHA ELLEN CARPENTER.

Mrs. Carpenter died March 22, 1869.

Mr. Carpenter was an elder in the Presbyterian church, was five years Justice of the Peace, in Westmoreland county, and had served for the same length of time in Allegheny county. He is also a surveyor.—*From History of Allegheny Co., Penn.*

MEMORIAL OF HON. SAMUEL L. CARPENTER.

The Honorable SAMUEL L. CARPENTER departed this life, at his residence in Greensburg, Westmoreland county, on Thursday, November 9th, 1876, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

From the "*Greensburg Argus*," of that date, the following appreciative notice is copied, in relation to his varied public services, as also his private life.

"SAMUEL L. CARPENTER was born in York county, Penn., June 10, 1775. When three years of age, his parents removed to Huntingdon county, where he grew up to manhood, and became in his active life, one of the most distinguished citizens. The career of one who has won success among his fellow citizens, who has performed well his part, as a man, is at once interesting and instructive.

Born to no inheritance, and beginning with small means, he, by native talents, and force of character, attained distinction among his fellows, and a liberal competency of worldly means.

He was a fine type of the pure blooded, Americanized-German citizen. Of large stature, with finely developed head, and regular features, in presence and mein, he was endowed with that peculiar constitution which indicated a talent for leadership among men. Uprightness and integrity were fundamental traits of his character.

In the year 1815, he removed to Westmoreland county, and there commenced the business of surveying, as deputy under Gen. James Murry, at that time the County Surveyor. He was soon after that married, and resided in Allegheny township, until 1823, when he removed to Greensburg, and was engaged in teaching for two years, after which he was appointed County Surveyor.

His father, DANIEL CARPENTER, having removed from Huntingdon county, to Greensburg, died in the year 1828, as also did his mother in the same year. They were buried in the old German grave-yard, in Franklin township.

In 1831, he was elected Sheriff of Westmoreland county, and in 1835, became a member of the State Senate, and was re-elected in 1838. In 1836, he was one of the Presidential electors, on the Democratic ticket, casting his vote for Martin Van Buren for president, and Richard M. Johnson for vice-president.

He was appointed Revenue Commissioner, for two successive terms, respectively, under James Ross Snowden, and John M. Bickle, State Treasurers.

"In 1856, he was elected Associate Judge, in which office he served for the term of five years.

Aside from the various public positions, held by Judge Carpenter, he continued from 1815 to 1873, more or less actively, in the practice of his business, as a surveyor.

During the Presidential campaign of 1876, he was an earnest supporter of the Democratic ticket, and while feeble in health, on the 7th of November, he attended the polls, and cast his last vote for Samuel J. Tilden, for President, expressing his strong desire to live until he should learn of Gov. Tilden's election.

He was a worthy descendant of the land of Melchtal, Tell and Furst, ever ardently devoted to Liberty. In this last public act of his life,—in the language of the ancient Swiss song, he "Made way for liberty and died."

Thus step by step, from lowly estate, Judge Carpenter rose to high and responsible positions in life, discharging the duties of each, with eminent ability, and fidelity to the end."



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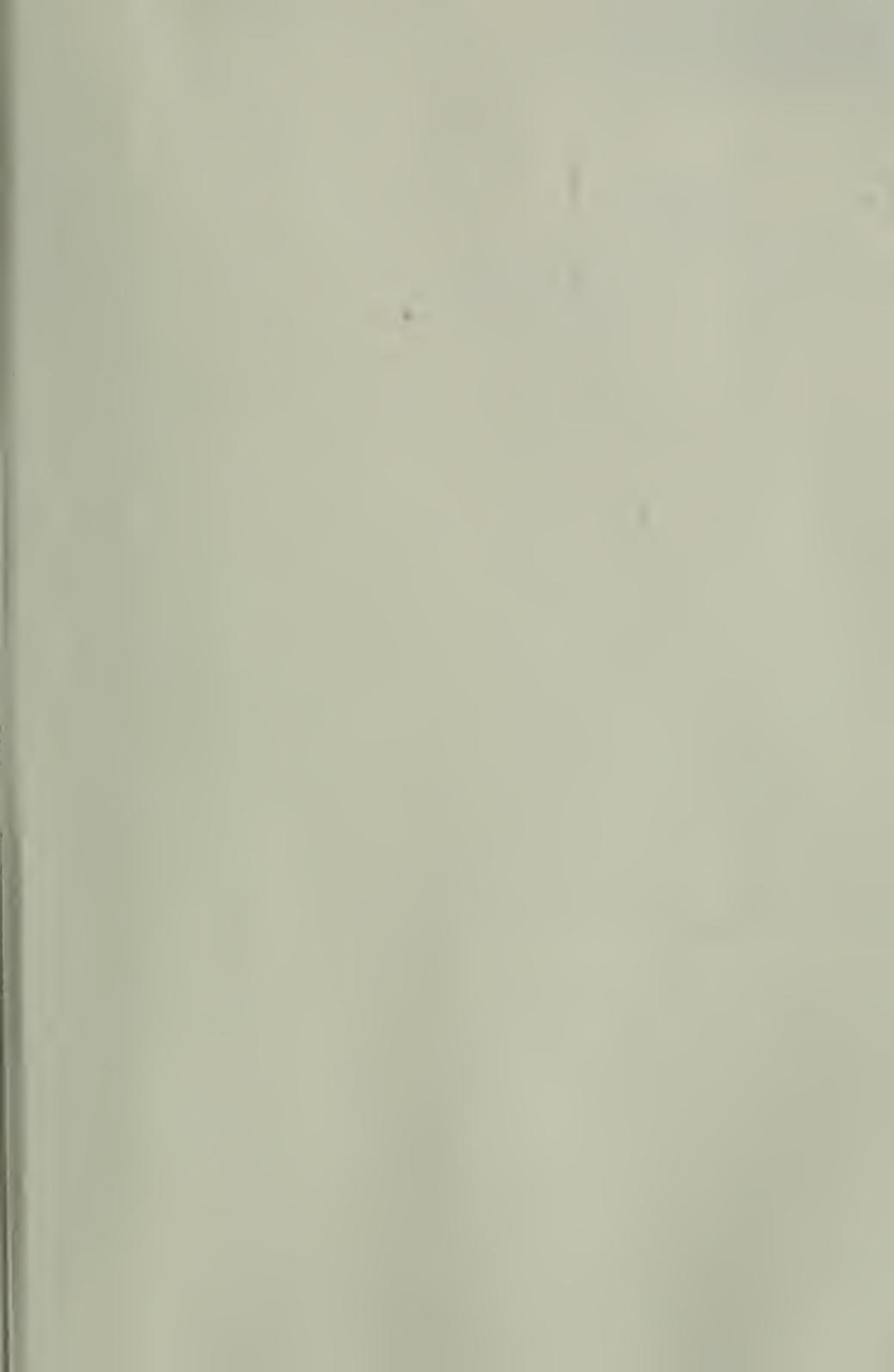
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